ACCORDING TO THE FLESH

A BIOGRAPHY OF MARY BAKER EDDY

FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

SEP 1 1971

Nenien C. McPherson, Jr.
Garrett Biblical Institute
Evanston, Illinois

Nenien C. McPherson, Jr.
Garrett Biblical Institute
Evanston, Illinois

Mary Baker Eddy in 1870

ACCORDING TO THE FLESH

By

FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

A BIOGRAPHY
of
MARY BAKER EDDY

LIBRARY OF
UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
BX
6995
.S65

PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK BY
COWARD-McCANN, INC.
IN THE YEAR 1930

COPYRIGHT, 1930, BY
COWARD-McCANN, Inc.

All rights reserved

Printed in the U. S. A.

Contents

PART ONE. *YOUTH.* PAGE

CHAPTER ONE 3
Note on ancestry, and introduction to the character.

CHAPTER TWO 7
The Baker household. Mark Baker, father and first antagonist. The child Mary. Early illness, the "attacks." Religious conflict.

CHAPTER THREE 28
Education. Letters to Sullivan. The character begins to emerge; the "odd one," the poetess.

CHAPTER FOUR 39
Social life. Mental horizon. The Shakers. Mesmerism, the parlor game of the intellectuals. Mary at Church. She argues in the temple.

CHAPTER FIVE 46
Romance. Marriage to George Washington Glover. Life in Charleston, S. C. Death of husband. Return to New Hampshire. Birth of son. Illness. Searches for the moon.

CHAPTER SIX 55
Dilemma of the young widow. Mark Baker marries again. The little son is "given away." Attempts at self support. Mrs. Glover, "the authoress," with temperament. Spiritualism sweeps the country. "A matter of great astonishment."

PART TWO. *THE IDEA ENCOUNTERED.*

CHAPTER ONE 65
The fascinating Dr. Patterson appears. Mrs. Glover becomes Mrs. Patterson. The "plot" to separate her forever from her son. The obscure years. The gay Dr. Patterson. The invalid wife.

CHAPTER TWO 73
Cure-alls. Despair. Reports of the healer, Phineas P. Quimby, of Portland, Maine. Dr. Patterson writes to Quimby. The Civil

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
SEP 1 1971

Contents

PAGE

War begins. Dr. Patterson visits battlefield, and is captured by the Southrons. Dilemma of Mrs. Patterson. Poverty and invalidism. The Water Cure. Further reports of Quimby's healing method. Mrs. Patterson determines to visit Quimby.

CHAPTER THREE 89
Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, clockmaker, mesmerist, mental healer. His history and method.

PART THREE. *THE "PUPILAGE".*

CHAPTER ONE 109
Mrs. Patterson visits Quimby. The cure. Her letters to Portland newspapers. Dr. Patterson's escape and return. Second visit to Quimby and sojourn in Portland. The "pupilage" in earnest. Visit to Miss Jarvis. Correspondence with Quimby. First lectures on Quimby method. Subsequent visits to Quimby. Visit to Mrs. Crosby. Mrs. Crosby and the "spirit messages" from Albert Baker.

CHAPTER TWO 130
Domestic life in Lynn. Death of Quimby. "The fall" in Lynn. The Revelation. The Pattersons separate.

PART FOUR. *BEHOLD THE CLOUD.*

CHAPTER ONE 145
Dilemma of Mrs. Patterson. Bridges burned. The "retirement from society." Mrs. Glover again. The three years wandering. The Spiritualists. The "method in advance of Spiritualism." The manuscripts. The disturbing St. Paul. The search for the disciple. Mrs. Glover, the authoress.

CHAPTER TWO 153
Hiram Crafts, the first practicing student. Break with the Crafts. Sojourn in Amesbury, Mass. "Mother Webster," healing and drawing medium. Break with the Websters. Sarah Bagley and Richard Kennedy, students. Sojourn in Wentworth household. The Quimby manuscripts. Break with the Wentworths.

CHAPTER THREE 170
Richard Kennedy, disciple and practitioner. The office in Lynn. Mrs. Mary M. Glover, "Teacher of Moral Science." The mists begin to lift. The Wright controversy.

Contents

PAGE

CHAPTER FOUR 180
Break with Richard Kennedy. "A cloud no bigger than a hand." The denial. Interim.

CHAPTER FIVE 190
The ship is launched. No. 8 Broad St., Lynn. The "skylight room." Daniel Spofford, disciple. The Christian Scientists. The Precious Volume.

CHAPTER SIX 198
The First Edition of *Science and Health*.

CHAPTER SEVEN 213
The new disciple, Asa Gilbert Eddy. Mrs. Glover becomes Mrs. Eddy.

CHAPTER EIGHT 225
Metaphysics and money, mortal mind and men. Break with Daniel Spofford.

CHAPTER NINE 233
Malicious Animal Magnetism. The Demonologists. Edward J. Arens. In the courts. The "Ipswich Witchcraft Case."

CHAPTER TEN 245
A murder mystery. Eddy and Arens indicted. The mystery remains a mystery.

CHAPTER ELEVEN 254
In a dark hour the infant Church is born. A miner from the West. Mother and son.

CHAPTER TWELVE 264
Storms and mutiny. The ship puts back to port.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN 276
The ship is launched again in heavy seas. Massachusetts Metaphysical College, Boston. The "hidden foe." Mental assassination. Asa G. Eddy's death. The cloud obscures the sun.

PART FIVE. *STORM AND STRESS.*

CHAPTER ONE 289
Dilemma of Mrs. Eddy. The dreaded "M. A. M." The "ship of Science bids defiance to the flood-gates of error." The community household. Prosperity. Calvin Frye, coachman, footman, secretary, enigma and mystery. The demons at work. The midnight attacks. Mrs. Eddy's use of morphine.

Contents

PAGE

CHAPTER TWO 303
Two major moves: establishment of the *Christian Science Journal;* The Woman of the Apocalypse. The claim of Revelation. A ghost appears. The ghost of Quimby speaks. The Quimby controversy. The strange denial.

CHAPTER THREE 325
The ascendant star. The gospel spreads. The strong practitioners. The National Christian Scientist Association. Augusta Stetson. Rev. James Henry Wiggin edits *Science and Health.*

CHAPTER FOUR 337
Mary B. G. Eddy, "Professor of Obstetrics, Metaphysics and Christian Science," President of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, and Pastor of The Church of Christ (Scientist). George Glover visits his mother. A $40,000 residence.

CHAPTER FIVE 346
Storm and stress. The Corner case. Rebellion in the ranks. The leader strengthens the Western front. Sedition in Boston. The independents. Rival schools. Mrs. Eddy adopts Dr. Ebenezer J. Foster. The Red Dragon. Mesmerism, the silent enemy. The flight from Boston. The "Visible Church" dissolved.

PART SIX. *ORGANIZATION OF THE MOTHER CHURCH.*

CHAPTER ONE 359
Organization of The Mother Church. The "circuitous and novel ways." A masterly move. "Our Mother in God." The Mother Church Manual. Mrs. Eddy in complete control.

CHAPTER TWO 370
"War in Heaven." Birth of "The Prince of Peace," a child immaculately conceived. Josephine Curtis Woodbury, her excommunication. A libel suit. The Woman of Babylon.

CHAPTER THREE 382
Dedication of The Mother Church. Pastors abolished. The "Divine directions to the churches."

PART SEVEN. *ALONE ON THE MOUNT.*

CHAPTER ONE 391
Pleasant View. The foster-son found wanting. "Alone on the Mount."

Contents

PAGE

CHAPTER TWO 398
The temples rise. She recedes behind her temples. Flashes of fire above the spires. Ten years of peace. The pilgrimages to Pleasant View. The Great Fear. Doctors.

CHAPTER THREE 407
The enemy at the gates. The Mystery House. Forced interview. Charges and counter charges. Tragedienne. The Next Friends Suit. An interview, with applause. Captains and counselors.

CHAPTER FOUR 434
The past unrolls. The writers write. Suppression. The book attributed to Mark Twain. The General in command again.

CHAPTER FIVE 452
Abandonment of Pleasant View. The mansion at Chestnut Hill. The "flower of the army." A room that was too large.

CHAPTER SIX 462
The uses of publicity. The Christian Science Publishing Society. The army concentrates its forces. The ambitious Augusta Stetson. Excommunication of Mrs. Stetson. The smoke of battle lifts.

CHAPTER SEVEN 479
The spirit and the flesh. Twilight at Chestnut Hill. A room that was too small.

Illustrations

MARY BAKER EDDY . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY . . . . . *Facing page* 90

"I EVEN hope that those who are kind enough to speak well of me may do so honestly and not too earnestly, and this seldom, until mankind learn more of my meaning and can speak justly of my living."

MARY BAKER EDDY.

PART ONE

ACCORDING TO THE FLESH

CHAPTER ONE

"Mrs. Eddy has had her descent traced from David, of the tribe of Judah, as has Queen Victoria." [1]

THIS statement, derived from one of the more esoteric phases of Christian Science, is encountered in various forms throughout the secular literature. The particular passage is from a work on the *Life and Genealogy of Asa G. Eddy,* Mrs. Eddy's third husband, a book which illustrates the curious preoccupation of many of Mrs. Eddy's followers with genealogy, both spiritual and temporal.

The Beloved Leader herself had all her life a distinct predilection for illustrious lineage, for heraldry, and for titles, royal, military, and professional. Her own unique autobiography, *Retrospection and Intro-*

[1] Mary Beecher Longyear, *The Life and Genealogy of Asa G. Eddy.* The author states that Mr. Eddy is descended from the tribe of Ephraim, the eldest son of Joseph. This is the "Anglo Israel" theory, which seeks to prove by historical and Scriptural authority that the Anglo-Saxons are the direct descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel. "Anglo Israel" is not original with Christian Science. It has had many adherents, notably Professor Totten, who devoted several volumes to the subject. Mrs. Longyear also has a book on it, "Hear, O Israel!" The theory has an extensive bibliography. Its application to Christian Science is based upon various references in Mrs. Eddy's writings. To the question, "How many Christian Scientists believe the Anglo Israel theory?" I received the answer, "All good Scientists believe it." It is not, however, an official tenet of the Church.

spection, begins however, at a point and in a tone much nearer our purpose and interest.

> "My ancestors, according to the flesh, were from both Scotland and England, my great-grandfather, on my father's side, being John McNeil of Edinburgh."

She relates that the daughter of John McNeil married an Englishman named Baker, and so became her paternal grandmother; that "in the line of my grandmother Baker's family was the late Sir John McNeil, a Scotch knight, who was prominent in British politics, and at one time held the position of ambassador to Persia"; that her grandparents came to America seeking freedom to worship God, and "bringing with them to New England a heavy sword, encased in a brass scabbard, on which was inscribed the name of a kinsman upon whom the weapon had been bestowed by Sir William Wallace, from whose patriotism and bravery comes that heart-stirring air, 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.' "

In this chronology she seems to have been in error, although the statement still stands in the autobiography. Six generations of Bakers preceded Mary Baker in America, the first record of the family being of John Baker who came from East Anglia and obtained a freehold in Charlestown, Mass., in 1634, fourteen years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. If her right to the McNeil coat-of-arms was denied, as it later was, her certificate of membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution would seem to be secure.

Mrs. Eddy had no liking for autobiography. For her the past was suffused with the colors of subsequent

events; her life was given to "the transformation of the event," and to this process the past most readily lends itself. Moreover, she was temperamentally of those who live intensely in the present, with eyes turned always to the future, and this perhaps was the chief secret of her success. Left to herself, it is safe to say that she would never have written of the past, except as it touched her Cause.

When the time came that some sort of autobiographical statement was expected of her, she set to work and, by including a few poems and devoting an even half of the space to an exposition of her theories, produced a scant ninety-five pages, all that she cared or thought necessary to say. Her memory was largely emotional, and of what she remembered she told what she chose to tell, which may be said of most autobiographers. We are often baffled yet somehow sympathetic, as when writing of one of the most disputed phases of her life, which to this day remains a mystery, she breaks off suddenly to say: "It is well to know, dear reader, that our material, mortal history is but the record of dreams, not of man's real existence, and the dream has no place in the Science of being." It is so exactly what most of us feel, and would like to say, but lack the courage, the candor, or the naïveté.

She had the feminine disregard for dates, for figures, statistics in any form, for the literal sequence of events, and only when they became a point of controversy did she settle down to verifying them. In writing of her first husband she invariably referred to him as "Colonel Glover." Later, the military title being questioned, she wrote in a personal letter, "I called my late husband Colonel, because he was connected with the militia, and

I had got mixed on his rank." This explanation, so angrily quoted by one of her most industrious enemies brought from him the comment that, "She might just as well have called him General for the same reason." And so she might. But she didn't. She simply called him "Major" after that.

It is plain that, for her, all these things, dates, titles, chronologies, fell clearly within the class of what she so splendidly called the *"etcetera* of mortal mind."

CHAPTER TWO

1

Six generations of sturdy God-fearing New England farmers. It might be the beginning or the ending of how many American biographies? We see them at once, the tall gaunt men, blue-eyed (the very adjectives write themselves), stern fathers, begetters of many children; the dutiful thrifty women; the long days of stubborn dogged toil, the solemn sabbaths, blessing before meals, the chapter read from the Word by firelight, and early to bed in the little box-like chambers under the sloping eaves.

Six generations of God-fearing New England farmers, spending their lives in the struggle to wrest food and shelter from the material earth, toiling, dying and passing away into obscurity.

And on the 16th of July, 1821, under the sloping roof of a New Hampshire farmhouse in the settlement known as the village of Bow, Abigail, Mark Baker's patient wife, gave birth to her sixth child, a fragile little girl whom they called Mary, and who was to come, by denying reality to the material world and teaching that the things of the Spirit alone have substance and are real, to gain riches and fame, and so powerfully to affect the imagination of her time that there were many who believed that she would never die; and when at the age of eighty-nine she died, believed she would rise again.

According to the Flesh

A granite pyramid, erected by one of her grateful followers, now marks the site of Mary Baker Eddy's birthplace on the uplands at Bow. It is cut from a single block weighing thirty-three tons, "a replica of the Great Pyramid of Egypt," its dimensions one-seventieth of the original.

In the years of her greatest fame, when her ideas had won her many ardent friends, and almost as many and as ardent enemies, two pictures were persistently drawn of Mrs. Eddy. One presented her as the illiterate daughter of an ignorant New Hampshire farmer; the other as the fine flower of New England culture and wealth. Between these two pictures there would seem to be ample room for an environment more suitable than either for the nourishment of the peculiar genius that was hers.

It may be said at once that her family was most respectable, and occupied a position of some consequence in its rural community.[1] Indeed there is that touch of acrimony in stories told by their old neighbors that would suggest that members of the family may have held themselves just a little above their commoner acquaintances. The Baker home, though far from a sophisticated or a bookish one, was as comfortable as the usual farmer's home of that primitive period. What is more important is that the adventurous strain in the blood that had brought the first John Baker across the Atlantic in a sailing ship to the hazards of the new land had, with the generation of Mark Baker's children, begun to change its course, and to lead them out upon the no less hazardous adventures of the mind.

[1] Mark Baker, the youngest of ten children of Joseph Baker, married Abigail Ambrose, of good New England farmer stock, daughter of Nathaniel and Phebe Ambrose, of the nearby village of Pembroke. Both the Baker and Ambrose families were ardent Congregationalists.

None of the family remained on the farm when they were old enough to shift for themselves. The eldest son, Samuel, learned the trade of stone mason and went to Boston to work in the building trades. Albert, the second son, seems to have been marked for more than a local career. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1834, studied law in the office of Franklin Pierce, then of Hillsborough Center, N. H., afterward President of the United States, under whose influence he went into politics, served as Assemblyman in the State Legislature, and received the nomination for Representative in Congress, but died before the election, at the age of thirty-one. The third son, George Sullivan, formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Alexander Tilton, in a prosperous woolen mill famous for the manufacture of its "Tilton Tweed." The two elder daughters married well; and Mark Baker himself, by a lifetime of hard work and thrifty saving, was able to take to himself a second wife, a well-to-do widow, and to live out his days in a comfortable home in the village of Tilton, where his neighbors called him "Squire."

2

Out of the early years two figures clearly emerge, —iron-willed Mark, the father; and his youngest frailest child, the little daughter Mary, who inherited his will.

Since all her life Mary Baker progressed forward in direct ratio to the resistance offered her, the influence of this father upon her character is not to be underestimated. He was her first antagonist.

Mark Baker might stand as the slightly exaggerated and even theatrical figure of the tyrannical Puritan

father in any familiar New England play. Narrow and dogmatic, rigidly upright and honest, adhering strictly to the letter of Church and law, no man disagreed with him without encountering his wrath. And mighty would be the sound of that wrath. For the Baker voice was traditional in New Hampshire, and stories still are told of Mark and his brother at work in distant fields, "thundering like gods to each other across the hills."

The character and personality of this stern New Englander were of the kind that are never forgotten in a community, and even those who were children when Mark Baker was an old man remembered him well and had many stories to tell of him. Stories of his prejudices, his temper, "a tiger for temper, and always in a row," of his fierce political disagreements, arguments and disputes. He was active in local politics and religious affairs, and the books of the Congregational Church of which he was a member bear the record of many of his quarrels, one of which led to his applying for a letter of dismissal, which was refused, whereupon he placed himself on record as "feeling aggrieved at the doings of the Church on this subject." A business difference with his brother James ended in a complete estrangement of the two families, though they lived on adjoining farms, their houses fortunately hidden from each other by a hill. "You could no more move him than you could move old Kearsarge" (a local mountain), his neighbors said of him.

The Milmine History, written at a time when old neighbors of Mark Baker were still alive, records many of these first hand tales.

"One Sunday in his later years he mistook the day and worked as usual about his place. On Monday morning

he started for Church, but was disturbed at seeing his neighbors at work. As usual he took them to task. 'Sister Lang,' he said, frowning at a neighbor who was placing out her tubs for washing, 'what is the meaning of this on the Lord's Day?' The woman replied that as the day was Monday she was preparing to do the family washing, but Mark commanded her to prepare for church instead, and went on his way. Farther along he stopped again. 'Brother Davis,' he cried, 'what is this commotion in the streets? Why are not the church bells ringing for public worship?' He was again assured that it was Monday; but he was not convinced until he arrived at the church and found the doors closed. He hurried to Elder Curtice, who confirmed his fears. 'Is it possible that I have broken the Lord's Day?' exclaimed Mark Baker in alarm, and he knelt with his pastor and prayed for forgiveness. Back to his home went the old man, the godly part of him purged. But the old Adam remained, and as he strode up the hill he trembled with excitement. A tame crow, a pet of the children of the neighborhood, hopped on a bush in front of him, cawing loudly. In his perturbed condition, the sight of the bird made Mark angrier than ever, and raising his stick, he struck the crow dead. 'Take that,' he said in a passion, 'for hoppin' about on the Sabbath,' and he stormed on up the hill. At home he kept the day strictly as Sunday to atone for his worldliness of the previous day."

When in 1907 these stories appeared in *McClure's Magazine,* Mrs. Eddy, then 86, replied in the pages of one of her periodicals:

"My father's person was erect and robust. He never used a walking stick. To illustrate: One time when my father was visiting Governor Pierce, President Franklin Pierce's father, the Governor handed him a gold-headed walking stick, as they were about to start for church. My

father thanked the Governor, but declined to accept the stick, saying, 'I never use a cane.' "

She was in her way a master of the dialectical. If her father had killed one crow with a walking stick, his daughter here killed two with Governor Pierce's cane.

3

Mark Baker was, it is plain, the type of man who is master in his own house. And, although all of his children were endowed with strong wills of their own, he seems to have been master until the advent of his daughter Mary. For against him Mary was possessed of one unanswerable argument,—her sudden and terrifying illnesses. She was subject from infancy to convulsive attacks the exact nature of which has probably never been known. They continued throughout her life, and made of her a semi-invalid at intervals for years at a time.

They have been described by many eyewitnesses. At times, they said, Mary fell headlong to the floor, writhing and screaming in apparent agony. Again, she dropped as if lifeless, and lay limp and motionless until restored. At other times she became rigid like a cataleptic, and continued for a time in a state of suspended animation.

The Authorized Life of Mrs. Eddy quotes the description by an eyewitness of one of these attacks which occurred when Mrs. Eddy was about 35 years of age.

" 'I had the honor to take care of Mrs. Eddy once,' said a very old woman of Groton. 'She was all alone in her home and I heard her bell ringing. I went in and found her lying rigid with foam on her lips. I brought her around with cold water. She motioned to her medicine

chest, and I gave her what she wanted. Then I sat with her till she got better.' " [2]

Mrs. Eddy herself, writing of the same period said, "I have been sick 6 years with spinal inflammation, and its train of sufferings, gastric and bilious." [3]

Dr. Ladd, who attended Mary in her youth, sometimes impatiently diagnosed the attacks as "hysteria mingled with bad temper,"—a diagnosis which does not, however, remove them from the class of "genuine afflictions."

The illness was, in any event, genuine enough to prevent Mary from going regularly to school. For a few weeks at a time she would be sent with her older brothers and sisters to the district school, but the walks there and back along the country roads, the excitement of school itself, proved too much for her, and the attempt was presently given up and she was kept at home, and taught by her elders, particularly by her brother Albert, home from Dartmouth for his holidays.

The attacks were known as Mary's "fits," and although they usually passed off within a few hours, the family continually feared that she might die in one of them, and their occurrence created panic in the Baker home. It is not to be wondered at that, in order to avoid them, every concession was made to the nervous and easily overwrought child. She was placated and petted by her mother, her brothers and sisters, and "spoiled," as the neighbors said, by her Grandmother Baker who lived with them.

But concessions would not come easily to Mark

2 Sibyl Wilbur, *The Life of Mary Baker Eddy* (authorized and published by the Christian Science Church).

3 Letter to P. P. Quimby. May 29, 1862.

Baker. Accustomed to having his slightest word obeyed, and attempting to exact obedience from Mary, who was in her turn accustomed to having her own way, Mark Baker would fail to perceive the approach of the catastrophe until it was upon him. And then he was in the greatest panic of them all. It was said that "nothing on earth excited Mark Baker like one of Mary's fits," which would be only natural in a nature such as his. It is probable that when the attacks were precipitated by some clash of his will with hers, his panic had in it the strongly suppressed sense of the responsibility being at least partly his own. And this, with his religious fear of a vengeful God, fear for his child's soul as well as his own, sent him lashing his horses down the hill for Dr. Ladd, "standing upright in his wagon and shouting in his tremendous voice, 'Mary is dying!' " as his neighbors remembered him.

The fear that she might die, and die unredeemed, must likewise have been the basis of their many conflicts about religion, and of his insistence upon Mary's joining the church, which none of his other children had ever been persuaded to do, and which Mary herself held off doing until she was seventeen.

4

It was a time of great religious disturbance and agitation everywhere. The waters of mercy were beginning to flow, and to quench a little the terrible fires of hell. But to Mark Baker the quenching of one appointed flame was heresy. He struggled mightily against the tide.

There is something formidable and pathetic in the

figure of the old man standing so sternly by the harsh faith of his fathers, and wrestling with his children to bring them to see the Light—the Light, again, of the terrible flames—before it should be too late. The others might meet his exhortations with stubborn silence, or with compromise,—but Mary was herself to grow up to rebuke, admonish and exhort. She met him with words, with tears, with passion to match his own.

"My father's relentless theology," she writes in one of her few references to him, "emphasized belief in a final judgment-day, in the danger of endless punishment and in a Jehovah merciless towords unbelievers."

He preached to her the doctrine of election, or predestination, and she did not wish to be saved if her brothers and sisters were to be numbered among the lost.

"So perturbed was I by the thoughts aroused by this erroneous doctrine," she writes of one such scene, "that the family doctor was summoned, and pronounced me stricken with fever.

> "My mother, as she bathed my burning temples, bade me lean on God's love, which would give me rest, if I went to him in prayer, as I was wont to do, seeking his guidance. I prayed; a soft glow of ineffable joy came over me. The fever was gone, and I rose and dressed myself, in a normal condition of health. Mother saw this, and was glad. The physician marvelled, and the 'horrible decree'—as John Calvin rightly called his own tenet—forever lost its power over me." [4]

On one occasion at least the conflict between Mary and her father became so acute that Mrs. Baker sent

[4] *Retrospection and Introspection,* p. 13.

Mary on a visit to friends near Boston in the hope of restoring her to a calmer state of mind.

It is hardly to be expected that with two such natures as this, the encounters between them would be confined to the subject of religion. Or that Mary's will was spent exclusively upon her father.

There were those among their acquaintances who called Mary's attacks by the old fashioned name of *tantrums,* and said that she used them to get her own way. They cited the fact that she often had one of her spells on Sunday afternoons; when after a long morning in church she was compelled to sit with folded hands and be so very, very good. Considering the terror those sermons held for her, the heavy mid-day dinner, and the long solemn dreariness of those Sunday afternoons, that the day should end disastrously for Mary is hardly to be wondered at.

In such hysterical temperaments the confusion of cause and effect is inevitable. It would be almost too much to expect if, seeing the effect of her attacks upon the family, the nervous and precocious child had not perceived the advantage of at least a threatened attack in minor arguments as well.

It is said that this was a method of argument that she did not entirely abandon in her later life.

5

The pious, bookish, peace-loving little Mary of Miss Wilbur's Authorized Life, must cause even the most devout to sometimes wonder how she ever grew up to become the fierce and doughty fighter that she was; the Leader fond of quoting the words of Jesus accord-

ing to Matthew: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword," and when the complaint was made that her theories were creating dissension, breaking up families, separating husbands and wives, continued the quotation, "For I am come to set a man at variance against his father; and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

Miss Wilbur paints a scene of the brother Albert's return home from his first year at college, and the meeting between him and Mary, a little girl of nine, "fragile and gentle, like a flower that might be crushed." He caught her up and set her as of old upon his shoulder "to queen it through the house."

> "Mother," he said, "Mary is as beautiful as an angel."
>
> "Well, my son," said the good mother, "she is as gentle and sweet-tempered as one."
>
> "Now, little sister, tell me about the books."

Unfortunately little angels do not grow up to be leaders of great movements, even leaders of a religion of Love. For leaders are born not out of submission but out of revolt and the unshakable conviction that they are in the right.

It would seem that the denominational writers have confused her with her theories, and have succeeded in drawing the picture of an ideal little girl in a Christian Science home, forgetting that it was much later that her discovery was made. She herself seemed at times to fall under the same influence, for she once wrote in answer to tales that were being circulated of her early life, that her mother "often presented my disposition as exem-

plary for her other children to imitate, saying, 'When do you ever see Mary angry?' "

But as this was at a time when she was beset by her enemies, who were leaving no stick unturned and no stone uncast,—it may be said to have been written in the heat of argument. Immediately following it she relates an incident "as illustrative of my disposition." At the time she was the wife of Dr. Patterson, she says, and living in North Groton, N. H., a blind girl came to her door and asked for admittance. She took her in, and the blind girl begged to be allowed to remain with her, "and my tenderness and sympathy were such that I could not refuse her." Her housekeeper, however, complained that the blind girl was too much trouble, and that she would leave if the girl was allowed to stay. But, "it was not in my heart to turn the blind girl out, and so I lost my housekeeper."

As this incident occurred when she was at least 36, and as the blind girl is elsewhere referred to as her "blind servant," it would hardly seem to be a case in point.

Clearly she had no relish for the subject, perhaps resenting a little in her heart the picture of that submissive angelic little girl.

In her last days, sitting in the twilight of her great house in Boston, she talked to Adam Dickey of many things; of the indomitable will which she had had all her life, even when a child; of how her father used to try to break that will, and how her mother always defended her, saying, "Mark, you must not antagonize Mary, you know she is always right, and I cannot allow you to be overbearing or cruel to her." (She still remembered, at 89, that she had been always in the right!)

On those summer evenings she told Adam Dickey many stories of her childhood, which he recounts in his *Memoirs of Mary Baker Eddy,* and among them one which bears the authentic mark of inerasible memory, and which does much to illustrate the unhappy influence of Mark Baker's corrective methods upon his child.

Mr. Dickey prefaces the story with the statement that "her father seemed to know that she was an unusual child and that even when very young she seemed to possess healing qualities." Her eldest brother Sam, a big fellow in his late teens, had while chopping wood accidentally inflicted a serious gash in his leg with a glancing ax, and lay in bed for days, the wound apparently refusing to heal.

> "They were about to despair of his recovery, when Mary's father picked her up and approaching the bed he turned aside the covers and gently placed Mary's hand over the wound, holding it there for some little time. From that moment Sam's leg grew rapidly well, while Mary for several days suffered with a high fever and delirium, as a result of this experience." [5]

It is possible that Mrs. Eddy herself had rationalized even that painful and unforgettable episode into a forecast of her healing power. And to do this it would be necessary to rationalize her father's role as well. It is possible that her memory told her that the laying on of her hand *had* cured the wound. For the memory of her brother's illness ceased when her own "fever and delirium" had superseded it, usurped as usual the cen-

[5] *Memoirs of Mary Baker Eddy,* Adam Dickey. Mr. Dickey was a member of Mrs. Eddy's household for the last three years of her life, and a Director of her Church. His book was published by his widow in 1927, but almost immediately withdrawn from publication and sale by request of the Church.

ter of the family stage. And since the brother did not die —and her next memory of him was as recovered, the sequence of events could easily be transformed into the episode effecting his recovery.

It is safe to say that the incident did occur. One wonders what the facts of it really were. It is hardly reasonable to suppose that Mark Baker's motive was the healing of the wound,—or that he believed in the efficacy of the laying on of hands. Other and less beneficent explanations come readily to the mind. Had Mary unwittingly played some part in the brother's accident—her small foot rolled the log perhaps—and Mark Baker's uncontrollable fury led him to adopt so irrational a form of punishment? Given the temperament of the man, it would seem to be the only possible explanation of such an act,—a punishment that might have a disastrous effect even upon a normal child. It is a scene that marks the difference between that time and ours more sharply than any listing of mechanical inventions lacked by them and possessed so casually by us—their tallow candle, our electric light; their plodding horses, our motor cars and aeroplanes. If the child psychology of today is still largely theoretical and often seems absurd, it has at least accomplished this,—that the discipline by fear and force no longer has the sanction of the community. The wrath of a father against his child is no longer likened to the righteous wrath of God. And if the psychologists have done nothing else, they have made plain the effect of such methods upon the neurotic child. It is the clue to much that was obscure, irrational and contradictory in Mary Baker's character. Out of her malady and early environment came the drama of her life,—its tragedies, its absurdities and its success.

Antagonists as they were, Mark Baker gave his daughter much. They were inevitably alike in many ways. Compare the photographs of Mrs. Eddy at 70 with the photograph of her father at approximately the same age, and not only the contours but the very lines are similar. She had from him her fine nose and eyes, the broad high forehead, the resolute chin, and the straight firm mouth. A more gracious spirit and a less obstinate mind would have made Mark Baker a handsome man, as his children were handsome after him. Mary had from him as well the deep and resonant timbre of her voice—the Baker voice. Yet she owed her father more than these so obvious qualities. If it be true that his mistaken method of discipline increased her sense of combativeness, increased even the tendency to the illness with which she was afflicted,—then Christian Science itself is in this father's debt. For without the incorrigible temperament, without the invincible power of her will, without the continued instability of her health which concentrated the interest upon a cure, she would never have taken the path that led her to found her church.

6

Lest this phase of Mary's childhood be unduly stressed, it should be remembered how all children take for granted the environment and conditions, even of illness, to which they have been habituated from infancy; how it constitutes to them the normal condition and environment, and their place in and reaction to it constitute their normal reaction to the world. Life in the Baker household was not all religious oppression and stern parental discipline. Mrs. Eddy said that she

remembered the home of her childhood as one "with the open hand." Visits were paid and received. The Bakers themselves were a large family, with many relatives. Cousins came and went. Mark himself, coming in from the fields to receive the frequent calls of his old friend, "Priest" Burnham, the minister from Pembroke across the river, would let his work go while they spent an hour or two in the righteous condemnation of all backsliders to eternal punishment, and after kneeling together to thank God for their own salvation, Mark did not let his visitor depart without refreshment from the corner cupboard, ceremoniously offered and as ceremoniously received. There were the social activities of the church in which the family all took part, box suppers, "socials," fairs. Concord was only five miles away, and the Bakers were not stay-at-homes. The older brothers and sisters were not dullards, but were from all accounts a handsome and self-sufficient lot, and in the intervals of farm work and school there must have been young friends coming and going, hay rides, sleigh rides, with Mary taken along when she was well enough.

For Mary was not always ill, and although little gaiety or frivolity is recorded of her early life, it is hardly to be supposed that so volatile a temperament as hers found pleasure exclusively in study and pious contemplations. And there is evidence, the evidence of her own letters written in her early teens, to show her toward those she loved an affectionate, spirited, and, considering the nature of her illness, a surprisingly natural little girl. Indeed, except for the crises of illnesses, and the instability of her nervous organization,

Mary's childhood experiences seem to have been no more than those of the usual imaginative child.

She had flying dreams, even as you and I,—which served her later in her own work as a symbol of "transcending the laws of matter," and "mounting higher in the altitude of being."

There was a period when she heard "voices," as many children do. Her name would be called three times in an ascending scale, and when she would go to her mother to ask what she wanted, her mother would say that no one had called. On one occasion her cousin Mehitabel was present and also heard the voice, which convinced Mary's mother, who then bade her when she heard the voice again to answer in the words of Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." On the night when the voice called again, she replied as her mother had bidden her, and after that she did not hear the voice again. Much is made of this experience, and Mrs. Eddy recounts it at length in *Retrospection and Introspection,* devoting a section to it under the caption "Voices Not Our Own." She retold the story in her old age to Adam Dickey, and added that she had never before told anyone what took place after her answer, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." She then related, says Mr. Dickey, "in a voice filled with awe, that when she made the reply a most unusual phenomenon took place. Her body was lifted entirely from the bed on which she lay, to a height it seemed to her, of about one foot. Then it was laid gently back on the bed. This was repeated three times. As a child she was afraid to tell the circumstances to anybody, but she pondered it deeply in her heart and thought of it many

years afterward when she was demonstrating the nothingness of matter and that the claim of the human body was a myth."

The stress laid upon this experience, and the fact that it is the only one recounted, show that such experiences were foreign and unusual to her. She seems never to have been an "ecstatic" in the mystical religious sense. Voices and levitation are by no means uncommon illusions of adolescence, and few children grow up without some such story to tell. It certainly cannot be held, in Mary's case, as prophetic of her mission, or as evidence of early piety. Mary's father probably thought her a most impious and worldly child. She could hardly have escaped familiarity with the Bible, and biblical characters would come quite naturally to seem real personages to her. Samuel seems to have been her favorite prophet, probably because her mother often read to her the story of little Samuel. When she learned that Samuel had prayed three times daily, she took to praying seven times a day, chalking up her score on the wall of the woodshed, outdoing Samuel by four prayers a day. Denied a part in the normal competitive games of other children, she entered into competition with the prophet Samuel, and came off easily victorious.

There is nowhere any record of her having danced, played games, or having engaged in any of those youthful sports that are at once discipline for mind and body and for the social instincts always anarchistic in the neurotic child. Her illness partially accounts for this, and the fact that she did not go to school where she would have been forced into contact with other children, their amusements, and exacting codes.

In this lack of youthful physical activity lies per-

haps one of the most potent forces of her life. The vitality forced into the channel of ambition, of intellectual desire, the necessity to distinguish herself above her fellows without competing on their own ground.

That she succeeded is hardly to be denied. At 14 Mary, who had had only occasional weeks at the district school, wrote a letter for which she apologizes as "the second letter I ever wrote," to her brother George Sullivan, who had lately left the farm.[6] It is in a slanting Spencerian hand, on thin paper with a lined page placed beneath and showing through to keep the writing straight. The errors are less apparent in the original than they appear in print,—which by the way is equally true of her letters throughout her life.

"Bow Sept. 7th 1835

Dear Brother—

As I have an opportunity of sending you a letter by Mr. Cutchins without putting you to that expense which any intelligence that I could communicate would but ill repay, I improve it with pleasure. If solitude will make one's thoughts flow on uninterrupted I think I shall have plenty of them this afternoon as Father, Mother and Martha (which makes up the family) have gone to attend the funeral of J. I. Cavis and I am left alone to review past events and paint to my imagination the many hapy Sabbaths we have spent together. Still, as you informed us in your letter you enjoyed contentment and health at which I do most sincerely rejoice; and I should were I in your case think the sacrifice at which you obtained it but a mere momentary gratification compared with the

[6] The girlhood letters quoted in this and the following chapter were obtained in 1911 by Mr. A. A. Beauchamp from the son of George Sullivan Baker. These letters were published in an article by Isaac F. Marcosson in *Munsey's*, April, 1911.

enjoyment of health. Yet though in the enjoyment of these blessings you informed us there was one thing wanting to fill up the measure of your happiness to know that Father was reconciled to your leaving us. I think from what we have heard him say in the family and tell others he was sensible as well as all of us the exchange was necessary for your health.

"There is one thing if I have not improved it aright I have lerned from expperience to prize more perhaps than ever I did *before* that is *Dear Brother* the *friendly advice* and *council* you was ever giving me and the lively interest you ever manifested in my welfare—but now when I sit down to my *lonely* meal I have no brother Sullivan to encourage me as formerly—but there is no philosophy in repining. I must extend the thought of benevolence farther than selfishness would permit and only add my health at present is improveing slowly and I hope by dieting and being careful sometime to regain it. I had entirely forgotten to write you the news I had intended and will only say as Martha has told you all about it that in this town *far kened* and *noted* is *your name* and that we are in daily expectation of receiving some of your *poetical* effusions, a love dity or something of the kind. This is the news I have to tell respecting yourself (and news indeed I should suppose to you) or of any kind excepting that Mother has been that long contemplated journey to Boston with cousin James B. who was upon a visit at that time and returned with her, had an agreeable visit, returned in a week from the time she left. She wants very much to see you and wer it not she looks more to your interest than her own personal comfort could scarcely be denyed it. She wishes me to geive her love to you and as for Father he will write by Mr. Cutchins if he sees him—if not by the mail and give you the result of his researches at Sanbornton as he is now there with Mother to look up a farm. I have writ-

ten much more than I intended as sister M. and I have both written, and will now close with giving you much thanks for the presents you sent by Mr. C. although I did not receive the toothpick I shall take the will for the deed and think much of them for coming from you. Write every opportunity—excuse all mistakes as this is the second letter I ever wrote and accept the well wishes of your *affectionate sister.*

Mary M. Baker."

CHAPTER THREE

1

THE "researches at Sanbornton" proved fruitful, for the following Spring found the Bakers settled on their new farm just at the edge of Sanbornton Bridge (now Tilton), a thriving little manufacturing town eighteen miles to the north of Concord. A morning early in May finds Mary in high spirits, and, to let her speak for herself, which she does admirably—

". . . engaged in the sweet employment of writing (or rather talking) to brother S. at Conn., and to comply with good *ton*, I shall first enquire for your health, spirits, and the like of that, hopeing time still continues to glide smoothly as in former years, it continues to do so for us only when we are obliged to ride in a wagon, and then it is rough—however, I attended meeting yesterday in a wagon, but be assured Brother, it was only to treat resolution. We have some fine ladies up here, perhaps as fine as you ever saw, but none, I conclude, that will exceed the fair maids of *Con't*. We have enquired of Mr. Cutchins how far you have crept into their good graces, but have not ascertained, and now brother, what *wait* you for? that is a question of my own asking, but I cannot answer. I wish I could, for I have not much else to say as I shall not attempt the formalities of letter writing. I shall resign that office to Martha, for you know 'she holds the pen of a ready writer,' still I hope after I read the book you sent us, I shall become some-

what more civilized in my present state of ignorance I cannot express the gratitude I feele for the presents you sent us by Mr. C., they meet a welcome reception you may depend, although I should much rather have seen the original. You cannot imagine the disappointment I felt on receiving your letter that you should not return, but I hope it will not be long before I shal again see you, do not disappoint me but come and see us if you cannot stay. We received a letter from Albert not long since, he informed us he had written to you but had received no answer. Mother wishes to be remembered to you with all the kindness of parental love, but none more sincerely than your sister

Mary."

Both Martha and Mr. Cutchins add a few lines to this letter. Mr. Cutchins praises the hospitality of the sisters, and Martha says that she is surrounded by Mr. Cutchins and her two sisters, and that, "they keep shaking the table and making me laugh all the time, and now they have brought on a plate of nuts and turnovers and a pitcher of sap beer."

2

Established in the new home convenient to the town, Mary once more attempted to go to school. She was, of course, placed in a class with children much younger than herself.

"I remember Mary Baker well, (said one of these old classmates). She began to come to district school in the early summer of 1836. I recollect her very distinctly because she was such a big girl to be in our class. I was only nine, but I helped her with her arithmetic when she needed help. We studied Smith's Grammar and ciphered

by ourselves in Adams's New Arithmetic, and when she left school in three or four weeks we had both reached long division. She left on account of sickness.

"I remember what a pretty girl she was, and how nicely she wore her hair. She usually let it hang in ringlets, but one day she appeared at school with her hair 'done up' like a young lady. She told us that style of doing it was called a 'French Twist,' a new fashion we had never seen before. In spite of her backwardness at books she assumed a very superior air, and by her sentimental posturing she managed to attract the attention of the whole school. She loved to impress us with fine stories about herself and her family. The schoolgirls did not like her, and they made fun of her as schoolgirls will. I knew her for a long time afterward, as we grew up in the same village, but I can't say that Mary changed much with her years." [1]

A trifle bitter, this, from the studious little girl of nine sought out so many years later merely to furnish a reminiscence of that 15 year old Mary now grown to fame and power. They said that she spent her time languishing in her seat or scribbling on her slate, feeling very superior no doubt, since the "scribblings" were probably those first flights into her poetic blue. So much in the tradition does this indolent Mary seem, that compared with her serious young critic we would not hesitate to say which one was marked for fame.

Mrs. Eddy's education has been the subject of much dispute. On the one hand it is claimed that those few weeks at the village school ended her formal education.

On the other hand, we have the repeated statements of such spokesmen of her church as Septimus J. Hanna

[1] Recorded by Georgine Milmine in *The Life of Mary Baker Eddy and History of Christian Science.* P. 16, 17.

that Mrs. Eddy was "from every point of view a woman of sound education and liberal culture," and Mrs. Eddy's own statement that she graduated from Sanborn's Academy. And certain it is that her early letters given evidence of "studying hard at home," and the hope of "returning to school" if her "health permits." She quotes the poets, and thanks her brother for sending books.

Her education was always a sensitive point with Mrs. Eddy. She had a tremendous admiration for scholarship, and her own lack in this direction led her to make statements that have been the butt of much ridicule.

She says in *Retrospection and Introspection:*

> "My father was taught to believe that my brain was too large for my body, and so kept me much out of school, but I gained book-knowledge with far less learning than was usually requisite. At ten years of age I was as familiar with Lindley Murray's Grammar as with the Westminster Catechism; and the latter I had to repeat every Sunday. My favorite studies were natural philosophy, logic, and moral science. From my brother Albert I received lessons in the ancient tongues, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. My brother studied Hebrew during his college vacations."

Here again her emotional memory was at work. Albert had entered Dartmouth when Mary was 9, and graduated when she was 13. She admired him enormously; thought him the fount of all culture and wisdom. Coming home in the summers, Albert brought his books. Every thing about him was wonderful to Mary,—his great learning, his college associations, even his books. It is likely that he did teach her many

simple things, and that looking over his shoulder as he studied, to be near him, she fancied herself a student and scholar too. Hearing him conjugating his Latin verbs, she caught the swing of the words and fancied herself to be conjugating them, too.

But in writing of herself in her later days, she was often the victim of her own rhetoric, and after the statement referring to Albert just quoted above, and feeling apparently that she had come off quite successfully with that, she swings at once into the lyric statement so often and so delightedly quoted by her enemies:

> "After my discovery of Christian Science, most of the knowledge I had gleaned from schoolbooks vanished like a dream.
>
> "Learning was so illumined, that grammar was eclipsed. Etymology was divine history, voicing the idea of God in man's origin and signification. Syntax was spiritual order and unity. Prosody, the song of angels, and no earthly or inglorious theme."[2]

3

It is a pity that she felt evasion or defense necessary on the subject of her education, since it is plain that she had enough to enable her to do what she set out to do. It may be that with more she would not have gone so far,—would not so boldly have set out upon the road where scholars fear to tread. The value of formal education is not held to be so certain in our day as it was in hers. The stress has shifted from the acquisition of learning to the application of knowledge to the affairs of life. And limited as her education was, it certainly

[2] *Retrospection and Introspection*, p. 10.

must be said that Mary Baker used what knowledge she did acquire to the full extent of her capacities.

If her 9 year old schoolmates made fun of her, it seems to have depressed Mary not at all, for in December of that year she is writing gaily again to her "Ever dear Brother" Sullivan, telling him of a party she has attended at the home of "Miss Hayes," who was "truly sorry our brother from Conn. was not there"; gossiping a little, enigmatically and discreetly; and giving him the news:

> "You have perhaps heard Esqr. Pierce is elected senator to Congress. Albert remains at Boston and we believe considering the proposals Esqr. P. has formerly made to him that he will *now* relinquish the idea of going to the West.
>
> "We saw Uncle Baker not long since; he is strangely altered and to appearance is wasting very fast,—enough enough of this. . . .
>
> "Oh brother I wish I could see you, and I hdly think Abby and I would be as sleepy as we were the last night you spent with us; but could amuse ourselves (if not you) by telling you things that would excite your laughter if nothing more."

If Albert was, as she afterward repeatedly maintained, her favorite brother, and there existed a great affection and understanding between them, and if these are merely the letters to the less loved Sullivan, we would have here evidence of an unusual warmth of family feeling; an affectionate and loving nature in a young girl, who permitted herself to be advised by her brothers and thanked them for the advice.

We have an undated letter to her brother written while she was on a visit to friends near Boston,—prob-

ably the visit referred to as the one upon which she was sent to restore her equilibrium after continuous clashes with her father. This would place it in her sixteenth year. Although this letter is held to have been written to the same brother George Sullivan, its tone suggests that it may have been written to the much older married brother Samuel, who lived in Boston, and in whose care Mary was sent on the visit to Boston. The letters to Sullivan, who was much nearer Mary's age, are far more intimate and gay.

The letter is dated "Friday morn, Haverhill," and the greeting is simply "My dear Brother," which makes it impossible to say with certainty to which brother it is addressed. She begins by saying that since she left him she had "made it a religious duty" to obey him in all things, and so, according to her promise, she is writing him "the order of exercises since Wednesday."

> "I reached here about 6 o'clock P. M. was the only passenger inside, and such a *sky-rocket* adventure I never had; sometimes I really thought I was at least *midway* between heaven and earth, till the driver's shrill whistle, or a more tolerable road would restore my senses. Mr. Hale is the most polite good natured driver in the *whole world* (*as I have seen it all*) and was very kind to me on your account, I suppose— You cannot know how *lame* and unwell I felt *yesterday;* Augusta would sleep with me the first night, and kept me awake so long after we retired, I did not rest much, if any, that night. Yesterday in the afternoon we both took off our dresses and went *to bed*— I rested some, and today am as well as usual—have *not been anywhere.* Augusta and *all* want me to stay here until commencement, and then attend with them, but there is so much to excite me here, and such a teazing etiquette

in this vill. it is not best for my health. And I go to L. tonight— *God bless you.*

MARY."

These letters were written between the ages of 14 and 17. Taken by themselves they might easily prophesy a literary career. They are as ingenuously charming, as well said, as individual as the early letters of many notable women of literature.

4

During the visit referred to in the last letter, Mary, abjuring the "teazing etiquette" of the village, found time to write a poem, still preserved in her autobiography. It is called "The Country Seat," and bravely begins:

Wild spirit of song,—midst the zephyrs at play
In bowers of beauty,—I bend to thy lay,
And woo, while I worship in deep sylvan spot,
The Muses' soft echoes to kindle the grot.
Wake chords of my lyre, with musical kiss,
To vibrate and tremble with accents of bliss.

Here morning peers out, from her crimson repose,
On proud Prairie Queen and the modest Moss-rose;
And vesper reclines—when the dewdrop is shed
On the heart of the pink—in its odorous bed;
But Flora has stolen the rainbow and sky,
To sprinkle the flowers with exquisite dye.

There are five more stanzas, ending with:

Oh, give me the spot where affection may dwell
In sacred communion with home's magic spell!

Where flowers of feeling are fragrant and fair,
And those we most love find a happiness rare;
But clouds are a passage,—they darken my lay:
This life is a shadow, and hastens away.

"From girlhood I was a verse-maker," she says in *Retrospection and Introspection.* "Poetry suited my emotions better than prose. The following is one of my girlhood productions." Whereupon with the utmost confidence, she gives in full a poem called: "Alphabet and Bayonet." [3]

These poems show nothing except her ambition to write poetry. They are no better and no worse than the verses written by most young girls in their teens. They

[3] ALPHABET AND BAYONET

If fancy plumes aerial flight,
Go fix thy restless mind
On learning's lore and wisdom's might,
And live to bless mankind.
The sword is sheathed, 'tis freedom's hour,
No despot bears misrule,
Where knowledge plants the foot of power
In our God-blessed free school.

Forth from this fount the streamlets flow,
That widen in their course.
Hero and sage arise to show
Science the mighty source,
And laud the land whose talents rock
The cradle of her power,
The wreaths are twined round Plymouth Rock,
From erudition's bower.

Farther than feet of chamois fall,
Free as the generous air,
Strains nobler far than clarion call
Wake freedom's welcome, where
Minerva's silver sandals still
Are loosed, and not effete;
Where echoes still my day-dreams thrill,
Woke by her fancied feet.

are also as good as any poems she ever wrote. For although it was the ambition of her "mortal mind," and she continued to express herself in verse, she was never a poet,—not even, in fact, a poetess; and her mastery of the medium did not improve with years.

Yet she certainly fancied herself as a poetess, and took pride in the role. During her early years, her verses appeared frequently in the local newspapers, and two of her poems were included in an 1850 anthology of New Hampshire Poets. She wrote many hymns for her church which are still in use, published a long illustrated poem called astonishingly "Christ and Christmas" in 1893, and brought out a small volume of her collected "Poems" the year preceding her death.

The chief thing to remember in connection with these poems is that Mrs. Eddy owned her own Publishing House; the vast presses, and a staff of expert printers waited upon her manuscripts. In addition to this, she had an audience ready to receive her every word, however trivial, as inspired. Such practical beatitudes might have their effect upon any writer's judgment of his work.

It is said that many devout Christian Scientists reread every word of Mrs. Eddy's entire published works every six months. Her poems are read in the same devout spirit as is brought to the reading of the text book "Science and Health." Each word and line is pondered, is believed to hold some deep meaning and intent. This fanatical devotion robs her followers of the innocent appreciation of many pleasant passages in Mrs. Eddy's works. She took herself more easily than this. When, for example, in 1893, her illustrated long poem "Christ and Christmas" appeared, the excessive seriousness of

its reception, the flood of testimonials to the miraculous healing power of both the illustrations and the verses placed Mrs. Eddy in such an embarrassing position that she temporarily withdrew the book, and issued an announcement rebuking her followers, in which she said, among other things, "The illustrations were not intended for a golden calf, at which the sick may look and be healed," and, "My Christmas poem and its illustrations are not a textbook. Scientists sometimes take things too intensely."[4]

The tendency of her muse was, as the Germans say, "to go upon the stage"; and once there, she made such disconcerting leaps from "sense to Soul" that we often wonder if she could have been altogether serious; the suspicion comes upon us more than once that she may really have enjoyed these absurdities of style herself, giving as they do so much the effect of laughing in church, merely to liven up the services.

[4] *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 307.

CHAPTER FOUR

1

At sixteen Mary had begun to emerge as a young woman in the social life of the town. A slender willowy girl, with her delicate peach-blow complexion, and the large grey eyes that changed color with the colors worn and under emotion darkened until they were almost black. Already she was one of those "different girls," a touch of the histrionic in her manner, and a touch of the romantic in her dress. Already she was the odd one, the poetess.

Her peculiarities would be called affectations by those who did not count themselves among her intimates, and her ambitions called pretensions and laughed at a little enviously perhaps behind her back. She tossed her verses off in the midst of a visit, or on Sunday afternoons when other forms of amusement were prohibited. The things that really occupied her mind were probably more immediate, dramatic, and alive. For there were exciting modern ideas abroad to stimulate the imaginations of the young in that day as in ours. And at 16 there is always romance.

In April of '37 she was writing to Sullivan, confiding with traces of agitation the news of her first conquests.

"I believe you told me to ask the advice of superiors. I did it in one instance and now just because I am entirely

disinterested and it is a little funny, I will give you an abridged sketch of a gentleman recently from Boston, now reading medicine with a doctor of this town, a *perfect complet gentleman I met him a number of times at parties last winter*—he invited me to go to the Shakers with him but my superiors thought it would be a profanation of the Sabbathe; and I accordingly did not go. But I have since then attended a wedding with a Mr. Bartlett —he was groomsman and I bridesmaid; we had a fine time I assure you."

Mary ends this letter in a pensive mood.

"Abigail is prepareing for the celebration of her nuptials, probably as soon as June; and there will be another tie severed, she will be lost to us irrevocably, *that is certain;* although it may be her gain. How changed in one short year!"

Abigail married Alexander Tilton, the owner of the woolen mills, and the rich man of the town, and this, with Mark Baker's growing prosperity and influence in church and politics, made the circle in which Mary moved the socially elite.

2

A "profanation of the Sabbathe" indeed a visit to the Shakers would have been with their scandalous goings on, and charges of immorality brought against them in the courts. They were said to furnish an example of what happens to people when the natural instincts are voluntarily suppressed, and there was a suspicion in certain quarters that there might be some relation between religious fanaticism and sex. Yet it

is probable that these scandals were exaggerated, since any new idea is liable to over-emphasis.

The Shakers defended themselves against these charges, and at one time Franklin D. Pierce, with whom Albert Baker had studied law, and who was afterwards the President of the United States, acted as their counsel in court. This, with the nearness of the East Canterbury community, the frequent presence of the Shakers in their odd dress in the streets of the town, and the fact that their doings were constantly reported in the local newspapers, insures the fact that Mary heard much discussion of them among "her superiors." It has been pointed out that Mary Ann Lee, the founder of the Shakers, was called "Mother" Ann Lee by her followers, was held to have been divinely inspired, was called the "Woman of the Apocalypse," and so became, whether consciously or unconsciously in Mary's mind, a prototype of the feminine Messiah. This may possibly be so, since there are certain superficial echoes in Christian Science of the Shaker phraseology.

But the derivation is not to be taken too seriously. Ann Lee was dead nearly half a century before Mary Baker was born. It is as reasonable to trace Christian Science to the more contemporaneous revelations of the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, who received the "golden plates" of the *Book of Mormon* from an angel in New York state in 1827, and translated and published it in 1830. The Mormons were in the courts because of their doctrine of polygamy. The Shakers because of celibacy. There is no fundamental similarity between Christian Science and either Mormonism or Shakerism. But the vocabularies of the chosen ones of God bear always a strange resemblance. Their manner

of expression is often as peculiarly alike as that of members of the same family,—the same tricks of speech, as if they were indeed children of the same father who himself had these odd ways of speech; as alike, the pathologist may say, as symptoms of the same malady.

3

Less scandalous than the Shakers but equally exciting to Mary's imagination had been the talk of mesmerism just then a stirring topic everywhere. One of Mesmer's disciples, Charles Poyen, a Frenchman, had traveled through New England, lecturing and giving demonstrations of mesmeric power, or animal magnetism, as it was then called. And the furore caused by his passing did not die down, but increased. Disciples of mesmerism sprang up everywhere, and amateur mesmerists practised upon their friends. Dr. Ladd, who attended Mary in her illnesses, was interested and was said to have tried a bit of mesmerism upon Mary, whose nervous organization made her particularly susceptible. "I can make that girl stop in the street any time merely by willing it," he said.

Mesmerism had become the parlor game of the intellectuals, just as amateur psycho-analytic tests have lately been with us.

4

It was in her seventeenth year that Mary joined the church.

In *Retrospection and Introspection,* Mrs. Eddy says that she joined the church at the age of 12,

and recounts a scene in the church in which she, as a child candidate, contended with the pastor in the presence of the members on the subject of predestination. "He was apparently," she says, "as eager to have unbelievers in these dogmas lost as he was to have elect believers converted and rescued from perdition." But she was "ready for his doleful questions" which she "answered without a tremor," stoutly maintaining that she was willing to trust God, and take her chance of spiritual safety with her brothers and sisters, if her doubts left her outside the doors of the church. So well did she argue that "even the oldest church members wept," and after the meeting was over came and kissed her; the good clergyman's heart also melted, and "he received me into their communion, and my protest along with me."

Mrs. Eddy's over-zealous followers, seeing wonders, prophecies and signs in every event of their Leader's life, held this scene to be analogous to that of Jesus arguing in the temple at the age of 12. When later the church record was brought to light, which showed her to have been 17 at the time of her admission into the church, Mrs. Eddy replied: "My religious experience seemed to culminate at 12 years of age. Hence a mistake might have occurred as to the exact date of my first church membership." [1]

This is an example of her many inaccuracies about dates, as well as an example of the emotional quality of her memory. *Retrospection and Introspection* was published in 1891, at the time when her apotheosis by her followers was well begun. She was "the Woman of the Apocalypse," the "Woman clothed with the sun." The

[1] *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 311.

prophecies were being fulfilled. The light of Revelation was beginning to fall upon her whitening hair.

It may be that, writing of her early life at that time, and as ever not remembering the exact date, but recalling vividly the days in which they wrestled with her for the saving of her soul, recalling the scene in the church when she publicly challenged her father and the minister, and wondering about the date, her eye fell upon her Bible in which she had but lately been searching out the prophecies of her revelation, and open beside it a letter addressing her as "Holy One!", and that it then occurred to her that there was a precedent for the age of arguing in temples as for other things,—and that if she was not 12, she might have been.

The probabilities are that Mary's actual affiliation with the church marked no more than her emergence as a young woman into the social life of the community.

Two accounts of Mary at church are worth recording here.

> ". . . She attended service regularly; and she took pains with her costume, and the timing of her arrival, so that members of the congregation have retained a distinct picture of Mary Baker as she appeared at church. She always made a ceremonious entrance, coming up the aisle after the rest of the congregation were seated, and attracting the general attention by her pretty clothes and ostentatious manner."

This is from the Milmine Life. From the Authorized Life, we have the following:

> "Mary Baker must have been a gladsome sight in that grim old meeting-house. . . . She wore a fashionable

mantle over her silk gown and the bonnet of the period which came around her face, relieved with a delicate ruching of white. Her curls escaped from the bonnet and shaded cheeks which were so glowing they rivaled the rose. She taught the infants' class in the Sunday-school and an elderly lady in Boston who was in that class related to the author:

"She always wore clothes we admired. We liked her gloves and fine cambric handkerchief. She was, as I have come to understand, exquisite, and we loved her particularly for her daintiness, her high-bred manners, her way of smiling at us, and her musical voice. Indeed, in those days her name might have been sung for that of Annie Laurie in the old ballad, so beautifully did her girlhood culminate."

It is plain that then, as afterward, Mary was never among those referred to as "also present." She was always among those "prominent in the gathering."

CHAPTER FIVE

1

When Mary was nineteen Prince Charming appeared. He came with her brother Samuel on a visit from Boston. Samuel, the eldest of Mary's brothers, had left the farm many years before when Mary was a tiny child. With him had gone a neighbor's boy, George Washington Glover, familiarly known as "Wash" Glover. Samuel had married George Glover's sister, and the two boys, first learning the trade of stone mason, had settled in Boston and worked successfully in the building trades, becoming builders and contractors on their own. A year or two before the visit, George Glover had left Boston to try his fortune in the South, just then offering attractive opportunities in the building line, and had established himself in Charleston, S. C. Meeting with success, he had given himself a holiday and gone to Boston where he and his friend Samuel Baker decided to visit the old home.

He found Mary grown to young womanhood, her cheeks "rivaling the rose" and perhaps he too thought her "exquisite" and "loved her particularly for her daintiness, her high-bred manners, and her way of smiling" at him. To Mary, he came with the glamor of the South upon him. He was no longer the neighbor's boy, Wash Glover, but the romantic, dark-eyed stranger from the

aristocratic South. When business took him back to Charleston, it was with the promise to come again, and during their engagement he made several visits to Mary and her family.

On December 12, 1843, Mary Baker and George Washington Glover were married at the Baker home. There was a wedding feast with all the relatives and friends, and the young couple departing in the usual shower of rice. They went immediately to Charleston where Glover had prepared a home for his bride. It seems to have been a happy marriage, with Mary in good health and "Wash" an attentive and loving young husband. Mary's life seemed set in the pleasant and conventional path of other women, with no hint of the future in store for her.

But this felicity was only an interlude. The simple idyll was soon to end. Six months after their marriage, the young husband was dead. He had taken his wife along with him on a business trip to Wilmington, N. C., where he was stricken with yellow fever and died within a few days.

The young widow was with child, and except for the Masonic lodge, of which her husband was a member, without friends in Wilmington. The Masons took full charge of the funeral and with the utmost kindness befriended the young widow, and designated one of their number to accompany Mrs. Glover to New York where she was met by her brother, Sullivan, and taken to her father's home.

Here she was given her old room again, and here in the following September, she gave birth to her son, whom she named for his father, George Washington Glover.

2

The shock of her husband's death, and the birth of her child brought on a protracted illness, and she required the constant nursing and attendance of her family. The child was strong and well, and was taken to the home of Amos Morrison whose wife had given birth to twins, one of whom had died. Mrs. Morrison nursed both her remaining child and little George.

Once over the acute stage of her illness the child was brought home, but Mrs. Glover was again in that state of nervous instability which had so disturbed her youth, and there followed a series of relapses and recoveries. A practical nurse, Mahala Sanborn, attended Mrs. Glover during this period, and often took little George home with her at night, since the presence of the child increased his mother's nervousness; and the young widow was the object of her family's most tender affection and solicitude. Mark Baker strewed the road before the house with tanbark to muffle the noise of passing wagons. When the invalid was restless at night, he carried her in his arms, or rocked her to sleep as if she were a child. John Varney, one of those "hired men" of the old-fashioned type who were like retainers of the family, also took his turn at rocking the invalid to sleep.

Her sister, Mrs. Tilton, with whom she often stayed, had a kind of cradle made of an old divan fitted with rockers, with an extension seat at one end, where John Varney sat and by rocking himself also rocked the "cradle" in which lay the invalid.[1] A swing was also

[1] In 1907 when the disclosures of her early life were appearing in *McClure's Magazine*, Mrs. Eddy, then 86, replied in one of her own pub-

put up in her room, with a rope attached going over the transom, so that she could be swung from outside, and "swinging Mrs. Glover" came to be a popular way of earning pocket money for the small boys of the neighborhood.

It is said that on occasions, when the agitation of her nerves failed to respond to their ministrations, her father would send for old "Boston John" Clark, a bridge builder from up the valley who had acquired some reputation as a mesmerist, and that he never failed to quiet her.

In the periods when she was well enough, Mrs. Glover began again to take part in social life, but the child continued to spend a great deal of his time with Mahala Sanborn, who had grown very fond of him. Mahala's father was a blacksmith, and the small George played about the smithy for hours at a time, making all the noise he liked without fear of disturbing his delicate mother.

The unsympathetic said that Mrs. Glover neglected and even disliked her child. And here, as at all other times, the two accounts of Mary Baker run side by side. On the one hand, they said that she was selfish, vain, and affected now the southern lady's manner and speech; that although she went to the sewing circle, it was not to sew, but to regale them with stories of her life in Charleston, her aristocratic friends, and her dissatisfaction with the social life offered by Sanbornton

lications: "Who or what is the *McClure* 'history,' so called presenting? . . . If indeed it be I, allow me to thank the enterprising historians for the testimony they have thereby given of the divine power of Christian Science, which they admit has snatched me from the *cradle* and the grave, and made me the beloved Leader of millions of the good men and women in our own and other countries. (*Miscellany*, p. 315.)

Bridge. They said she used powder and rouge! And again the charges appear that her attacks were "hysteria mingled with bad temper." A neighbor told of passing the house one day, and stopping in astonishment to ask Mark Baker why Mary was rushing up and down an upper veranda in such a state, to which Mark replied, "The Bible says Mary Magdalene had seven devils, but our Mary's got ten!"

On the other hand, there are the stories of her tender devotion to her child, overtaxing her delicate strength with his care until he must be torn from her side; of her charitable works, her deep interest in the great questions then agitating the North and South, of her ardent anti-slavery sympathies, and contributions to the press on political subjects, of the esteem in which she was held by the important men of her State who sought and valued her opinions on the vital questions of the day.

We have, fortunately, a letter written by her at this period to a friend, Martha Drew Rand, who later married George Sullivan Baker. This letter, as letters always do, gives us a first hand glimpse of the real Mrs. Glover.[2]

It is dated "Sanbornton Bridge, March 20," and addressed to "My dear Mathy," with "a thousand thanks for the note received through 'Abby'," and explaining that she had already written her "to Roxbury," but fears she "did not get the poor thing, undeserving a notice 'tis sure, but intended for an explanation of the mystics which attended our last interview." It is a charming letter, intimate, gossipy, resenting some gos-

[2] This letter was among those obtained by Mr. A. A. Beauchamp from the son of George Sullivan Baker. It was published with the girlhood letters in the article by Isaac N. Marcosson in *Munsey's Magazine*, April, 1911.

sip about herself,—with a pretty sentiment and genuine affection for her absent friend; one of those long Sunday letters, written while "the family are all at church, and solitude and silence reign supreme, meek dwellers in the old chateau. Two things well calculated to influence memory to bring up the light of other days. . . ." One feels the Sabbath stillness of the house, and the restive spirit of the young widow writing that she is "so weary of solitude I have half determined this very moment to throw aside my pen and wait to weep,"—but enjoying her pen too much to really put it down, for was she not an authoress?

> "But then what availeth this mood lachrymal? 'tis like looking down through the transparent waters of the sea of life, checkered with sunshine and shade—into the mighty deep, in which our happier days have sunk, and where they are lying still visible like golden sands; and half in hope grasp after them again, then draw back the hand, filled only with briny tears! Is it not so? does not the heart find utterance in disappointments?"

Her mood thus successfully sublimated into poetry, she asks forgiveness for the "strain of melancholy," and "rallies her spirits in a lighter and more brief exposition."

> "Little of real marvel has occurred since you were an inhabitant of S. B. The Sem. ladies are getting up a fare (not fair) to defray the expenses of building operations, such as fitting up an assembly room. Miss Lane is figurante and directress. Wonderful! that a girl of twenty-two summers can be so sage in council!!! I have had an invite to join but dis child won't spend a whole shilling of borrowed money again on charitable occasions, I think. Prof. Sanborn is going to leave these venerable shades

with his most worthy spouse, children and chattles! Goodale is for taking exit soon; after so many ladies are intoxicate with the 'Critter.' John M. Burt has paid an annual visit to the homestead (not I) recently, and spoke of Miss Rand very kindly—wished me to send a little love to her. He now intends to go to Withsconsin after he graduates in August. I hope then people will mind their business about either of us, as I am getting a little mad at their lies, for such they are. Sukey sings yet, and well she may for her loving mate is going to marry her soon, tis expected and she is getting a contry fix-out—a civerlid and pillar full of stockings you know she is an heiress!"

It is very probable that "Sukey" was the familiar name for the practical nurse Mahala Sanborn who attended Mrs. Glover in her illnesses and took charge of little George. Mahala married shortly after this period, and the child was eventually given entirely into her care. The letter continues:

"I have almost relinquished the hope of being at Concord this summer to take lessons on the Piano; and shall wait at home for some breeze or billow to steer my future course.

"Oh Mathy, how I wish we could be together this ensuing summer, get a school together or in some way manage it. We are now busy at Maple Sugar business, and if you were here I would sweeten your lips with a kiss of sugar origin."

In the affectionate tone of this letter, the loving message from "Mother," and the solicitude for Martha's health and happiness, it is apparent that Martha, who later married George Sullivan Baker, received a warm welcome into the family circle. Mary bids her be careful of her health, " 'tis the greatest of earthly blessings and without which little else can be enjoyed," adding

that her own health is poor this spring, "the consequence of the season only" she hopes. "You must not feel sad or anxious about the future, as you expressed in yr. note," she says, and reminding her that "all's well that ends well," she bids Mathy to rely upon God.

> "Yes, dear Mathy, this is my only consolation, unworthy as I am and tis the greatest I can recommend to those I love. Please excuse this hasty scrawl. George has been constantly at my elbow, which must account for the execution. Let me hear from you very soon and all I could wish. And now Adieu—Believing me Truly Thine.
>
> Mary M. Glover."

But she does not seal the letter until she has added the characteristically feminine note.

> "N. B.—I forgot to tell you I want very much to know what Miss Lane has told or done;—if it is consistent with your feelings do write me that I may know how to treat her in the future. Did it relate to our ride? Well she's just what I thought the first time we met.
>
> Mary."

Obviously Miss Lane, "a girl of twenty-two summers" who could be "so sage in counsel" had offered some rivalry to Mary who was then about twenty-six, or at most twenty-seven or eight.

The little George at her elbow would have been about 3. The reference to spending "borrowed money" indicates her attitude toward the unfortunate position in which she found herself at this time.

The letter to Mathy seems to have been written in a period of approximate good health; and gives us an impression probably much nearer the truth than any of the partisan reports. The young widow with her fatherless

child at her elbow living in her father's house, a little irked by her situation, yet finding it quite bearable, even at times productive of gaiety, and, withal, not without hope of future interests. It is probable that she might have lived on in this condition, quite peacefully for years, had it not been for the changes that presently took place in the Baker family life.

CHAPTER SIX

1

In the fall of 1849 Mrs. Baker, Mary's mother, died. And in the following year Mark Baker married again. His second wife was a well-to-do widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Duncan, sister of the lieutenant-governor of New York.

This brought a new mistress to Mark Baker's house, and created the usual step-mother situation for Mary, which was further complicated by the presence of her child.

Shortly after Mark Baker's marriage, the child, then 7 years old, was given permanently to Mahala Sanborn, who had married Russell Cheney and was going to North Groton, a small hill-town forty miles away, to live. Little George Glover went with them, and thenceforth lived with them as their son.

This chapter in Mrs. Eddy's life remains a mystery. Her autobiography veers from the subject as if she had here encountered deep water,—a painful memory which she would prefer to avoid.

> "A few months before my father's second marriage, to Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Duncan, sister of Lieutenant-Governor George W. Patterson of New York, my little son, about four years of age, was sent away from me, and put under the care of our family nurse, who had married, and resided in the northern part of New Hampshire.

I had no training for self-support, and my home I regarded as very precious. The night before my child was taken from me, I knelt by his side throughout the dark hours, hoping for a vision of relief from this trial. The following lines are taken from my poem, "Mother's Darling," written after this separation:

"Thy smile through tears, as sunshine o'er the sea,
Awoke new beauty in the surge's roll!
Oh, life is dead, bereft of all with thee,—
Star of my earthly hope, babe of my soul."

Confusion is only added to the mystery by Mrs. Eddy's later statements concerning this period of her life. In *Miscellany, p. 312,* she says, "My salary for writing gave me ample support." On page 313, "I was obliged to be parted from my son, because after my father's second marriage my little boy was not welcome in my father's house."

In the *Encyclopedia Americana,* Clifford P. Smith, an official spokesman of her Church, says that Mrs. Glover's literary ability

"was recognized by an offer of $3000 a year (a large salary at that time) to become associate editor of the *Odd Fellows' Magazine,* then edited by Rev. Richard Rust."

And Mrs. Eddy herself is quoted by Michael Meehan as having said in a conversation with Edwin J. Parke of the *Boston Globe:* [1]

"When my son was eight years old I determined to leave my father's house to pursue my literary work, and I selected as the woman best calculated to care for the child, the wife of Simeon Cheney, who was formerly Mahala

[1] *Mrs. Eddy and the Late Suit in Equity,* Michael Meehan, p. 254.

> Sanborn, who had been our nurse and whom I knew to be a good girl, kind and tender, and who I knew would take good care of my boy. I was then able to earn $50 a week by my writings, and I had been offered $3000 a year to write for the *Odd Fellows' Covenant*."

The Reverend Richard Rust, who edited the *Covenant,* was a close friend of the Baker family, and apparently a staunch admirer of the young and ambitious authoress. He engaged her as temporary substitute teacher in the Methodist Seminary, of which he was Principal. He published her poems and an occasional prose piece in the *Covenant.* She also contributed a series of short stories (very minor and flowery, to be sure; but she got them published nevertheless) to a Masonic magazine. The local papers printed her poems, and now and then a dissertation on the evils of slavery as observed by her in the South,—a tribute to her arts of personal persuasion certainly in the Anti-Abolitionist New England of that day. (She would be on the opposing side!)

It is probable that she did have some such plan as leaving her father's house "to pursue her literary work," and so arranged for the child to go with Mahala; and that her plan somehow went astray. It is possible too that she had some offer or prospect of one. But $50 a week, $3000 a year! It was, as Clifford P. Smith remarked, "a large salary at that time." She was always bad at figures, and when she told him of it in her later life it probably seemed very small indeed compared to the fortune flowing steadily in from her books and Publishing House.

Was it illness that prevented her from carrying out her plan? The Authorized Life ascribes her subsequent

illness to the series of bereavements she had suffered,—the brother Albert, husband, mother—culminating in the separation from her son, and places the blame for the separation directly upon the family, with Mrs. Glover, "the soul of gentleness, patience, and humility" not giving up until the very last hour.

Neither these assertions, nor the assertion of her enemies that Mrs. Glover heartlessly abandoned her only child, seem characteristic or believable. And neither Mark Baker's reported remark that "Mary acts like an old ewe that won't own its lamb; she won't have the boy near her," nor Georgine Milmine's conclusion that the absence of maternal feeling in Mrs. Glover "must be considered, like her lack of the sense of smell, a defect of constitution rather than a vice of character," can be said to clear the subject of obscurity.

All these versions are examples of what may grow out of an attempt to evade what may be a very simple truth.

Mark Baker had brought a new mistress to his house, and Mrs. Glover was to live with her married sister Mrs. Tilton, who had a commodious home, but who also had two children of her own, both younger than little George, and both delicate and hypersensitive children. Here, too, it is possible that as Miss Wilbur states, George did not find a welcome.

Mrs. Glover was highly nervous and often ill. Yet she did make an effort, in spite of her lack of training, to teach. Twice she opened an infants' school, using a building in her sister's yard for the purpose. She seems to have had some ideas for a kindergarten type of school, which she tried to carry out. Both these attempts lasted but a short time and were abandoned. But they do

show her attempt to establish some degree of financial independence in the only profession accessible to her.

Whatever the reason or combination of reasons that led her to give up her child, it is clear that she lacked the fierce possessive instinct of the predatory mother, which has been the favorite theme of our playwrights and novelists for the past decade. She cannot be charged with having blighted her son's life by imposing upon him a mother-fixation; and as evidence of the salutary effect of his freedom it is interesting to know that when as a grown man, many years later, George Glover saw his mother again, he had for her a genuine and tender admiration and regard. The separation was then, let us content ourselves with saying with Miss Wilbur, part of "the quiet unfolding of destiny."

2

Mrs. Glover now took up her home with her sister Mrs. Tilton; though she often spent weeks at a time at her father's house. This was in 1851, the period just preceding the Civil War. The subject of slavery was a matter of passionate discussion everywhere.

To gain some conception of the intensity of political feeling in New England, one has only to look through the files of the newspapers of those days preceding the Civil War. Our present newspaper invective is milk and water compared to theirs. The pages of the New Hampshire *Patriot,* the paper referred to so often by Mrs. Eddy, startles us with its denunciations of "old Abe," as Lincoln was called, and its diatribes against the "slave-lover" Abolitionists. To read the newspapers and periodicals of that period, with their senti-

mental fiction, their sugary poems, and their robust political invective, is to understand a little of the immediate influences that went to the formation of Mary Baker' Eddy's astonishing literary style.

Mark Baker and the Tiltons were among those opposed to the Abolitionists. Here, as in many other matters, Mrs. Glover found herself at odds with her family. Had she not lived in the South? Had she not first-hand observations to base her opinions upon? Young Mrs. Glover had seen with her own eyes the evils of slavery, and it was not in her temperament to echo the opinions of those about her, or to suppress her own for the sake of social concord. She might be dependent upon her family for food and shelter, but she was not dependent upon them for her opinions. Quite, as a matter of fact, to the contrary. Mrs. Tilton, handsome, competent, and "sensible," may well have felt some annoyance at this exhibition of wilfulness; and Mark Baker, whose convictions were as strong and dogmatic as ever, must have felt this annoyance more deeply still.

3

But a new interest more congenial to them all had lately come into their lives. In Rochester the Fox Sisters had heard their "rappings," and the wave of Spiritualism that swept over the country was now in full force. In every house where politics was not being discussed, spiritualistic seances were being held.[2]

[2] Horace Greeley undertook the education of Katie Fox, and entertained both the Fox sisters at his home in New York, where many prominent people were invited to witness the exhibitions of rappings and other spiritualistic phenomena. Amelia Bloomer came, and so did Jenny Lind,

Mrs. Glover, like everyone else from the highest to the lowest, was excited by what were thought to be messages from another world. She attended seances, "fell into trances" herself, and, as in every thing else in which she was really interested, took the position of an authority. It is said that she heard rappings, as the Fox sisters did, and one family friend recalled a night spent with Mrs. Glover when "her rest was constantly disturbed by the strange rappings, and by Mary's frequent announcements of the 'appearance' of different spirits as they came and went." Miss Milmine records that one man became so excited over the phenomena of Mrs. Glover's writing mediumship "that his mind was temporarily unbalanced," and also quotes a townswoman on the subject of Mrs. Glover's ability as a writing medium as saying, "This was by no means looked upon as anything discreditable, but only as a matter of great astonishment." One feels sure that if she were a medium at all, it would be as a "writing medium" that she would excel.

There were stories of her attempts to trace lost or stolen articles; of an attempt to locate a drowned body, and the story that John Varney, asking Mrs. Glover to describe the hiding place of Captain Kidd's treasure, was told to go to a certain spot near the city of Lynn, Mass., where the treasure was hidden. Varney and his friends went to Lynn and spent several days in laborious digging for the treasure, but without success. With her reputation as a clairvoyant, it was said that many of the

arriving "with a considerable retinue of total strangers," and according to Horace Greeley's account, finally curing him "of any desire to exhibit or commend to strangers" the manifestations, by suspecting him of some legerdemain, and calling across the table to him "in the tone and manner of an indifferently bold archduchess."

"curious and superstitious" of the town came to seek her advice.

There is nothing reprehensible in all this. On the contrary, it is evidence of her inquiring, if perhaps too susceptible, mind; and of her tendency to investigate and try out the new experience. Yet there has been a persistent effort to disassociate Mrs. Eddy's name from any activity along this line. Just why it should be thought necessary to deny growth in the life of the leader of Christian Science, it is difficult to see. The Authorized Life has this circumlocution on the subject in reference to this period:

> "Every circumstance of her education and breeding had given her the habit of dealing with life in a large way. She who had dared to set aside her father's and sister's political opinions to maintain her own convictions, most certainly had ideas concerning Spiritualism. But to connect her life seriously at any period with Spiritualism is to make use of unwarrantable conjecture. Was this the woman to go into trances for the benefit of the superstitious country folk? Would such as these have had access to the great house, to the secluded chamber, to the invalid absorbed in her books? Even Dr. Ladd, the family physician, who was interested in mesmeric experiments, was restrained from practising on Mary Baker by the dignity of her position."

She was really better than that.

PART TWO

CHAPTER ONE

1

One day a visitor appeared at Mark Baker's house. He was a relative of the new Mrs. Baker and a stranger in Tilton. As he walked down the streets of the town every feminine heart fluttered, for he was tall, handsome, wore a magnificent beard, in that day of fine beards, and was superbly dressed. His black frock coat of the finest cloth, his shining silk hat, his thin-soled varnished boots, all worn with an easy and careless grace, must have created a sensation in the little town. And there was a sinking of those feminine hearts when he was seen to make his way to the home of Mark Baker where the young widow, Mrs. Glover, would certainly meet him first.

He was introduced as Dr. Daniel Patterson. The title in itself and the elegance of his appearance would have commended him at once to Mrs. Glover's imagination. But Mrs. Glover was just then passing through one of those relapses which so often confined her to the house, and all about her were in that state of anxiety and fear which invariably attacked them when Mrs. Glover was ill. Dr. Patterson brought with him an atmosphere of vitality and cheer. His own rich warm vitality spread through the house. His easy going, laughter loving nature released the tension, and inspired them all with confidence.

The young and attractive widow, so delicate, so

hypersensitive, so "different" in manner, dress and speech, appealed to him at once. And he, with his overflowing animal spirits, *his* "difference" and elegance, must have inspired in her that confidence and admiration which is akin to love. From the time he first set eyes upon her, Dr. Patterson was determined to marry Mrs. Glover. But she was ill, she was said to be difficult. These things he swept magnificently aside. He himself would cure her. For although Dr. Patterson was a dentist, he also had given some attention to the new school of medicine called Homeopathy, and had used the remedies with some success in treating his own patients. Mrs. Glover's case, said he, was clearly one for Homeopathy. A fragile creature such as she should not be dosed with gross and heavy remedies. To the fine attenuations of a drug her delicate system would as delicately respond.

A crisis now occurring in her illness, Dr. Patterson took charge, prescribed for her, and brought her through. Now, masterfully, he proposed to marry her at once, and in spite of some warnings from the family, succeeded in having his way. Romantically he carried the fragile bride downstairs in his arms for the ceremony, and bore her up to her room again afterward.

Without a struggle, without a moment's competition, the pretty widow had captured the handsome stranger. She was now thirty-one, and her widowhood had lasted for nine years.

2

Of her reasons for this marriage, Mrs. Eddy says in her autobiography, "My dominant thought in marry-

ing again was to get back my child. . . ." But this motive seems hardly to be borne out by her subsequent attitude. It was perhaps a rationalization of her motive for an act which she later regretted. The fact seems to be that she, like several other ladies of his acquaintance, fell under the spell of the irresistible Dr. Patterson; the impression is inescapable that she was very much in love with the handsome doctor, and that so long as his devotion was reserved for her alone, she was happy in the marriage, and even after his fancy had begun to wander, she bore with him for years in the hope of again retrieving his full devotion.

At the time of their marriage, June 31, 1853, Dr. Patterson was practising his profession in Franklin, N. H., a nearby village, and there he took his bride.

Whether or not Dr. Patterson had promised to restore his wife's son to her, as she afterward said, it was not done. The genial and easy going temperament of the man would hardly seem to be one to harshly deny his wife the presence of her child, and although this denial was attributed to him, we cannot quite agree with Mrs. Eddy to lay the blame for that separation upon her successive relatives.

Mrs. Patterson's health, temporarily restored by the romantic doctor, did not improve during their stay in Franklin, which lasted for three years, and her invalidism soon became a chronic state. Her nervousness returned and her "cradle," which had been left at her sister's, was sent for. Now Dr. Patterson, instead of Mark Baker, John Varney, and the small boys anxious to earn a little pocket money, rocked the nervous invalid to sleep.

Dr. Patterson's practice was not confined to Frank-

lin, but took him about to various villages and towns where no resident dentist was practising. It may be that the Pattersons had planned to have the boy make his home with them after their marriage, but with Mrs. Patterson's relapse into illness, and Dr. Patterson's frequent absences from home, it became impractical.

3

At the end of their three years' residence in Franklin, they moved to North Groton, where the Cheneys were then living. Whether this move was made for the purpose of being near young George, or whether it was a move for professional reasons, we do not know. The motives at this point are so confused that no theory concerning Mrs. Patterson's attitude toward her son seems to be completely borne out by the facts. In speaking of the time much later, and in refutation of the stories of Dr. Patterson's poverty and irresponsibility, Mrs. Eddy said that he "bought a place in North Groton, which he fancied, for a summer home. At that time he owned a house in Franklin, N. H." If this were true, and, as she also states, she wished to recover her son, there would certainly have been no practical reason why he could not have shared this "summer home" in North Groton. Perhaps, here too, her continued ill health might have influenced the doctor to persuade her that the care of her son was too much for her. Yet the suggestion is directly made in the Authorized Life that her illness was largely due to the separation from her child, and that it was the constant effort of her family, of Dr. Patterson, and of the Cheneys, to prevent any contact between the mother and son.

In her autobiography, Mrs. Eddy says that after her marriage Dr. Patterson was not willing that her son should have a home with them, although her "dominant thought in marrying again" had been to get back her child. She says:

> "A plot was consummated for keeping us apart. The family to whose care he was committed very soon removed to what was then regarded as the Far West.
>
> "After his removal a letter was read to my little son, informing him that his mother was dead and buried. Without my knowledge a guardian was appointed him, and I was then informed that my son was lost. Every means within my power was employed to find him, but without success. We never met again until he had reached the age of thirty-four, had a wife and two children, and by a strange providence had learned that his mother still lived, and came to see me in Massachusetts.
>
> "Meanwhile he had served as a volunteer throughout the war for the Union, and at its expiration was appointed United States Marshal of the Territory of Dakota." [1]

It is at this point that she breaks off her reference to her son to follow immediately with: "It is well to know, dear reader, that our material mortal history is but the record of dreams, not of man's real existence," etc.

We must again recall to mind the fact that the autobiography and all of the refutations, defences, and explanations of the facts of Mrs. Eddy's early life, were written long afterward; the autobiography itself not having appeared until 1891, when Mrs. Eddy was 70 years of age; and that it was Mary Baker Eddy, the leader of a powerful movement, secure in position and

[1] *Retrospection and Introspection*, p. 20.

wealth, and surrounded by trusted advisors, who wrote these replies.

The Cheneys did go West to Minnesota, taking George Glover with them, the year after the Pattersons had come to Groton. But before that time, Mrs. Patterson did see her son, he did have access to her house, how freely, or under what prohibition, we do not know. And letters passed between the Cheneys and Mrs. Patterson after their removal to the West which gave the mother news of her son.

It has been claimed that George Glover never learned to read or write; yet he did go to school in North Groton; and although it appears that after the Cheneys went West he worked on the farm and had no further schooling, since he went to war in his late teens and fought throughout the war, afterward following the profession of miner in the West, it is probable that he could at least read and write, and certainly he was not without intelligence. There is the statement of a former North Groton boyhood chum of George Glover's to the effect that he was at the Patterson home when Mrs. Patterson read to him a letter from her son, saying that he had joined the army, and that "she seemed as well pleased, and as proud as any mother with a boy in the army."

4

The Pattersons continued to live in North Groton for three years after George had gone West with the Cheneys. It was a remote village, accessible only by stage, in the foothills of the White Mountains. Beautiful enough to visit in summer time, it became a desolate and lonely spot in the long cold winters, cut off as it

was from the outer world by the deep and lasting snows. The telegraph was not in use in those days. And some idea of the primitive conditions of domestic life may be had from the fact that kerosene lamps had just then begun to replace tallow as a means of illumination.

The houses were scattered and far apart. The Pattersons lived off the main road in a small farmhouse which faced a deep wood. The mountains rose steeply at one side and behind the house ran a swift mountain brook. Here, with an occasional hired girl, and later the blind girl whom she "took into her home," to bear her company when the doctor was away practising his profession in other towns, Mary Patterson lived from 1856 until sometime in the year 1860. It is no wonder that the ambitious and prideful Mary fell during these years of isolation into a still sadder state of illness, depression and hysteria; no wonder that the meagerness, harshness and loneliness of this life produced in her a bitterness that bred the stories prevalent among the villagers of her aloofness, pretentiousness, and unreasonable demands upon the attentions of her husband.

Dr. Patterson, still with his broadcloth frock coat, his varnished boots, and his top hat, even in the mountains, retained his zest for life, his geniality, and optimism. He was still the gallant, attractive to the fair sex, and apparently not indifferent himself to their charms. Yet he seems to have devoted himself to his invalid wife with the utmost tenderness. And the situation was none too easy for him. He was far from provident and far from prosperous. There were periods when his wife's illness prevented his leaving her, and during these periods he attempted to augment his income by running a small sawmill which worked by water

power from the deep brook near the house. He covered the bridge across the stream with sawdust to deaden the sound which added to the irritation of his wife's nerves. But it was hard going for the Pattersons; the house and mill were mortgaged, and at last the mortgage was foreclosed and the Pattersons left North Groton, going from there to Rumney, the next village.

This was in March,1860. The Pattersons had now been married for seven years; Mrs. Patterson had reached the age of 39, and nowhere on the horizon was there any sign that this invalid wife of an obscure dentist in a remote village of the White Mountains should ever rise to fame and power.

5

In Rumney the Pattersons lived in a boarding house kept by Mrs. John Herbert at Rumney Station, and later in a house to themselves, at Rumney village, a mile from the station. In the boarding house, the robust doctor and his invalid wife must have caused quite a little stir. Mrs. Patterson's health was such that her husband carried her in his arms downstairs to meals and up again afterward.

She had her critics, to be sure, but even in the boarding house she must have had her adherents as well. The odd ones, they would have been, like herself, who may have added to the gossip behind her back, but were fascinated by her just the same. She was, even when she made them trouble, a boon to them. She was, wherever she went all her life, "something to talk about."

CHAPTER TWO

1

To understand what it meant to be an invalid in those days, it is necessary to realize something of the condition of therapeutics prevalent at that time. The medical profession was not subject to the strict regulation of today. It could hardly be said from our present point of view to have been regulated at all. Dr. Patterson the dentist, for example, "practised a little Homeopathy on the side." It is probable that he did less harm than many professional practitioners of medicine. Dignified and trustworthy as were the efforts and researches of professional men at the centers of civilization, such isolated villages as those in the White Mountains received little news and much less the benefits of these methods. There was then no such professional delicacy on the subject of advertising among physicians as has been carried to an extreme in our day. Newspapers carried advertisements of cure-alls, promising by this or that herb, tablet, pill, wafer, tonic, drug, to heal "instantaneously" all the ills that flesh is heir to. It was the period as well of religious cure-alls; absolute systems made claims as extravagant as the "M. D.'s." Diagnosis and prescription by Spirits, manipulation, the laying on of hands, magnetism, the water cure, the casting out of devils,—all these were offered, their promises held out.

Mrs. Patterson, reading her favorite paper the

New Hampshire *Patriot,* was confronted by such advertisements as:

PROF. DE GRATH'S
ORIGINAL ELECTRIC OIL

THIS GREAT DISCOVERY IS NOW CREATING A GREAT SENSATION AMONG THE MEDICAL FACULTIES OF EUROPE AND THIS COUNTRY. IT WILL CURE THE FOLLOWING (NOT EVERYTHING).

WARRANTED TO

Cure fever and ague in one day;
Cure chills in 5 minutes;
Cure croup in 1 night;
Cure deafness in 2 to 4 days;
Cure burns and scalds in 10 minutes;
Cure sprains; wounds, and bruises in from 1 to 3 days.
Cure inflammation in 1 day;
Cure neuralgia, croup, toothache, burns, in 10 minutes;
Cure hemorrhage, scrofula, abscess in 10 days;
Cure bruises, wounds, tetter in 1 to 3 days.
Cure earache, stiff neck, ague in 1 day;
Cure felons, broken breast, salt rheum in 3 to 6 days;
Cure quinzy, palpitation, pleuresy in 1 to 10 days;
Cure asthma, palsy, gout, erysipelas in 5 to 20 days;
Cure frosted feet, chilblains, stiff joints, chronic rheumatism, sore throat, scarlet fever, and the lame made to walk in a few bottles.

Syncopation was a favorite technique of the advertising writers, and whole advertisements often appeared in a kind of jazz rhythm. One, proclaiming the virtues of "a prescription of Sir James Clarke, M. D., Physician extraordinary to the Queen," after three or four inches of closely printed text, begins:

Sir James Clarke's Female Pills
Sir James Clarke's Female Pills
Sir James Clarke's Female Pills

Are a scientific preparation
Are a scientific preparation
Are a scientific preparation

They are safe and never fail
They are safe and never fail
They are safe and never fail

The jingle continues to assert that "They cure all female complaints" repeated three times, that "They are a blessing and a cure," three times, "And can be sent by mail," three times, "For one dollar and six postage stamps."

This was followed by a warning to "Married Ladies to whom it is particularly suited."

> CAUTION: These pills should not be taken by females during the first *3 months* of pregnancy, as they are sure to bring on miscarriage, but at any other time they are safe.

Dr. Cheeseman's Pills, also "Important to Females," were likewise solemnly warned against.

Locally and even nationally famous names lent their approbation to many nostrums. The advertisement for "Vegetable Pulmonary Balm" which promises to cure "coughs, colds and consumption," has testimonials from "the late Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods, Abbot Professor of Theology in Andover, Mass.," and "Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, N. Y. (late Boston) formerly President of Lane Theological Seminary, Ohio."

All these appear side by side with advertisements of Female Academies for "those desiring superior instruction in Music and Ornamentals"; good medical schools, with surprisingly low fees ($55 for the course); club offers for "Three Good Journals," the three being *Life Illustrated,* "a first class Pictorial Family paper"; *The Water Cure Journal,* "Hydropathy, its Philosophy and Practice"; and *The Phrenological Journal,* "devoted to all those progressive measures for the elevation and improvement of mankind, Illustrated,"—all for three dollars a year. And an extremely contemporaneous flavor is given these pages by the many editorials inveighing against the wicked and pernicious practice of selling to

an unsuspecting public "diluted and contaminated liquors," the use of which is "destroying the health and sanity of our citizenry." Many advertisements appear of "Pure and Unadulterated Whiskeys, Liquors, Cordial Gins and Table Wines," all in "Guaranteed Original Bottles," and "Just Off the English Ship."

The tone of these excerpts from the dignified press of the day was hardly calculated to inspire confidence in the "medical faculty."

Mrs. Patterson's interest in Spiritualism very probably led her also to much reading of the publications devoted to that cult, and particularly its healing phase. Everywhere mediums were diagnosing and prescribing medicines for the ailments of the sick. Many people were cured by these remedies, and although there is no record of Mrs. Patterson's having directly sought such relief, her interest in the phenomenon must certainly have led her to an interest in the reports of these cures. As early as 1857 the *Practical Christian* listed "67 books and magazines devoted to Spiritualism" and allied subjects.[1]

There are works on Phrenology, Pneumatology, Magnetism, Mesmerism, and the Celestial Telegraph.

2

Mrs. Patterson had tried the remedies of the regular school of medicine, she had tried Homeopathy, she

[1] The list includes many of the works of Andrew Jackson Davis who had promptly adopted the new cult and now incorporated into his many-volumed "Harmonial" such titles as *The Lily Wreath of Spiritual Communication.* Works by other writers bore such titles as *Sins in the Spiritual World,* by Hudson Tuttle; *Rivulet from the Ocean of Truth, Epitome of Spiritual Intercourse,* and oddly a book by Thomas Paine, *The Philosophy of Creation,* "through the hand of Horace G. Wood, medium."

had tried the mesmeric treatments used occasionally by Dr. Ladd and later in her widowhood by "Boston John Clark." From all of these methods she had obtained only slight and temporary relief, and now her condition was such that she faced a lifetime of invalidism. She was almost continuously confined to her bed.

In each of these methods she had successively believed, and even perhaps half believed in all of them at once, and by each of them had she felt herself betrayed. Where was she now to turn? Was there nowhere anything in which she might believe?

With what a sense of relief then, and of renewed hope, must the invalid Mrs. Patterson have heard reports and read the accounts now beginning to appear in the newspapers of the miraculous cures performed in Portland, Me., by a man who had himself discarded all conventional methods of healing, and was declaring that the failures and the successes of medicine, mesmerism and Spiritualism alike, were the result merely of faith or "belief," or of the influence of one human mind upon another, and that disease itself is but the effect of a "belief" upon the body.

As early as February, 1858, stories of the cures performed by Phineas P. Quimby, then of Belfast, Me., were published, and a writer in the Bangor *Jeffersonian* had said that it was "too late an hour for the cry of 'humbug' in Mr. Quimby's treatment of disease. . . . People are beginning to inquire, 'Who and what is Dr. Quimby? By what strange agency does he cure disease which for years has baffled the skill of our most eminent physicians?' "

In 1860 the number of cures effected by Quimby, who now had offices in the International Hotel in Port-

land, had reached such proportions that the references to them, and letters and articles about his method were increasingly reported in the press.

It is a notable fact that these communications, editorials, and letters from persons who had received the benefit of the Quimby treatment, seem to have been written by persons of intelligence and education, and seldom indulge in that sentimentality and extravagance which so often appear in the accounts and testimonials of new "healing" systems.

In February of 1860 a writer signing himself merely "H" had this to say in the Portland *Advertiser:*

> "In every age there have appeared individuals possessing the power of healing the sick and foretelling events. Their theory or explanation veils this power in superstition and ignorance, so that the world is not enlightened in regard to where it comes from or how it operates. We only know the effects. Spiritualists, mesmerists, and clairvoyants, making due allowance for imposition, in later times have proved that this power is still in existence.
>
> "Like this in the vague impression of its character, but infinitely beyond any demonstrations of the same intelligence and skill, is the practice of a physician who has been among us a year, and to whose treatment some helpless invalids owe their recovered health. I refer to Dr. P. P. Quimby. With no reputation except for honesty, which he carries in his face, and the faint rumor of his cures, he has established himself in our city, and by his success merits public attention. Regarded by many as a harmless humbug, by others as belonging to the genus mystery, he stands among his patients as a reformer, originating an entirely new theory in regard to disease, and practising it with a skill and ease which only come from knowledge and experience."

An extended article in the Lebanon, N. H., *Free Press* of Dec. 3, 1860, and copied by other New England papers, says of Dr. Quimby's method that,—"His explanations and his cures go hand in hand"; that "not fearing to investigate the operation of the mind he penetrated the region where but few have dared to venture," and went far beyond others in his experiments; that "his curing disease is perfectly intelligent, and is in itself a new philosophy of life."

> "The foundation of his theory, regarded simply as a belief, is that disease is not self-existent, nor created by God, but purely an invention of man. Yet it is so firmly established in our belief, and substantiated by so much wisdom, that its existence as an independent identity is never questioned. In his treatment he makes a complete separation between the sufferer and the sickness. For the latter he has no respect; and, while he is battling and destroying the faith or belief of which it is made, he respects the intelligence of the patient, which he leaves free and unchained."

In September of that year, a writer in the Portland *Evening Courier* had reported several cases of Quimby's cures and among them that of "an intelligent young lady who stated her case and the manner of her cure, the facts of which she embodies, at our request, in the following letter." The letter is signed with the initials "F. C. B." and tells in detail of the cure of a condition which so resembled the condition of Mrs. Patterson at that time that she must have been greatly impressed by it. Spinal disease, neuralgia in the optic nerve, dyspepsia in its worst form, for months prostrate upon her bed and confined to a dark room.

She says that after two years, her family decided

that medicine would not cure her, and took her to the Water Cure at Hill, N. H.; that at that time she could not stand and was wheeled in a wheel chair; her general health improved, and two years ago "this fall," she was able to walk about the room for two weeks only, and with that exception, she had not walked in five years. The Water Cure physician decided that there was no help for her there, "concluding the spinal marrow was diseased." Hearing of Dr. Quimby, she set out at once to see him, and reports the stages of her cure, saying that "in less than two weeks I walked into Portland from Falmouth, four miles. My disease is entirely gone, my back is perfectly well, and I have no fears of a relapse."

The writer of the article continues:

> "Now, if this were a solitary case, we might ascribe the cure to the imagination, as it is well known that imagination has worked wonders in this way. But this is but one of a number of equally remarkable cases which have occurred here in our midst, and witnesses stand ready to bear testimony to the facts."

He then reports briefly the cases of several persons known personally to him, who have been cured of various complaints by Quimby, and adds:

> "We might cite a dozen other cases, but we refrain. We have no other motive in mentioning these rare cures than to make our readers acquainted with the remarkable phenomena. We have but a slight acquaintance with Dr. Quimby, and have no interest in publishing his astonishing cures to the world. We have mentioned them as affording matters of curious speculation. We must confess there is something about them more than our philosophy ever dreamed of."

At Mrs. Herbert's boarding house in Rumney the guests doubtless talked of these wonders, speculated upon them, and argued, as Quimby was everywhere discussed.

Now it was reported that Quimby was to visit Concord, and in October of 1861, Dr. Patterson addressed a letter to him as follows:

"Rumney, N. H., Oct. 14, 1861

Dr. Quimby

DEAR SIR: I have heard that you intended to come to Concord, N. H. this fall to stop a while for the benefit of the suffering portion of our race: do you so intend, and if so, how soon? My wife has been an invalid for a number of years; is not able to sit up but a little, and we wish to have the benefit of your wonderful power in her case. If you are soon coming to Concord I shall carry her up to you, and if you are not coming there we may try to carry her to Portland if you remain there.

Please write me at your earliest convenience and oblige,

Yours truly,

DR. D. PATTERSON,

Rumney, N. H." [2]

To this Mr. Quimby replied that he was not coming to Concord, and enclosed a circular which he used to send out from his office in reply to inquiries, in which, among other things, he says:

"As my practice is unlike all other medical practice, it is necessary to say that I give no medicines, and make no outward applications, but simply sit by the patient, tell

[2] This letter was published in *The Quimby Manuscripts,* 1st edition, 1921 (Crowell), edited by H. W. Dresser. The original was in the possession of the Quimby family until April, 1930, when this letter, with other material (noted later) was presented to the Library of Congress in Washington.

him what he thinks is his disease, and my explanation is the cure. And, if I succeed in correcting his errors, I change the fluids of the system, and establish the truth, or health. *The truth is the cure. . . .*"

3

It is probable that Dr. Patterson would have taken his wife to Portland had she not directly after this begun to improve somewhat in health. But she was not so much improved that her interest in the Quimby system of healing was abated. It may even have been still further kindled by Quimby's own statement to the Portland *Advertiser,* which appeared on Feb. 13, 1862, in answer to an article in the same paper of the 11th which had "classed me with Spiritualists, mesmerizers, clairvoyants, etc." and in which he says that as he has been given the privilege of answering the article, he takes the occasion to state wherein he differs "from all classes of doctors, from the allopathic physicians to the healing medium."

"All these admit disease as an independent enemy of mankind, but the mode of getting rid of it divides them in their practice. The old school admits that medicines contain certain curative properties, and that certain medicines will produce certain effects. This is their honest belief. The homeopathic physicians believe their infinitesimals produce certain effects. This is also honest. But I believe all their medicine is of infinitely less importance than the opinions that accompany it.

"I never make war with medicine, but opinions."

He then traces the steps of his own experience by which he "arrived at the stand I now take," and again states something of his present theory:

"Now, I deny disease as a truth, but admit it as a deception, started like all other stories without any foundation, and handed down from generation to generation till the people believe it, and it has become a part of their lives. So they live a lie, and their senses are in it."

4

The Pattersons had moved into a house of their own, and the blind girl who was with them in Groton was now with them again.

These were days of much exciting news. The Southern states had seceded.

The fall of Ft. Sumter had announced the reality of the Civil War. Now Dr. Patterson, after his years of struggle to make a living in dull New England villages, felt the call of romance and opportunity. In March of 1862, he left Rumney for the seat of war to distribute a fund raised by the citizens of New Hampshire to union sympathizers in the South.

On the 25th of March, while visiting the battlefield of Bull Run, he strayed too near the enemy lines and was captured by the Southerners. He was at once confined in Libby Prison as a prisoner of war.

In Rumney, Mrs. Patterson read her husband's name in the list of Northerners captured by the Confederates.

5

Now certainly Mrs. Patterson was in a dilemma.

She wrote at once to her relatives imploring their aid in effecting her husband's release. But there was little to be done. Moreover, no word could pass between her and her husband now languishing in Libby

Prison. Once more she was to become dependent upon her family.

For two months she lived on in the house in Rumney. Of this period Sibyl Wilbur reports in the Authorized Life that the world came to her now and then "in the persons of the great folk of the vicinity," and that her maid was fond of telling of the "rustling garments and the consequential stir" of those punctiliously formal aristocrats who remembered what "was due Mrs. Patterson, born Baker, also sister of the wealthy Mrs. Tilton." She speaks, however, of these calls as "intrusions," saying that Mrs. Patterson now devoted her time to deep and serious meditations and searchings after Truth; that it was in these lonely days that the solitary and consecrated student came to important conclusions which were in reality the first discovery of that Divine Science which she afterward gave to the world; that the "good, sick lady" came to be thought of in that region as "a saint," and that the simple and pious of the countryside came to her for comfort and advice. Miss Wilbur reports that a mother brought her babe, blind by an affliction of the eyes, to Mrs. Patterson, and that Mrs. Patterson, taking the child in her arms, lifted her thought to God, and handed the child back to its mother who looked upon it and found it healed.

Of this same period the "adverse" writers say that Mrs. Patterson was ridiculed, disliked, and shunned for her pretentiousness. The reports, as ever, run parallel, meeting only upon some indisputable point of fact.

Two or three things we do know of this time. For example, she must have paused long enough in her deep meditations to receive a visit from the Muse. For a local paper carried under the date of June 20, 1862, a

poem, written during the time in Rumney, called "To a Bird Flying Southward," by Mary A. Patterson. The poem has six verses and is inspired obviously by the longing for her absent husband. Addressing the bird to the extent of several verses she cries, "I, too, would join thy skybound flight."

> Oh! to the *captive's* cell I'd sing
> A song of hope—and freedom bring—
> An olive leaf I'd quick let fall,
> And lift our country's blackened pall;
> Then homeward seek my frigid zone,
> More chilling to the heart *alone.*

The tone of this poem would indicate, would it not, that Mrs. Patterson was still in love with Dr. Patterson? Unless, to be sure, those cynics are right who say that people who write poems about the tender sentiment are not themselves in love.

Another indication of her feeling for her husband is contained, quite by the way, in a letter written by her at about this time, dated Rumney, May 29, 1862, and addressed to the same Dr. Quimby to whom her husband had written before.

> "I address you briefly stating my case. I have been sick 6 years with spinal inflammation, and its train of sufferings—gastric and bilious. Last Autumn my husband addressed you a letter respecting my case, and has always been very anxious for me to see you; I am now unable to go to you."

She goes on to say that she was getting well this spring "but my dear husband was taken prisoner of war by the Southrons," and the shock overcame her and brought on a relapse. "I want to see you above all

others," she writes, as she has "entire confidence" in his "philosophy" as read in the circular sent her husband.

> "*Can* you, *will* you visit me at once? I must die unless you can save me. My disease is chronic and I have been unable to turn myself or be moved by any but my husband for one year at a time. I am just on the verge of such sufferings again. Do come and save me."

She asks if he remembers A. N. Tilton and Geo. S. Baker of Sanbornton Bridge (which suggests that Quimby may have visited Sanbornton Bridge at some previous time), and identifies herself as "the youngest sister of the latter." She adds that "Mrs. Tilton is anxious you should see me," and concludes the letter with "Please pardon all errors. I write in bed and without ceremony." [3]

Two months before this letter was written a long article had appeared in the Portland *Advertiser* (March 22, 1862) under the heading *"Outline of New Principles in Curing Disease."* This article set forth intelligently and in detail the healing system used by Quimby.[4]

[3] This letter is printed in facsimile in the 1st edition of *The Quimby Manuscripts* (Crowell, 1921), edited by Horatio W. Dresser. The volume includes 14 letters written by Mrs. Patterson to Quimby. The original letters, together with the original Quimby manuscripts, were in the possession of the Quimby family until April, 1930, when they were presented to the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., where they are now available to students.

[4] The article, which may be found in full in *The Philosophy of P. P. Quimby*, by Anetta G. Dresser, includes the following statements:

> Instead of treating the body as an intelligent organization with independent life, he finds the life and intelligence in the man who occupies it. His process reverses their relation to each other, making the visible form the shadow, while the everlasting substance is not seen in the natural world. His theory separates them, and brings to light the pure intelligence of man, letting it work in the world of matter as mas-

Quimby was, of course, unable to leave the patients thronging to him for relief, and Mrs. Patterson left Rumney and went to her sister Mrs. Tilton, who arranged for her to go to Dr. Vail's Water Cure Sanitarium at Hill, N. H.

The Water Cure seems to have done her little good; in fact, her condition grew steadily worse. And in August of that summer she wrote again to Quimby, telling him that she felt she had made a great mistake

ter and not slave. From this standpoint he advocates the cause of the sick against the whole world; for everybody believes that the body is diseased, and the mind or real man, is not affected. . . .

Statements made by him to the sick have a strange sound, and need an explanation to render them intelligible; for he often tells a person he has no real disease, when nothing is plainer than that he has. Here comes in his peculiar belief, which to him is knowledge. He does not trace disease to a hidden or mysterious source, or no source at all, neither does he pay any respect to it as though it came from God. He refers it directly to man itself, under the dominion of errors invented by man, believed in as true, and of independent origin; and to cure it intelligently and in the most beneficial way to mankind is to destroy the error on which it is based. Then he lifts disease from its pretended basis of truth, and places it on its proper basis of error. Consequently, in his reasoning, disease is not the ruling power; and he does not admit it except as a deception. . . .

He does not place disease upon the presumption that it is imagination, and, if a person would only think he was well, he would be so. The anguish of the body is as real as anything; but it is not intelligent of itself, and is dependent on the construction of those who never felt it to receive a name and character determining the condition of the organs and the danger of the patient's life. He says the body does not act of itself, but is acted upon by its owner or some other outward influences; and it is the development of his principles to detect those influences and correct them when wrong. . . .

. . . Then, when it is asked by what power Dr. Quimby cures disease, it is answered, By the knowledge of the wisdom that gives man the control of his body, and the understanding of which produces health and happiness. Just according as a man walks in the knowledge of this truth, he is wise and happy; but any deviation from it, admitting matter superior to man, creates an error, which really imprisons him.

Ages of education have condensed these errors into living facts, and now nothing is plainer to those who still are young than the inevitable approach of many sorrows and trials.

in not trying to reach him when she had more strength. She said that she had been at the Water Cure between two and three months; that when she came she could walk half a mile, and now she can sit up but a few minutes at a time. She then asks his opinion:

> "Suppose I have faith sufficient to start for you, do you think I can reach you without sinking from the effects of the journey? I am so excitable I think I could keep alive till I reach you but then would there be foundation sufficient for you to restore me—is the question. I should rather die with my friends at Sanbornton Bridge, hence I shall go to you to *live* or to them to *die* very soon. Please answer this *yourself*. Truly yours. Mary M. Patterson."

To this letter Quimby replied encouragingly, and Mrs. Patterson made her plans to leave the sanitarium.

CHAPTER THREE

1

Phineas Parkhurst Quimby enters the narrative importantly for the simple reason that he entered very importantly into the life of Mary Baker Eddy. He might be said to be the only important character in this book besides herself. Surely more important than her family, any of her husbands, or her son.

Whatever else Phineas P. Quimby was, he was not a charlatan. The steps by which he arrived at his final method of treatment were unusual and at no time denied by him. His was an original and honest mind, and if he were alive today we might have in him an active and forceful addition to the ranks of our independent psychologists. His influence, borne on strange currents, the turbulent river of Christian Science, and the placid smiling waters of New Thought, is still alive. He was the founder of mental healing in America.

2

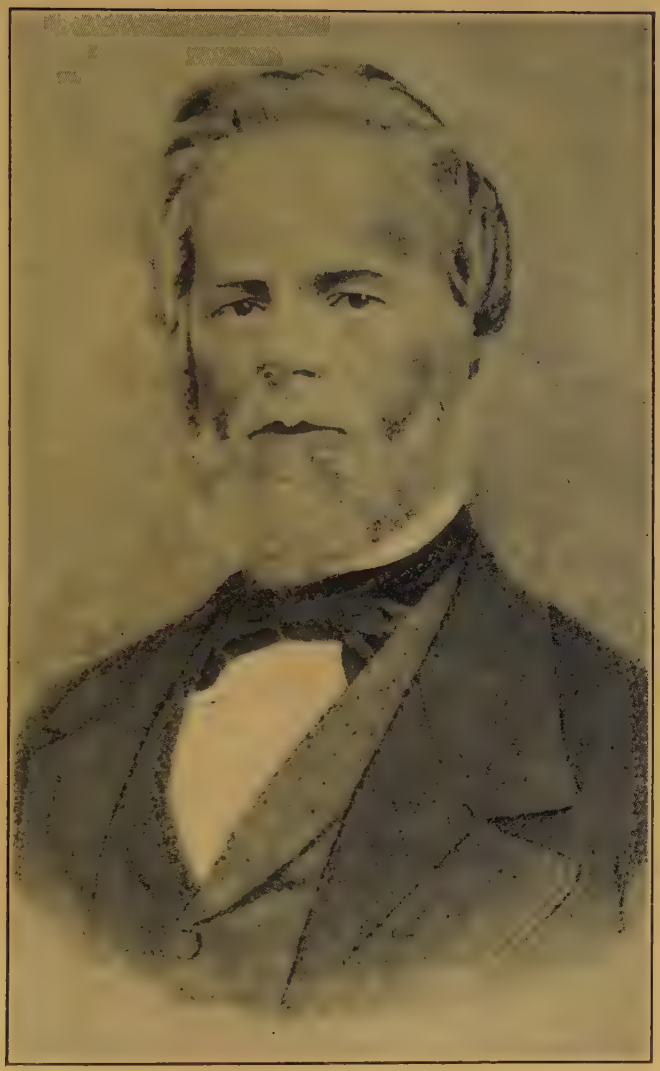
Born in 1802, the son of a blacksmith, and one of seven children, "Park" Quimby had but six weeks of actual schooling before he set to work to add his bit to the family income. The Quimby home was in Belfast, Me., and it remained his home until his death at the age of 62. As a boy he was apprenticed to a clockmaker

of Belfast, and became an adept at his trade. "Quimby clocks" still tick steadily away on New England mantels. His mechanical skill led him to various inventions, among them a band-saw much like those now in use, and he became later one of the first makers of daguerreotypes.

In the thirties, mesmerism was introduced into America by Charles Poyen, a disciple of Mesmer. A few years later, a Dr. Collyer lectured through New England and gave exhibitions of mesmerism. He came to Belfast, and near the end of his performance he announced that someone in the audience had been mentally interfering with his demonstrations. He requested the person to remain afterward as he wished to talk with him. "Park" Quimby was the man who stayed. He had apparently, working from some hypothesis that leaped to his mind, succeeded in interfering with the works. This was the beginning of his interest in mesmerism.

He went about it in the same way in which he went about his mechanical inventions, testing, experimenting, discarding, accepting only those things which worked. Theory followed the fact.

In the forties, Quimby had become a well known mesmerist, and for several years he traveled about New England giving exhibitions, and accomplishing feats that have probably never been excelled. A young man named Lucius Burkmar acted as the professional subject for these public exhibitions. They met with opposition in some places, and were even threatened at times with mob violence, the wonder-working seeming too near witchcraft for the comfort of the people. In other places they drew the inquiry and investigation of the



Phineas Parkhurst Quimby

intelligent citizens. The halls were crowded, and the lectures with which he accompanied and explained the experiments were listened to with the greatest interest.

Physicians especially were interested, and gave Quimby letters of introduction to their professional confreres in other towns. In the mesmeric sleep induced by Quimby, Burkmar exhibited remarkable clairvoyant powers, describing places, persons, and incidents unknown to him but usually familiar to some member of the audience. Often, however, he described scenes and occurrences unknown to anyone present, but later verified. This Quimby would call true clairvoyance. "The capacity of thought reading is the common extent of mesmerism," he later wrote. "Clairvoyance is very rare and is of very short duration. They (the mediums and mesmerists) then came into that state where they are governed by surrounding minds." Newspapers ran long articles in which the writers speculated upon the marvels performed by Quimby and Lucius, upon the explanations put forth by Quimby, and upon the personality of Quimby himself.

As was the custom in those days, Mr. Quimby bore letters of recommendation and introduction. One such letter from James W. Webster dated Belfast, Nov. 18, 1843, and addressed to Hon. David Sears, introduces the bearer who "visits your city for the purpose of exhibiting the astonishing mesmeric powers of his subject, Master Lucius Burkmar." After commending Mr. Quimby as well as the young man, he says that the boy ". . . will I think demonstrate in an *extraordinary* manner the phenomena of magnetic influence, more especially in that department usually termed *clairvoyance*. . . ."

> Time and distance with him are annihilated, and he travels with the rapidity of thought. I think he will describe to you the appearance of any edifice, tower or temple, and even that of any person either, in Europe or America, upon which or upon whom your imagination may rest.

From the press reports it would appear that the recipients of such letters were far from disappointed.

Dr. Albert T. Wheelock of Belfast writes to Dr. Jacob Bigelow of another city under date of Nov. 10, 1843, describing an operation for the removal of a polypus from the nose, while the patient was in "a state of apparent natural sleep" induced by Quimby. Dr. Wheelock performed the operation "in the presence of several noted citizens who were called in at their request." He says that the "breathing and pulse were natural, color of countenance unchanged," and that he is "confident that she took no drug to induce stupor. . . . I was operating perhaps 4 or 5 minutes at least. During the whole time she evinced not the slightest symptom of pain. . . . I felt convinced that I could have amputated her arm." The letter is in detail and gives the patient's symptoms and condition with that professional accuracy which one physician employs in writing to another.

The Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* for May, 1844, published Dr. Wheelock's report of this operation with special attention given to Quimby's role.

> "The circumstance that struck me at the time most singularly of all, was this: as soon as the blood began to run down the fauces, there was a slight rough rattling sound of the breathing. One of the bystanders said, 'She

is choking to death.' Mr. Q. hawked and spit repeatedly, when she did the same and spit the blood out of her mouth. In about ten minutes after she was waked, but said that she was unconscious anything had been done. . . ."

The *New York Tribune* copied the report and commented upon it, listing some five other cases of operations by reputable surgeons upon mesmerized patients in Europe and elsewhere on record at that time.

A journal kept by Lucius Burkmar, Quimby's notes of the period, and his later writings in reference to this time, trace the story of his progressive conclusions drawn from the mesmeric experiences.

These writings give us Quimby the inventor, the watch and clock maker, accustomed to making wheels and springs, every infinitesimal part of which must adjust itself to its fellows in order to tell the time. The reports of his mesmeric experiences are fascinating reading, so readily did the honest forthright mind of this New Englander discard a premise the moment his experience proved it unsound. Bound to no theory, and working alone, Quimby reached conclusions as to the suggestibility of the human mind some ten years prior to the announcement of the same conclusions by Liebault, who preceded and founded the Nancy School of hypnotism. He not only reached them and put them into practice, but he went further along the broad highway of modern psychology than any man of his day.

The Nancy School is credited with the discovery that "the subjective mind is constantly amenable to control by the power of suggestion." It is interesting to note that Freud was a pupil of Charcot, the founder of the Paris School of hypnotism, or school of the Salpêtrière. The debt of modern psychology and psycho-therapy

to mesmerism and hypnotism has been oddly obscured since the practice of hypnotism has been restricted to professional physicians, and the art, retreating into the laboratories, has again become an esoteric professional mystery.

Quimby, unrestricted by the accepted tenets of any group or school, and with no established or specialized vocabulary (even the "objective and subjective mind" and the later "conscious and subconscious mind" were not yet in use) seems often to be speaking in the very words of the psycho-analyst, and often even in the words of the behaviorist, so far as his "natural man" or "false identity" was concerned. He arrived to be sure at a more idealistic concept as to the "real man" and the principle of "Wisdom" beyond the knowledge of the natural man which he quite simply observed to operate.

He had not set out to become a "healer." His interest seems to have been entirely in the mesmeric phenomena, and it was apparently quite by chance that the experience turned him toward the curing of disease.

Medicine and wonder-working being always closely allied to the simple-minded (among whom we may include all the inhabitants of the earth), the sick and ailing soon flocked to Quimby's lectures, and in the mesmeric trance, Burkmar often "saw into the patients' bodies," diagnosed their diseases, described their symptoms, etc., and sometimes recommended remedies.

The cures that followed gave Quimby the laboratory cases from which he made his first deductions as to the healing power of the mind. Up to this time, Quimby had accepted the prevailing medical theories. Yet here was Burkmar who knew nothing of medicine, and he himself knowing equally little of it, the patients who

knew even less, and Burkmar's prescriptions (usually some simple herb tea) cured these patients of illnesses of long standing that had baffled the physicians. Obviously this was not cure by the science of medicine.

Quimby himself was cured of what the physicians had told him was consumption and a serious affection of the kidneys, from which he had suffered for some years. And writing of it, Quimby speaks of "the absurdity of this cure." [1] His own cure and that of others coming under his observation, destroyed his faith in doctors and in medical science generally.

> "At this time I frequently visited the sick with Lucius, by invitation of the attending physician; and the boy examined the patient and told facts that would astonish everybody, and yet every one of them was believed. For instance, he told a person affected as I had been, only worse, that his lungs looked like a honeycomb, and his liver was covered with ulcers. He then prescribed some simple herb tea, and the patient recovered; and the doctor believed the medicine cured him. But I believed that the doctor made the disease; and his faith in the boy made a change in the mind, and the cure followed. Instead of gaining confidence in the doctors, I was forced to the conclusion that their science is false. . . ." [2]

3

During all this time Quimby, by the process of elimination, of trial and error,—was building for himself the body of his final theory. He had soon discarded the traditional theory of "fluidic emanations" and "mag-

1 *The Quimby Manuscripts,* edited by H. W. Dresser; Thomas Y. Crowell, New York, 1921; p. 34 (3rd Ed.).
2 *The Quimby Manuscripts,* p. 34–35 (3rd Ed.).

netic currents" in the mesmeric phenomena. In the beginning he, like other mesmerists, had accepted the idea that he was unable to give successful demonstrations when the weather was disturbed or during a thunderstorm. It interfered with the passage of the magnetic current from the steel-tipped point of his wand to Lucius on the stage. When the conditions were right, and he pointed the steel end of the wand at Lucius, the boy would start as if pricked with a pin; when the blunt end of the wand was pointed at him, Lucius remained unmoved. One night, after a particularly successful exhibition, Quimby was amazed to discover that he had been so absorbed in his tests that he had been unconscious of a violent thunderstorm that had broken overhead and was now almost spent. This led naturally to the conclusion that atmospheric conditions had nothing to do with it, and that the effects were produced by the action of one mind upon another. From that time on, he produced as good results during a thunderstorm as on quiet evenings, and made Lucius start by simply pointing his finger at him.

Quimby "mentally created" objects that his subject would see, smell, taste, etc.; he created fruit which Burkmar would eat, and by which he would be affected as if the fruit were real. Burkmar was excessively fond of lemons, and was always eating them. Quimby put him into the mesmeric state, created lemons and had him eat them until they made him sick, and Burkmar begged him not to make him eat any more. Quimby never spoke of this experience to Burkmar in the waking state, and after several such unconscious feasts, Burkmar was cured of the habit of eating too many lemons.

Various experiments proved to his satisfaction that

ideas are as real as material objects. For example, he mentally transmitted the idea of a tiger to Lucius who immediately exhibited fear of the tiger. Quimby then thought of trying to dissipate Lucius' fear by telling him that the beast was merely imaginary. But this assurance had no effect. Lucius was "unable to draw upon his own reason or entertain an explanation of the experiment," until he was awakened from the mesmeric trance. This seemed to establish that the idea had "taken form." And now Quimby discovered that Lucius could not see an abstract or general principle. "I found that if I thought of principles, he had no way of describing them, for there was nothing to see; but if I thought of anything that had form, I could make him see it.

Progressing further, he discovered that he influenced Lucius either in or out of the mesmeric state, and often without his knowledge or intent.

> "I found that my ignorance would produce phenomena in my subject that my own wisdom could not correct. . . . I found that my own thoughts were one thing and my belief another. *If I really believed in anything, the effect would follow whether I was thinking of it or not.* . . . We think our beliefs have nothing to do with the phenomenon. But anything that is believed has reality to those that believe it, and it is liable to affect them at any time when the condition of the mind is in a right state." [3]

Quimby's audiences also furnished him laboratory material. He saw that the interpretations put upon all his experiments with Lucius varied with the theory or "belief" of the spectator; that each member of the audience would prove to his own satisfaction that the ex-

[3] *The Quimby Manuscripts*, pp. 60, 61.

hibitions sustained his particular theory. It was clear, then, that all theories, including those he had himself successively held and abandoned, were false.

> "I therefore abandoned all my former beliefs, as they came in contact with my practice, and at last followed the dictates of the impressions made on me by my patients." [4]

He had, in short, come to see that man is the creature of his own suggestibility, and that human knowledge is but the aggregation of "opinions" or "beliefs," imposed upon him by his own conditioning, and accepted by him as true.

He now took his stand squarely against opinions and beliefs.

> "Human misery universally arises from some error that man admits as true. We confound our fears with the idea feared, and place the evil in the things seen or believed. Here is a great error, for we never see what we are afraid of."

And again:

> "If everything man does not understand were blotted out, what is there left of man? Would he be better or worse, if nine-tenths of all he thinks he knows were blotted out of his mind, and he existed with what is true?
>
> "I contend that he would, as it were, sit on the clouds, and see the world beneath him tormented with ideas that form living errors, whose weight is ignorance."

In 1847 Quimby had dismissed Lucius, and given up his mesmeric exhibitions and experiments.[5] He now

[4] *The Quimby Manuscripts,* p. 189.

[5] In October, 1861, he wrote: "It is twenty years since I embarked in what was one of the greatest humbugs of the age, mesmerism. At that time people were as superstitious about it as they were two hundred years ago in regard to witchcraft." From *The Quimby Manuscripts,* p. 58.

gave all his time to experiments in direct healing. He had discovered and developed within himself the power of seeing "clairvoyantly" the conditions of his patients' "beliefs" or sicknesses; it needed, however, no mesmeric trance for him to see clairvoyantly. He was at all times in a normal state of mind and body. His patients were, however, "self-mesmerized" or in a state of auto-hypnosis concerning their illnesses. It was from this state that he sought to *wake them,* by proving to them that the disease was but the embodiment or form given to their "opinions" or beliefs. If he could by explanation, argument and demonstration, convince them of this truth, he could persuade them to abandon the belief from which they were suffering.

It is apparent that Quimby did attain a degree or quality of intuitive perception and detachment beyond the attainment of ordinary men. It was neither accidental, sporadic, nor dependent upon external conditions.[6]

He held that mind is a subtle or spiritual form of matter. It manifests itself in grosser forms of matter. Mind contains no intelligence of itself and can be molded by the opinions and fears that cause man's misery. There must be an abiding principle in man which gives him a permanent identity. This abiding self Quimby called the "real man," "the scientific man" or

[6] "He always told the patient, at the first sitting, what the latter thought was his disease; and, as he was able to do this, he never allowed the patient to tell him anything about his case. Quimby would also continue and tell the patient what the circumstances were which first caused the trouble, and then explain to him how he fell into his error, and then from this basis prove to him, in many instances, that his state of suffering was purely an error of mind, and not what he thought it was." Julius Dresser in *The True History of Mental Science,* pp. 23–24.

the senses. "The senses," he said, "are all there is of a man."

The "natural man" identifies his senses with matter, opinion, or error and so creates what Quimby termed the "false identity." The "real or scientific man" identifies his senses with "Truth" or what Quimby came to call "Wisdom," which is Intelligence, Substance, Principle.

In 1859, twelve years after he had discarded mesmerism, Quimby's practice had become so large that he opened his offices in Portland. Here his son George became his secretary, and the Misses Sarah and Emma Ware, daughters of Judge Ashur Ware of the United States Admiralty Court, copied Quimby's hurriedly penned notes of conversations, case histories, extensive articles and explanations, etc. Of the interval between these two periods, Quimby wrote in 1861: "I have sat with more than three hundred individuals every year for ten years, and during the last five, with five hundred yearly."

A sufficient number of Quimby's manuscripts and letters to and from patients written during the intermediate period, 1847-1859, remain to give us an idea of his progression after the mesmeric period.[7]

The bulk of his manuscripts were, however, written during the Portland period, when his patients urged him to preserve his writings, and the Misses Ware offered to copy them and keep them in order, so that they might not be lost.[8] These manuscripts are now in the Library of Congress.

[7] Many of these early writings are included in *The Quimby Manuscripts.*

[8] Quimby's son, George A. Quimby, has described the process as follows: "The original copy he would give to the Misses Ware; and it

No specific name was settled upon by Quimby to designate his philosophy. He termed it variously, Science, Truth, Science of Health, The Science of Life and Happiness, and even Christian Science.

All that he wrote is permeated with the distinction between the "two worlds" or "kingdoms," science and ignorance, wisdom and opinion, eternal substance and changing shadow, the real man and the natural man, Jesus and Christ.

> "All knowledge that is of man is based on opinions. This I call the world of matter.[9] It embraces all that comes within the so-called senses. . . . But the wisdom of science is of God, and not of man. Now to separate these two kingdoms is what I am trying to do."

Not an orthodox believer, Quimby had the truly religious attitude toward life. He developed the theory familiar to all Christian Scientists, that the mission of Jesus was to save mankind from the priests and the doctors, the "false prophets" and "blind guides." It was Jesus' mission to demonstrate his divinity by works,—the healing of the sick, the casting out of demons, the freeing of man from his superstitions and beliefs,—and to put man in possession of this power. "By their works ye shall know them."

would be read to him by them, and, if he suggested any alteration, it would be made, after which it would be copied either by the Misses Ware or the writer of this, and then re-read to him, that he might see that all was just as he intended it, not even the most trivial word or the construction of a sentence would be changed without consulting him. He was given to repetition; and it was with difficulty that he could be induced to have a repeated sentence or phrase stricken out, as he would say, 'If the idea is a good one, and true, it will do no harm to have it in two or three times.'" (*New England Magazine*, March, 1888.)

[9] This is the "mortal mind" of Christian Science. No clearer statement of it will be found.

According to the Flesh

"It is easy to talk about religion," wrote Quimby. "I have no religion apart from my deeds."

In September, 1861, he wrote:

> "I have been trying all my life, ever since I was old enough to listen, to understand the religious beliefs of the world, and see if people understood what they profess to believe. After some fifty years of observation I have come to the conclusion that ninety-nine hundredths of mankind are listeners to some one telling a story, like the 'Arabian Nights' in marvellousness; and they get excited like a mesmerized person, till they really create the scene in their own minds, and will suffer rather than abandon their belief. . . .
>
> "I know I was as free from superstition as almost any one; yet I was full enough of it, and all the while I was not aware that I had a belief of any kind. For the last twenty years I have been ridding myself of old superstitions, and am now better prepared to see it in others. . . . I have sat with . . . people with all sorts of diseases, and in every possible state of mind, brought on by all kinds of ideas in which people believe. Religion in its various forms embraces many of these causes. Some cases have been occasioned by the idea that they had committed the unpardonable sin. When asked what it was, no two persons ever answered alike." [10]

He wrote many articles for inclusion in a proposed volume. In a tentative introduction for a book he wrote:

> ". . . All my writings are the effect of impressions made on me while sitting with the sick, so that my book is

[10] *Philosophy of P. P. Quimby,* Annetta G. Dresser; p. 80–81.

of the lives and sufferings of my patients, their trials and sorrows, and my arguments are in their behalf. . . .

"For instance, one is full of religious ideas and becomes almost insane, and some are entirely so. This excites me, and my thoughts run upon religion. Another will be almost insane upon spiritualism; then I have to battle that, or show the absurdity of that belief. Some are excited upon Millerism, and believe the world is coming to an end. This brings up arguments to refute their belief. Some upon witchcraft. Now their minds are continually dwelling on all these subjects and on the Bible. So to cure I have to show by the Bible that they have been made to believe a false construction. My arguments change their minds and the cure comes. This is my excuse for what I have said upon the Scriptures.

". . . But all mankind must be reached by parables. All my illustrations are called out by the case I have to treat." [11]

This adjustment of his explanations to the temperament and receptivity of his patients is one of the strongest characteristics of Quimby's writings. Taken as a whole, and with his letters to individual patients, there is evoked an almost visible and touchable man. Quimby was possessed of a passion to communicate. He used therefore any homely analogy or parable that sprang to his mind. If it was not clear, he thought of another, and still another. He must be understood. He used musical terms and analogies for the musician, nautical terms for the seaman, engineering terms for the engineer; no experience was lost.

He carried on a voluminous correspondence with all sorts of people. Replying to a letter from a clergyman he wrote under date of Oct. 28, 1860:

[11] *The Quimby Manuscripts,* pp. 230–231.

". . . So far as giving an opinion is concerned, it is out of my power as a physician, though as a man I might, but it would be of no service; for it would contain no wisdom except of this world. My practice is not of the wisdom of man, so my opinion as a man is of no value. Jesus said, 'If I judge of myself, my judgment is not good, but, if I judge of God, it is right'; for that contains no opinion. So, if I judge as a man, it is an opinion; and you can get plenty of them anywhere.

"You inquire if I have ever cured any cases of chronic rheumatism. I answer, Yes; but there are as many cases of chronic rheumatism as there are of spinal complaint, so that I cannot decide your case by another. You cannot be saved by pinning your faith on another's sleeve. Every one must answer for his own sins or belief. Our beliefs are the cause of our misery, and our happiness or misery is what follows our belief. . . .

"You ask if my practice belongs to any known science. My answer is, No, it belongs to a Wisdom that is above man as man. . . . It was taught eighteen hundred years ago, and has never had a place in the heart of man since, but is in the world, and the world knows it not." [12]

In reply to a young physician in Sept., 1860, Quimby contrasts medical diagnosis with his own.

"If you see a man going towards the water, he is going in swimming; but, if he is running, with his hat and coat off, he is either going to drown himself or someone is drowning, and so on. This is the old way. Mine is this: If I see a person, I know it, and if I feel the cold, I know it; but to see a person going toward the water is no sign that I know what he is going to do." [13]

During all of his practice Quimby gave "absent

[12] *The Philosophy of P. P. Quimby,* pp. 53, 54.
[13] *The Philosophy of P. P. Quimby,* pp. 54–55, for letter in full.

treatments," and many of the letters from patients report that upon Quimby's receipt of their letter to him, as nearly as the time could be estimated, they felt a distinct improvement. He often made specific appointments with distant patients for the absent treatments.

In treating directly, Quimby held firmly to the statement contained in his circular that "the explanation or the truth is the cure." In his office he often added to his treatment (both audible and silent) a few moments of what came to be called "manipulation."

> "He sometimes, in cases of lameness and sprains, manipulated the limbs of the patient, and often rubbed the head with his hands, wetting them with water. He said it was so hard for the patient to believe that his mere talk with him produced the cure, that he did this rubbing simply that the patient would have more confidence in him; but he always insisted that he possessed no 'power' nor healing properties different from any one else, and that his manipulations conferred no beneficial effect upon the patient, although it was often the case that the patient himself thought they did." [14]

Quimby's patients became his friends, and in a manner his students, since he constantly talked of his method, expounded his theories, emerging from his private office after a consultation to discuss any new details or ideas that had grown out of the last experience. His reception room presented the appearance of a continuous symposium; the older patients explaining the theories to new patients waiting their turn for treatment.

In February, 1862, Quimby wrote out answers to fifteen questions put to him by one of his patients, and

[14] George A. Quimby, in *New England Magazine*, March, 1888.

several copies of this manuscript known as *Questions and Answers* were kept on hand to lend to new patients who sometimes copied it for their own use.

Chief among the intimate group surrounding Quimby in Portland was Mr. Julius Dresser, a former patient, and serious student of the Quimby theories. He had access to all of the writings copied by Miss Sarah and Miss Emma Ware, and was allowed to make a full set of copies for his own use. Mr. Dresser had been restored to health by Quimby in 1860, and for several years thereafter devoted himself to explaining Quimby's principle of healing to new patients.[15]

[15] Julius Dresser (later to become known as one of the founders of the New Thought Movement) was preparing himself for the ministry in the Calvinistic Baptist Church when his health failed, and he sought Quimby's aid in 1860. According to his son, Horatio W. Dresser, Quimby successfully treated Julius Dresser for typhoid pneumonia. Mr. Dresser was of a strongly emotional religious nature, and Quimby told him that "his religion was killing him."

PART THREE

CHAPTER ONE

1

In October of 1862, Mrs. Patterson arrived in Portland. She was a shadow of her former self, wasted and thin, and so weak that she had to be assisted up the stairs to Quimby's rooms in the International Hotel. But if her dress was of inexpensive material and made by her own hand, its cut and the air with which she wore it were the cut and the air of the poetess, the authoress. Her great eyes, burning with fever and hope, increased the effect. She made an impression in Quimby's waiting room.

She was received by Julius Dresser, and introduced to Quimby.

The treatments began on the day of her arrival, and continued during her stay in Portland, which at that time lasted for several weeks. The effect of these treatments upon her health and upon her state of mind she set forth in a communication which appeared in the Portland *Courier* of November 7th of that year, or less than a month after her arrival, and in which she begins,

> "When our Shakespeare decided that 'There were more things in this world than were dreamed of in your philosophy,' I cannot say of a verity that he had a foreknowledge of P. P. Quimby. . . ."

—and continues with a long, glowing paragraph in the same manner before she comes to her story.

"Three weeks since I quitted my nurse and sick-room *en route* for Portland. The belief of my recovery had died out of the hearts of those who were most anxious for it. With this mental and physical depression I first visited P. P. Quimby; and in less than one week from that time I ascended by a stairway of one hundred and eighty-two steps to the dome of the City Hall, and am improving *ad infinitum*. To the most subtle reasoning, such a proof, coupled too, as it is with numberless similar ones, demonstrates his power to heal. Now for a brief analysis of this power.

"Is it spiritualism? Listen to the words of wisdom. 'Believe in God, believe also in me; or believe me for the very work's sake.' Well, then, he denies that his power to heal the sick is borrowed from the spirits of this or another world; and let us take the Scriptures for proof. 'A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand.' How, then, can he receive the friendly aid of the disenthralled spirit, while he rejects the faith of the solemn mystic who crosses the threshold of the dark unknown to conjure up from the vasty deep the awestruck spirit of some invisible squaw?

"Again, is it by animal magnetism that he heals the sick? Let us examine. I have employed electro-magnetism and animal magnetism, and for a brief interval have felt relief, from the equilibrium which I fancied was restored to an exhausted system or by a diffusion of concentrated action. But in no instance did I get rid of a return of all my ailments, because I had not been helped out of the error in which opinions involved us. My operator believed in disease, independent of the mind; hence I could not be wiser than my master. But now I can see dimly at first, and only as trees walking, the

great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works; and just in proportion to my right perception of truth is my recovery. This truth which he opposes to the error of giving intelligence to matter and placing pain where it never placed itself, if received understandingly, changes the currents of the system to their normal action; and the mechanism of the body goes on undisturbed. That this is a science capable of demonstration, becomes clear to the minds of those patients who reason upon the process of their cure. The truth which he establishes in the patient cures him (although he may be wholly unconscious thereof); and the body, which is full of light, is no longer in disease. At present I am too much in error to elucidate the truth, and can touch only the keynote for the master hand to wake the harmony. May it be in essays, instead of notes! say I. After all, this is a very spiritual doctrine; but the eternal years of God are with it, and it must stand firm as the rock of ages. And to many a poor sufferer may it be found, as by me, 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' "

2

Free at last of her long suffering, Mrs. Patterson became one of Quimby's staunchest champions. She now had her copy of the *Questions and Answers* manuscript, and it remained one of her most cherished possessions for many years.

George Quimby and others of the group have said that Quimby was much pleased by the enthusiasm and quick intelligence of Mrs. Patterson; that he often remarked upon how quickly she caught the drift of his ideas. Her gratitude and devotion were unbounded, and after her first letter to the *Courier* had been criticized in the Portland *Advertiser* of the following day,

she replied promptly with a second letter in the *Courier,* in which she says:

> "Noticing a paragraph in the *Advertiser,* commenting upon some sentences of mine clipped from the *Courier,* relative to the science of P. P. Quimby, concluding, 'What next?' we would reply in due deference to the courtesy with which they define their position. P. P. Quimby stands upon the plane of wisdom with his truth. Christ healed the sick, but not by jugglery or with drugs. As the former speaks as never man before spake, and heals as never man healed since Christ, is he not identified with truth? And is not this the Christ which is in him? We know that in wisdom is life, 'and the life was the light of man.' P. P. Quimby rolls away the stone from the sepulchre of error, and health is the resurrection. But we also know that 'light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not.'"

In conclusion Mrs. Patterson says:

> "In explanation I would furnish your readers with some quotations from P. P. Quimby's theory of Christ (not Jesus); if he is willing and you will publish it."

The editor appends a note saying that "our space is so limited we could not very well spare room for a description of Dr. Quimby's theory as proposed."

Julius Dresser had lent Mrs. Patterson his copy of the manuscript notebook known as Vol. I,[1] containing many short articles bearing upon Quimby's theory of "Christ, or Science." Mr. Dresser also lent her his copy of the *Questions and Answers* manuscript, from which she made her own copy.

It was probably quotations from these manuscripts

[1] See *The Quimby Manuscripts,* pp. 179–229, for Vol. I, as well as "Questions and Answers" in full.

that Mrs. Patterson intended to ask Quimby's permission to publish in the *Courier*.

3

It is probable that Mrs. Patterson would have stayed on in Portland, but for the news which now came to her. Dr. Patterson had escaped from the southern prison, and was on his way home.[2]

Mrs. Patterson met her husband at the home of her sister in Sanbornton Bridge, and the months that succeeded this reunion were perhaps the happiest months of Mary Baker Eddy's life. In January she wrote in a letter to Quimby,

> "I am to all who once knew me a living wonder, and a living monument of your power. . . ."

and later in the same letter,

> "I eat, drink and am merry; have no laws to fetter

[2] In the New Hampshire *Patriot & State Gazette* of Wednesday, Nov. 26, 1862, there appeared this account of Dr. Patterson's experiences:

"Dr. Daniel Patterson, of Rumney, formerly of Franklin, in our state, who was captured by a scouting party of Stuart's cavalry, while visiting the Bull Run battleground, on the 25th of last March, arrived in this city on Wednesday in a worn down and destitute condition. He was in Libbey Prison, in Richmond, till May 15th, when he, with others was transferred to Salisbury, N. C. In both places they were all treated as only slave drivers know how to treat human beings. Dr. Patterson was on one occasion immured to seven days in the 'Black Hole' because he declined to pledge himself not to escape nor to allow any of his fellow prisoners to do so without notification. On the 20th of September,—a dark and rainy night—the Doctor with two associates effected their escape from a window, by means of a line made of bed clothes. Their first project was to descend the Yadkin River, but finding civilization was not to be reached in that direction, they abandoned their boat, and put over land, levying on hen roosts, orchards, and flour mills for subsistence, and succeeded at last in reaching Gen. Milroy's headquarters in western Virginia. A letter from the general, which the doctor had in his possession, secured him passage over the railroads to this city."

my spirit now, though I am quite as much of an escaped prisoner as my dear husband was." [3]

In this letter, she also thanks Quimby for his kind wishes for her future, and says that she means "not again to look mournfully into the past, but wisely to improve the present, and go forth to meet the future with a woman's courage," and adds that she somewhat expects her husband to take up arms for our nation's rights, "he yearns to do it, and I shall try to acquiesce."

Dr. Patterson however did not go into the army again, but remained with his wife at Sanbornton Bridge for the next few months recuperating and resting from the prison experience which had left him worn and reduced in strength. People were interested in anything concerning the war, and he gave a few talks here and there on his experiences.

Mrs. Patterson's "miraculous" recovery had stimulated a great interest among her friends. In the letter quoted above, she writes to Quimby that "five or six of my friends are going to visit you." Her sister's son Albert, then a young man of seventeen, was not only sickly, but had acquired the habit of smoking and drinking to excess; and Mrs. Tilton now hoped for his recovery through Quimby. Mrs. Patterson tried to help him with what knowledge she had gained, as she tried to help others at that time. She says "my explanation of your curative principle surprises people: especially those whose minds are *all* matter, are convinced by the external appearance of *errors* in their exit; as for instance, the sores that have visited me, and yet I never

[3] All of the letters from Mrs. Patterson to Quimby are printed in full in the first edition of *The Quimby Manuscripts*. Several are given in facsimile.

lost my faith, or cursed *wisdom,* but have lived to receive all with usury again."

She was not acting in any professional capacity as a healer at this time, but merely attempting to help those who were suffering among her acquaintances. She herself suffered now and then from what she called "old habits," and asked Quimby, with whom she carried on a lively correspondence, to give her occasional absent treatments. "You know," she says, "that I am less than one year from the 39 of supposed disease, and the habit is yet so strong upon me that I need your *occasional* aid."

> "Yet if 'twere not for *visiting* I could manage myself; but not being at *home* I have no *tranquillity* wherewith to aid myself. Enclosed please find the pay for my last sitting. My sister and her son will visit you at an early period. She has an abdominal rupture, and I am very anxious for her restoration. She is very useful to her family and community."

Albert Tilton apparently visited Quimby in Portland sometime in the latter part of Feb., 1862, and a week after his return to Sanbornton Bridge, Mrs. Patterson wrote to Quimby that Albert's parents were very anxious for his "saving power to be renewed" in Albert's behalf. "But this is the period of excitement in New Hampshire, and the ballot box controls, hence he cannot visit you until next week." She explains that Albert is beginning to smoke again, and they fear that the "worst of all his habits, viz. drinking intoxicating liquor, may return," and that his parents wish Quimby "to make these things impossible to him until he returns to you accompanied by his Mother, which we hope will

be soon. His parents are truly grateful and somewhat encouraged at the success thus far." She then adds a few words "about my own self."

> "Won't you laugh when I tell you since I have been trying to affect Albert, I am suffering from a constant desire to smoke!! Do pray rid me of this feeling. I should think it deplorable to feel long as Albert does. He says he constantly longs to smoke. But we *think* he has not drank improper beverages since his return; however, won't you include this in your catalogue when you send the subtle fluid of mind, or *spirit*, to conquer matter."

In the summer of 1863, the Pattersons visited Dr. Patterson's brother in Saco, Me., and early in the year 1864, Dr. Patterson went to Lynn, Mass., to establish himself in the practice of his profession there. Meantime, Mrs. Patterson returned to Portland, where she took up what she called her "pupilage" under Quimby in earnest again.[4]

In the boarding house where she lived during this sojourn were also several other patients of Quimby's, among them Miss Mary Ann Jarvis of Warren, Me., and a Mrs. Sarah Crosby of Albion. The three women spent much time together and became fast friends. Miss Jarvis suffered from tuberculosis and asthma, and alto-

[4] Quimby's son, George Quimby, writing of Mrs. Patterson's sojourns in Portland, said that she received his father's ideas "not as a student receiving a regular course . . . but by sitting in his room, talking with him, reading his manuscripts, copying some of them, writing some herself and reading them to him for his criticism. In that sense she and many others of his patients were his pupils, in the same way that the disciples were pupils of Jesus. I have heard him talk hours and hours, week in and week out, when she was present, listening and asking questions. After these talks he would put on paper in the shape of an essay or conversation what subject his talk had covered."

gether seems to have been in a more serious physical condition than the other two, and of a temperament to lean rather heavily upon the help of others. Mrs. Crosby had been on the verge of a "nervous breakdown," was of more independent and normal temperament, and she and Mrs. Patterson found themselves more intellectually congenial. Mrs. Patterson, however, had a more intuitive immediate understanding of Quimby's ideas and spent much time in explaining her understanding to Mrs. Crosby. "He told me many times," said Mrs. Crosby in speaking of that time, "that I was not so quick to perceive the Truth as Mrs. Patterson."

With this new and vital interest, Mrs. Patterson blossomed afresh, the light returned to her eyes, and she was again the magnetic and attractive personality of her early years. Her ambition returned and she hoped to be of service in spreading "the Truth" or "the Science of Health and Happiness," as the theory was variously called.

Miss Jarvis and Mrs. Crosby had left for their homes, and in March, Miss Jarvis, who had great confidence in Mrs. Patterson's grasp of the healing theory, suffered a relapse, and asked Mrs. Patterson to come to Warren to help strengthen her faith. In a letter to Quimby, dated March 31, 1864, from Warren, Me., Mrs. Patterson says:

> "My dear doctor, I am *here* after a ride of two days; first day to Wiscasset where I stopped over night, next morning at 10 o'clock got into a villainous old vehicle and felt a sensation of being in a hencoop on the top of a churn-dash for about 6 hours! when the symptoms began to subside, and so did the old cart."

She describes Miss Jarvis's pleasure at her arrival, telling how the invalid had watched for her and had had "a good cry" every night until she had given Mrs. Patterson up for lost. "She is in a peculiar condition," she says, and recounts that on Saturday she had had a "paroxism of what she called 'difficulty of breathing on account of the easterly wind,' " and that she had sat down beside her and taken her hands and "explained in my poor way what it was, instead of what it was not," and that after a little her breath had become natural and "to my surprise even, she raised phlegm easily and has scarcely coughed since, till today. So I have laughed at her about the wind veering according to P. P. Quimby. I say to her, 'why even the winds and waves obey him.' "

Her stay with Miss Jarvis lasted from the first week in March to the end of May, although throughout this time Mrs. Patterson wished to leave as she had planned a visit to Mrs. Crosby, who needed her less but certainly interested her more. "Mrs. Crosby," she wrote in a letter to Quimby, "is one of the precious few affinities with whom I meet and I shall visit her after getting through here," and adds that she "will not stop here longer than is necessary to make Miss Jarvis happy."

However, every suggestion of leaving Miss Jarvis seemed to plunge the invalid into despair which would bring on a renewal of alarming symptoms which compelled Mrs. Patterson to extend her stay. It was unfortunate that Mrs. Patterson was subjected to this experience so soon after her own recovery. Her continued stay in this house of sickness with the querulous and exacting invalid was, from a practical point of view, misplaced generosity. She needed certainly at this time

a more wholesome and healthful atmosphere. There were too many reminders in the condition of Miss Jarvis of that condition from which she herself had so lately emerged. The stoutest will could hardly have withstood it. And as Miss Jarvis relapsed into crisis after crisis, brought on each time by the fear that her friend might leave her alone, Mrs. Patterson's power to protect herself against her own suggestibility sometimes failed.[5] Again and again she writes to Quimby, requesting his aid; again and again she thanks him for the relief his help had given her, saying once that upon receiving his message, "to my amazement, Miss Jarvis grew at once gay even, and has not been sad a moment since."

In spite of the melancholy atmosphere, her interest was lively and keen, and her enthusiasm for "the Truth" or "Science" was unabated. At every opportunity, she spread the good word, and eloquently defended Quimby against "ignoramuses." In one letter she says, "I like much the hearts of Warren folks, i.e., better than their heads."

In another letter she says, "Somehow I am 'impressed' to write you as the Spiritualists call it," and tells him that on Wednesday she saw him at twelve o'clock in the parlor where she is writing, that he wore a hat and dress coat.

> "I said to your Doctorship How do you do? whereupon you answered not again, but left, which I call dodging the question. Well, I sighed, 'am sorry I spoke,' but

[5] Her extreme suggestibility is shown in a letter which tells Quimby that she had begun to "spit blood" and her breathing was "like the wheezing of asthma." Miss Jarvis, it will be remembered, suffered from tuberculosis and asthma. Mrs. Patterson says, however, at the close of her letter, "I am up and about today, i.e., by the help of the Lord (Quimby)."

really he need not have gone so suddenly. I was not intending to ask him to have stayed to my lecture!"

She gave several public talks while she was in Warren, explaining Quimby's method, and this was the "lecture" she referred to. She reports to Quimby about the lectures in a sprightly vein.

"Posted at the public marts of this city is this notice: Mrs. M. M. Patterson will lecture at the Town Hall one week from next Wednesday on P. P. Quimby's spiritual Science healing disease—as opposed to Deism or Rochester-Rapping-Spiritualism."

She says that she changes her lecture to suit the occasion; and that "this seems to be a spiritual need of this people." About one of these talks, she writes that it was "thinly attended, but the precious few were those whom a lady present (the manufacturer's wife) said were the uppertendam; only think of Yankee castes in *all* our country *villages*. I thoroughly wish we were understood as a people, the *true American idea*. But I felt pleased to know there were men of intellect and comprehension present, such as Mr. Hodgeman, and Mr. Johnson of this place. I was told Mr. Hodgeman, a man 60 years old, said 'twas the nearest *right* of any thing he ever heard at Warren."

She says that since the lecture Mrs. Fuller, the woolen manufacturer's wife who was ill, had sent for her to visit her professionally, but adds, "I returned a note that I was not done with my pupilage yet, and recommended her to visit you."

In the same letter she writes of her lecture:

"I began like this— Ladies and gentleman, ahem! To correct any misconceived ideas on the subject we would

first say—that a belief in spiritualism, as defined by rappings, trances, or any agency in healing the sick, coming from the dead, we wholly disclaim.

"I had no poetry at the close, 'twas all *truth*. Will read it to you if you like when next I see you. Had a letter from the editor of the *Independent* to write for his widely circulated journal. But I am not strong enough to step out upon the waves yet. I fear at least wetting my feet."

During 1864 and 1865 Mrs. Patterson made several visits to Portland, and stopped there whenever it was conveniently on the route to some other place she was visiting.

She left Miss Jarvis early in June, stopping at Portland, then going on to Lynn where Dr. Patterson was establishing his practice. On July 8th she wrote Quimby from Lynn, this time on her husband's behalf. Dr. Patterson, she said, had been seized with erysipelas, and "today he is almost frightful to look upon."

"Oh, how I wish you were within reach of us, and how easily you could save him. He only laughs at *me* when I talk the truth to him. . . . I feel alarmed about him for fear it will reach the brain, as he knows the M. D.'s opinions. I have watched and waited upon him until I am not a little out of tune, feel *tired* and it hurts me now to move. Can you not prevent my taking it and send relief to him?"

Dr. Patterson apparently recovered safely from this attack, whether through Quimby or the ministrations of the "M. D.'s" we cannot tell. And later in the summer, Mrs. Patterson went to Albion for her long-delayed visit to Mrs. Crosby.

This visit lasted for several months. Mrs. Crosby

lived on a farm with her family, and the two women still further cemented their friendship which seems to have been a most stimulating one to them both.[6] Many years later, Mrs. Crosby had occasion to make a full affidavit concerning the details of this visit; and although the two had long since drifted apart and Mrs. Crosby had reason to feel much less warmly toward her one-time friend, she still paid tribute to the Mrs. Patterson of those early days.

"Like all of Mrs. Eddy's old intimates, she speaks of their days of companionship with a certain shade of regret—as if life in the society of this woman was more intense and keen than it ever was afterward." And, "she still feels that Mrs. Patterson was the most stimulating and invigorating influence she has ever known." [7]

4

It was during this visit that there occurred an incident which has been the subject of much controversy. It has been variously held to prove the usual opposites and a number of things besides. Mrs. Patterson had talked a great deal to her friend about Albert Baker, her long dead brother, and had made him so real that Mrs. Crosby felt him as an actual personality. One day the two women were sitting at opposite sides of the table, when Mrs. Patterson suddenly leaned backward,

[6] Mrs. Crosby was an educated and competent woman. At 40, financial reverses made it necessary for her to support her family. She taught herself stenography, and for 15 years was stenographer in the highest courts of Maine (being one of the first women court reporters in the country) during which time she paid off her husband's debts and educated her five children.

[7] Milmine, p. 65.

shivered, closed her eyes, and began to talk in a sepulchral, mannish voice. The voice said that he was Albert Baker, Mrs. Patterson's brother, and that he had been trying to get control of Mrs. Patterson for many days; that he wished to warn Mrs. Crosby against putting such entire confidence in Mrs. Patterson. He informed Mrs. Crosby that while his sister loved her as much as she was capable of loving anyone, life had been a severe experiment with her, and she might use Mrs. Crosby's sacred confidence to further any ambitious purpose of her own.

Mrs. Crosby was naturally astonished by this message. Several times in the course of the visit, Mrs. Patterson went into trances and gave Mrs. Crosby communications from Albert, in one of which he told her that if she would look under the cushion of a certain chair, she would find important written messages from him; she did look and from time to time discovered a letter. Mrs. Crosby kept these communications. They are in Mrs. Patterson's handwriting, and of the general tone of all such communications, addressing her as "Sarah dear," giving her general advice which savors strongly of the ideas then absorbing Mrs. Patterson's mind:

> "P. Quimby of Portland has the spiritual truth of diseases. You must imbibe it to be healed. Go to him again and lean on no material or spiritual medium. In that path of truth I first found you. Dear one, I am at present no aid to you although you think I am, but your spirit will not at present bear this quickening or 'twill leave the body; hence I leave you till you ripen into a condition to meet me. You will miss me at first, but afterwards grow more tranquil because of it, which is important that you

may live for yourself and children. Love and care for poor sister a great suffering lies before her."

It is interesting to follow the interpretation of Miss Wilbur in the Authorized Life on this incident.[8] "It portrays," says Miss Wilbur, "a source of much offense that has trailed its revenge through years, pilloried density and wounded pride crying long and loud against the sprightly wit that cornered them." She goes on to say that Mrs. Patterson was radically opposed to Spiritualism and Mrs. Crosby as strenuously set in its defense. Miss Wilbur describes Mrs. Crosby as possessing "a sentimental imagination combined with practical energy," and says that she had been an impressionable listener to Mrs. Patterson's "occasional" descriptions of her lamented brother, his appearance, talents, and the influence he had exercised over her studies and ideals, and Mrs. Crosby "became enamored of the mental picture of the departed Albert Baker."

"To cleanse her mind of such trumpery rouge of false sentiment and to administer a sharp corrective to her superstition, Mrs. Patterson conceived and put in practice an admirable though harmless hoax."

There follows a description of the trance, the shivering, the closed eyes, and the deep sepulchral voice, with the message warning Mrs. Crosby against Mrs. Patterson. Mrs. Patterson thought Mrs. Crosby would recognize that a message so uncomplimentary was a pretence, and they would have a good laugh over it.

"Not so. Mrs. Crosby became mysterious, shook her head sagely, and declared that she knew what she knew.

[8] *The Life of Mary Baker Eddy,* Sibyl Wilbur, pp. 113–116.

Mrs. Patterson, with a gayety which she rarely indulged, continued the hoax."

It was then in continuation of the hoax that she "pretended to go into another trance" the next day and told Mrs. Crosby that she would find letters from Albert if she looked under the cushion of a certain chair.

"Mrs. Crosby eagerly did so, and her seriousness affected Mrs. Patterson. She had not intended to really mislead her friend, but seeing that she persisted in taking the affair seriously, Mrs. Patterson wrote her some good advice, couched in language supposedly appropriate to spirit utterances, and laid it in a secret place, as good mothers reply to the letters written the fairies. . . . It seems unnecessary to point out that this whilom indulgence in nonsense during a rather long and tedious visit does not in any sense connect Mrs. Eddy with the belief in Spiritualism, nor does it show levity concerning sacred things. It was simply an effort to disabuse a too confiding mind of its credulity, which, failing, was turned into a harmless toleration of its limitations."

This explanation leans a little too heavily on the side of defense. If defense were needed, though it is difficult to see why it was at all times and on all points thought necessary by Miss Wilbur, a less "sprightly" explanation might better have served the purpose.

When in 1907 a similar version of the incident was published for the first time, Mrs. Crosby (estranged from Mrs. Eddy for many years) published a reply in which she stoutly defended Mrs. Eddy against the implication of having assumed "the role of a common trickster" when a guest in her house.

"At the time mentioned . . . I knew nothing whatever of spiritualism, I had never seen, or sought to know any-

thing about it; and I have no reason to suppose that Mrs. Patterson had. When she commenced to go into those trances I did not in the least understand what it meant until the power that controlled her, explained the condition and purpose of it. Her messages to me were and are prima facia evidence that they never came from her own consciousness.

"However much she may since have acted the part of the charlatan . . . I shall defend her from such aspersions at the time when her ambition for money and power had not been kindled; when she was a devoted and humble follower of Dr. P. P. Quimby . . . aspiring only to follow in the footsteps of her teacher in humility of spirit. I am sure she was too honest then, too much of a lady to use the identity of an honored brother whose memory I think she revered, to attempt to practise a wicked fraud upon one who trusted her, for no purpose except to deceive.

"My intimacy with her for years warrants this defence. That she was far from saintship no one knows better than I; but that she was guilty of what Mr. Cushing—perhaps I should say, his instructors—accuse her, I cannot admit." [9]

Mrs. Crosby evidently believed that the message from Albert Baker was genuine. If Mrs. Patterson was acting, her performance was apparently excellent. She not only succeeded in convincing Mrs. Crosby, but herself as well. For after Mrs. Patterson had ended her visit and returned to Lynn, she continued to send occasional spirit messages from Albert to Mrs. Crosby.

There is no reason to doubt Mrs. Crosby's statement that at the time she was not a spiritualist, and this leaves

[9] Mr. Cushing's version of the story had appeared in the Waterville (Me.) *Morning Sentinel,* Feb. 14, 1907, and Mrs. Crosby, whose home was Waterville, replied in the Feb. 16th issue of the same paper.

Mrs. Patterson in the odd position of having converted her to that belief, at least so far as communication with the spirit of Albert Baker was concerned.

There is ample evidence to show that Mrs. Patterson did hold, theoretically at least, and in public, that spiritualistic phenomena were attributable to other causes than the communications of departed spirits. She had shortly before this lectured on the Quimby system "as opposed to Spiritualism," and had said in a letter to Quimby while she was in Warren with Miss Jarvis, "one first reason of my thinking to lecture here at all, was the general opinion that I was a Spiritualist," and this had come "from one of your patients reporting here that you were such."

It would therefore be easy to suppose a conversation between the two women in which Mrs. Crosby might argue that the phenomena produced by Quimby during his mesmeric period seemed the same as those produced by the spiritualists. To this, Mrs. Patterson might have replied that the phenomena were the same, but that the cause attributed by the spiritualists was erroneous. Challenged to support her statement, and exaggerating a little her own powers, Mrs. Patterson might have assumed the traditional attitude and manner of the mediumistic trance, with which she was certainly familiar.

This leaves, however, the strange admonition of Mrs. Patterson's brother against his sister no nearer an explanation. The simplest explanation is, to be sure, that Mrs. Patterson, assuming the attitude of trance, with whatever motive and whatever degree of sincerity, fell into a state of auto-hypnosis, in which the uneasy conscience slipped through in Albert's warning to Mrs. Crosby. The unconscious revelations of her conscience

were often obvious in her later life, and shed light backward to substantiate such an explanation of this episode. Equally tenable is the theory that Mrs. Patterson may have tapped and voiced some such suspicion of her untrustworthiness in Mrs. Crosby's mind.

It is more than probable that Mrs. Patterson had no clearly defined motive at all. There is no doubt that however abstract and free of superstitions her theories may have been, she was more inclined toward occultism and the mysteries than she allowed herself to say. Her sense of the dramatic was always uppermost. Theory or no theory, she believed in things "happening." And where she was, things happened, explain them as you will. She loved to startle and astonish. She could not permit herself to be bored.

During the long visit the two friends, both in the romantic forties, both a little oppressed by the meagerness and obscurity of their lives, may have indulged in a good many fanciful possibilities. If, as Mrs. Patterson's subsequent defenders said, Mrs. Crosby "became enamored of the mental picture of Albert Baker" and Mrs. Patterson wished to "cleanse her mind of such trumpery rouge of false sentiment," she chose an extraordinary method for the accomplishment of her purpose. If it was her "sprightly wit" that prompted the trance, the wit lacked the important element of brevity. The joke was repeated too often to remain a joke, and certainly it provoked no laughter at the time.

In this whole episode of the spirit messages from Albert to Mrs. Crosby, which were all of the most tender and affectionate nature, although Albert had been dead for many years and had never known Mrs. Crosby during his life, there is a suggestion of the "spiritual

bridegroom" or "spirit lover" idea which was to reappear much later in the history of Christian Science. The episode itself is unimportant, except as an illustration of the fact that however freely one may accept new ideas, the new idea inevitably remains in some measure enmeshed in the old.

CHAPTER TWO

1

In the winter of 1864-'65, Mrs. Patterson again took up her life with her husband in Lynn. They did not keep house, but lived in various boarding houses. Mrs. Patterson occupied her time in writing, contributing short pieces on local subjects and occasional poems to the Lynn newspapers. But her chief concern was Quimby and the Quimby ideas. She talked about them wherever she went, to all who would listen, whether interested or not. In the spring of 1865 she made another visit to Portland and returned as usual in much better health, and with still added enthusiasm and stimulus. It had been her ambition from the beginning to become a teacher of Quimby's method, and now her energies were all bent in this direction. It is more than likely that this new interest which had absorbed the attention of his wife, occasionally bored the sociable Dr. Patterson, although he seems to have offered no objection, and writes an amiable note to Quimby after his wife's last return, saying that she is greatly improved in health, and asking Quimby to send his bill by mail, and he will "send the balance due you by the same conveyance."

She continued her correspondence with Quimby, and on July 29th of that year, wrote him a letter which

contains a curious bit of evidence to add to the mystery of her relationship with her son, George W. Glover.

She begins by saying that she has just received a letter "that has well nigh separated soul and body," and that the first thing she thought of doing was to go to Quimby.

> "A letter informed me from the house where George my son is stopping that he is but just alive and not able to sit up with what they call consumption of the bowels. He reached Enterprise Minnesota on his way home to me and there had to stop too feeble to get farther. If I am with this body next Mond. I shall start for him with it although I am sick today and know nothing of the route to him. O Doctor, tis only in you I have any hope and can't you save him? He is too good too noble and self-sacrificing to be lost to this world even in example.
>
> "All I ask all I hope for is that he may be spared to me. Save him, save him if you can. He shall be brought to you if he can possibly bear the journey.
>
> "Since the above something tells me not to start that it is now too late. Oh Doctor I know not what I have written."

Here the mystery closes again upon the son; and we have no further mention of him in the material available of that period.

2

Quimby's practice had been steadily increasing, and the demands on his time, not only for direct treatment but absent treatment and the voluminous correspondence he constantly carried on with absent patients were sapping his strength. He had been suffering for some time from an abdominal tumor which he had so far been

able to keep from developing seriously by his own mental treatments. He knew the danger, for Julius Dresser tells us that Quimby often said to those nearest him that should he ever allow himself to reach the stage of exhaustion from which he could not recover himself, no one would be able to help him. Realizing this, he nevertheless yielded to the unceasing demands of the sick.

In the late summer of 1865, overwhelmed with work, and always too sympathetic to turn away any of the sufferers who crowded his waiting rooms, he saw that he could not go on. Closing his Portland offices, he retired to his home in Belfast to devote himself to the revision of his manuscripts for publication, and to so clear and final a formulation of his theory and method as would not only serve as a means of cure, but provide as well a technique for the prevention of disease.

But he had waited too long. His strength now rapidly failed. At last, says his son, he became so weak that "he no longer had the strength of will nor the reasoning powers to combat the sickness." And now he acknowledged his inability to help himself. His family, who were devoted to him, but had never themselves entirely grasped his philosophy, wished to call in a homeopathic physician. To comfort them he acquiesced, and although he had no faith in the medicine himself, obediently carried out the doctor's orders.

An hour before his death, he said to his son George: "I am more than ever convinced of the truth of my theory. I am perfectly willing for the change myself, but I know you will all feel badly; but *I* know that I shall be right here with you, just the same as I have always been. I do not dread the change any more than if I were going on a trip to Philadelphia."

He died at his home in Belfast, on January 16, 1866, at the age of 64. "His death," wrote his son, "was the result of too close application to his profession and of overwork. A more fitting epitaph could not be accorded him than in these words:

> " 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' For, if ever a man did lay down his life for others, that man was Phineas Parkhurst Quimby."

3

On February 15th, exactly a month after Quimby's death, Mrs. Patterson wrote a letter to Mr. Julius Dresser enclosing a poem "in memory of our much-loved friend, which perhaps *you* will not think overwrought in meaning; others *must,* of course." She is, she says, "constantly wishing" that Mr. Dresser would step forward into Quimby's place, as she believes that he would do a vast amount of good, and is "more capable of occupying his place than any other I know of." Coming then to the immediate purpose of her letter, she says:

> "Two weeks ago I fell on the sidewalk, and struck my back on the ice, and was taken up for dead, came to consciousness amid a storm of vapors from cologne, chloroform, ether, camphor, etc., but to find myself the helpless cripple I was before I saw Dr. Quimby.
>
> "The physician attending said I had taken the last step I ever should, but in two days I got out of my bed *alone* and *will* walk; but yet I confess I am frightened, and out of that nervous heat my friends are forming, spite of me, the terrible spinal affection from which I suffered so long and hopelessly. . . . Now can't *you* help me? I

believe you can. I write this with this feeling: I think that I could help another in my condition if they had not placed their intelligence in matter. This I have not done, and yet I am slowly failing. Won't you write me if you will undertake for me if I can get to you?"

The poem which she enclosed had already been published in a Lynn newspaper.

Lines on the Death of Dr. P. P. Quimby, Who Healed With the Truth That Christ Taught, in Contradistinction to All Isms

Did sackcloth clothe the sun, and day grow night,
All matter mourn the hour with dewy eyes,
When Truth, receding from our mortal sight,
Had paid to error her last sacrifice?

Can we forget the power that gave us life?
Shall we forget the wisdom of its way?
Then ask me not, amid this mortal strife,—
This keenest pang of animated clay,—

To mourn him less: to mourn him more were just,
If to his memory 'twere a tribute given
For every solemn, sacred, earnest trust
Delivered to us ere he rose to heaven.

Heaven but the happiness of that calm soul,
Growing in stature to the throne of God:
Rest should reward him who hath made us whole.
Seeking, though tremblers, where his footsteps trod.

MARY K. PATTERSON.

Lynn, Jan. 22, 1866.

Julius Dresser, then only 28, did not feel himself capable of taking Quimby's place. In 1863 he had married Miss Annetta G. Seabury, whom he had met when she came as a patient to Quimby, and since his marriage he had engaged in newspaper work in Portland. Many had expected him to become Quimby's successor, but the death of his friend and teacher may have shaken him to such an extent that he was unwilling to test his own power. His young wife also hesitated

to have him take up the work, knowing as she did her husband's sensitivity, and the strain that had been put upon Quimby by the constant demands of the sick. Mr. Dresser therefore decided to continue in newspaper work, and moved to Webster, Mass., where he bought the Webster *Times* which he edited and published for some years. His decision not to engage in healing was, according to his son, "a fundamentally decisive action," —and so he informed Mrs. Patterson.

It had been Quimby's wish that his son George should take up his work, but George Quimby, who admired and loved his father, felt himself to be temperamentally unsuited to the work, and became a journalist and later a successful manufacturer.

This left Quimby without a successor, and his healing system without a public practitioner, except for the Rev. Warren F. Evans who, combining Swedenborgian ideas with the healing method derived directly from his contact with Quimby, was already practicing mental healing in Claremont, N. H.[1] It is probable that

[1] Rev. Warren F. Evans, who also held the degree of M. D., had been a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church for some twenty years. He was in poor health, and leaving the ministry became interested in the works of Swedenborg. In 1863 he went to Portland as Quimby's patient, and became immediately so much interested that he returned to Portland for a second visit to study the new healing method, which he felt he could himself put into practice. With Quimby's encouragement he returned to his home in Claremont, N. H. and began to practice. Later he conducted a "mind-cure" sanitorium known as the Evans Home at Salisbury, Mass., and published a number of books on mental healing; *The Mental Cure* (1869), *Mental Medicine* (1872), *Soul and Body* (1875), *The Divine Law of Cure* (1881), *The Primitive Mind Cure* (1885), and *Esoteric Christianity* (1886). Dr. Evans' early works are in no sense a mere re-statement of Quimby's ideas. Evans was strongly Swedenborgian, had published several volumes such as *The Celestial Dawn* and *The New Age and Its Messenger,* dealing with the ideas of Swedenborg, and Quimby seems merely to have supplied him with a technique which fitted neatly into the Swedenborgian theories of Divine Influx and the Law of Corre-

Mrs. Patterson was unaware of Dr. Evans' practice.

Although Julius Dresser did many years later take up the work of mental-healing, and became one of the founders of the present school of New Thought, with theories avowedly derived from Quimby, it was not until Mrs. Patterson had become Mrs. Eddy and had established her Metaphysical College and Christian Science in Boston.

If it be true that but for Phineas P. Quimby the name of Mary Baker Eddy would be unknown today, it is equally true that but for Mary Baker Eddy the name of Phineas P. Quimby would likewise be unknown. For she alone of his disciples possessed the qualities of the crusader, the fierce and zealous faith that forsakes all to follow a Cause.

4

Particular note is to be made of the fall on the ice the effects of which caused Mrs. Patterson to call upon

spondences. In his later days Evans tended more and more toward a Berkeleyan idealism, and his works became known to all students of early New Thought and Mental Science literature.

In *Mental Medicine,* published in 1872, three years before the first edition of Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health,* Dr. Evans said: "Disease being in its root a *wrong belief,* change that belief and we cure the disease. By faith we are thus made whole. There is a law here which the world will sometime understand and use in the cure of the diseases that afflict mankind. The late Dr. Quimby, of Portland, one of the most successful healers of this or any age, embraced this view of the nature of disease, and by a long succession of the most remarkable cures, effected by psychopathic remedies, at the same time proved the truth of the theory and the efficiency of that mode of treatment. Had he lived in a remote age or country, the wonderful facts which occurred in his practice would now have been deemed either mythical or miraculous. He seemed to reproduce the wonders of Gospel history. But all this was only an exhibition of the force of suggestion, or the action of the law of faith, over a patient in the impressible condition."

Mr. Dresser for aid; since, as Miss Wilbur puts it in the Authorized Life, "this accident has been called, with various shades of sentiment, the 'fall' in Lynn."

February 4, 1866 (the third day after the accident, and eleven days before Mrs. Patterson wrote to Mr. Dresser) is held to be the most important date in Christian Science history. On that day Mrs. Eddy is said to have "discovered" Christian Science. It is the date claimed for the Revelation.

The claim was not to be made until many years after the incident, and it is necessary to follow the events of the intervening years to understand the genesis of the revelation claim. Mrs. Patterson seems, even in her letter to Mr. Dresser, to have exaggerated the seriousness of the injury, as well as the wonder of her recovery. To quote Miss Wilbur again, "Mrs. Eddy's account of this accident differed from the physician's." [2]

[2] Dr. Alvin M. Cushing, of Lynn, a well-known homeopathic physician, at one time president of the Massachusetts Homeopathic Society, made a formal affidavit as to the facts of his attendance upon Mrs. Patterson at the time of the fall on the ice in Lynn. The affidavit is given in full in Georgine Milmine's *Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy*, pp. 84–5–6. Dr. Cushing says that he kept careful and accurate record, in detail, of his various cases, his attendance upon and treatment of them; and that he had such record of Mrs. Patterson's case, as well as the clearest recollection of her as a patient and the accident in question: "On Feb. 1, 1866, I was called to the residence of Samuel M. Bubier, who was a shoe manufacturer and later was mayor of Lynn, to attend said Mrs. Patterson, who had fallen upon the icy sidewalk in front of Mr. Bubier's factory and had injured her head by the fall. I found her very nervous, partially unconscious, semi-hysterical, complaining by word and action of severe pain in the back of her head and neck." He gave her medicine every fifteen minutes until she was more quiet, and returned for a second visit later that night, leaving further instructions as to the medicines to be given during the night. His instructions were carried out and when he called the next morning he found Mrs. Patterson "quite rational but complaining of severe pain, almost spasmodic on moving," but declaring that she was going to her home in Swampscott whether they consented or not. He gave her one-eighth of a grain of morphine to lessen her pain on the

There is no doubt that Mrs. Patterson did make every effort to apply the Quimby method at the time of her accident. She was confronted with the necessity of working out for herself the application of the knowledge she had received from him. Her faith remained unshaken, but the death of the man who had been her deliverer from a life of invalidism was no small disaster, as may be seen from her letter to Mr. Dresser. If she believed that her own mental treatment instead of the ministrations of the doctor healed her from the effects of the accident, it may have so surprised her as to make her recovery appear to her in the nature of a miracle. However, the controversy which centered upon the claim of Revelation came much later, and will be given in the sequence in which it appeared, as our attempt is to record the story of this life with as much fidelity to the actual order of events as possible. Not an easy accomplishment in a life of which almost every episode

journey and Mrs. Patterson was taken in a sleigh to her home. Dr. Cushing states that Mrs. Patterson "proved to be a very interesting patient, and one of the most sensitive to the effects of medicine" that he had ever seen. The small dose of morphine had put her so soundly to sleep that she did not wake during the journey and slept until two o'clock that afternoon. Dr. Cushing paid seven professional calls on Mrs. Patterson between the first and fifth of February. During his visits he says that Mrs. Patterson spoke to him of a Dr. Quimby of Portland, Me., who had treated her for some severe illness with remarkable success. On his final visit which occurred on Feb. 13th, he says that "she seemed to have recovered from the disturbance caused by the accident and to be, practically, in her normal condition. I did not at any time declare, or believe, that there was no hope for Mrs. Patterson's recovery, or that she was in a critical condition, and did not at any time say, or believe, that she had but three or any other limited number of days to live. Mrs. Patterson did not suggest, or say, or pretend or in any way whatever intimate, that on the third, or any other day, of her said illness, she had miraculously recovered or been healed, or that, discovering or perceiving the truth of the power employed by Christ to heal the sick, she had, by it, been restored to health."

has had so many, so varied, and so heated interpretations.

5

In the summer following Quimby's death in 1866 Dr. Patterson left his wife. Many years later Mrs. Eddy said that the ground upon which she secured her divorce from Dr. Patterson was adultery. As usual the record was consulted, which showed the charge to have been "desertion." To this Mrs. Eddy responded a little heatedly that although the technical charge was desertion, Dr. Patterson left her "to elope with the wife of a wealthy citizen who had employed his services professionally," and the story is told that sometime later the "partner of this adventure" returned to Lynn, sought out Mrs. Patterson, "who received the repentant woman kindly," and interceded for her with the deserted husband, who in the end was persuaded to take back his wife.

At what point discord began to enter into the domestic life of the Pattersons, it is impossible to say. We do not lack versions of it, to be sure. The canonical authorities present Dr. Patterson as a kind of crude Don Juan. The words "gross," "flamboyant," "vulgar," "pretentious," "bombastic," "boorish,"are used of him. The implication is made that he was socially a sore trial to his cultivated and sensitive wife; and that when Mrs. Patterson made up her mind to give her life to the work "that God had laid upon her," and to "acquaint humanity with this truth"; when "she determined that she would state the principle of health and life and that she would devote her pen to that purpose;

she would no longer write for money or fame, but abandon herself utterly to this great cause,"—Dr. Patterson reacted to her resolution in a most characteristic way; that "to her unworldliness his response was altogether worldly. He left Lynn mysteriously, deserting her, and not only did he leave her, but he did so shamefully."

The "adverse" authorities suggest a contrary story, their version being that Dr. Patterson had at long length wearied of his wife's pretensions, selfishness, irrationality, and exacting demands upon him; that he did not desert her without warning; that he did not elope with another woman; that he went, in the most straightforward way, to his wife's sister Mrs. Tilton and laid the situation before her saying that he could no longer continue to live with his wife; that Mrs. Tilton understood this perfectly, and that an agreement was reached which was satisfactory to all concerned. Both sides admit that Dr. Patterson paid his wife the sum of $200 a year, in small installments, for some years after the separation.[3]

The elements of discord in the situation are plain enough. It may be that this was one of the pioneer cases of a woman's career interfering with her domestic life. Mrs. Eddy's later insistence upon the adultery charge, that her husband left her for another woman, is one of the many evidences that she was but human like the rest of us. For while we all wish to be loved for ourselves alone, to be left for ourselves alone is not so complimentary, and somehow more difficult to believe. It is much easier to admit that the once devoted lover has been lured away by an appeal to the weaker side of

[3] Dr. Patterson went to Littleton, N. H., where he practised his profession for several years; after which he went from one small town to another, returning at last to his childhood home at Saco, Maine, where he "lived the life of a hermit" until he died in 1896.

his nature, by someone with an advantage—richer, handsomer, less scrupulous,—and always less worthy than ourselves.

As in all such disruptions of a marriage the fact of chief importance is that a separation ensued. And in August of 1866 Dr. Patterson disappeared permanently from the scene.

PART FOUR

CHAPTER ONE

1

Mary Baker Glover Patterson was now 45 years of age. That she was possessed of a magnetic personality and of great feminine attraction at this period of her life, there is no doubt. She was certainly in what for most women, and particularly women of her day, might be called a dilemma. But as always this curious woman thrived upon dilemma,—that is to say, the dilemma of exterior environment. Upon the dilemma of the spirit it is more difficult to thrive, since it is more difficult to perceive.

Mrs. Patterson might now quite easily nave retired from the struggle of life, as her sister Mrs. Tilton offered her a permanent home in her family, even holding out the temptation of building a cottage for her near the Tilton home. But there was a proviso to this offer. Mary must give up her strange beliefs. She must come home as a respectable member of a respected family. She must cease to bore their friends with her theories. She must, in fact, content herself with being the sister of the wealthy Mrs. Tilton.

Mary's reply was immediate and spirited. She would make no compromise, and Mrs. Tilton closed her door upon her forever,—an action which although regretted by Mrs. Patterson, did not in the least disturb her faith. She knew at last what she wanted to do, and

believed she had found an ultimate truth. The break with her family set her feet even more firmly upon the path she had chosen for herself.

2

The years 1866 to 1870 have come to be known as the "three-year withdrawal from society." Like all withdrawals from society, it was composed chiefly of melodrama. As if to cut herself off completely from the past, Mrs. Patterson resumed her former name, and became known again as Mrs. Glover.

During these three years, she lived in boarding houses, took up temporary residence with various private families, coming often to grief, creating dissention, acquiring friends, acquiring enemies,—all this in various suburbs such as Stoughton, East Stoughton (now Avon), Taunton, and Amesbury, within a short radius of Lynn and Boston. Absurd as many of the exterior details of this hegira certainly were, nothing swerved the pilgrim from her purpose. She taught, inveighed, exhorted, and wherever she went, whoever were her hosts, under no matter what conditions, Mrs. Glover "the authoress" plied her pen incessantly. If she was put out of one house in the midst of a pelting storm, and her trunk set out on the stoop after her, she sat down on the trunk, took her pen from her reticule, and continued to write, as undisturbed apparently by the storm she had set up within the house as by the storm without.

The rumor was in all these simple houses that Mrs. Glover was writing a Bible. Her talk was of the great

healer Quimby who had been her deliverer, of his methods and ideas which would one day revolutionize the world and save all suffering humanity. Mrs. Glover's preaching of the Quimby theories has somewhere been likened to the mission of St. Paul.[1] A strange and disturbing St. Paul indeed she proved.

Everywhere she went she was the important and distinguished guest. She had no time to consider the jealousies of wives whose husbands, persuaded by her eloquence and fervor, wished to listen to her by the hour. When one door closed against her, another opened to welcome her, and for a time the atmosphere of that house vibrated to the heightened rhythm of the exciting visitor.

What she sought was the disciple,—the strong disciple without fear, who should not only comprehend but demonstrate the new healing theory.

3

All these havens, with one or two exceptions, were the houses of Spiritualists. Much has been made of this fact. It is of this period that it has been claimed that Mrs. Glover was for a time a professional medium. The undisputed fact that she did live in the homes of Spiritualists, and that they were her friends and companions has lent color to the assertion. It is unreasonable, however, to believe it. The statements of members of the households in which she spent those years are unanimous in saying that Mrs. Glover talked and preached Quimby continuously, and that her introduc-

1 It has also been likened, by Christian Science writers, to Jesus' "three years wandering in the wilderness."

tion to the subject was that she had "a science in advance of spiritualism."

She had with her the manuscript entitled *Questions and Answers* which it will be remembered was the manuscript given by Quimby to his patients who wished to know something of his method. It was from this manuscript that she now elucidated and expounded the Quimby views. She repeatedly made the statement that she had "promised Quimby to teach this Truth to at least one person before she died."

As Quimby had done before her, she allowed those who became her students to make copies of this manuscript, which some of them retained and handed down to later generations of the family; and these manuscripts, one of which in particular bearing the heading "Extracts from Dr. P. P. Quimby's Writings," later formed part of the evidence in the controversy over this period.

Why then did Mrs. Glover associate herself with avowed Spiritualists? Spiritualists are a friendly and conversational lot, and not too closely attached to the things of this world. Mrs. Glover's conventional friends certainly frowned upon what were considered her mad ideas. There were then left only such people as did not believe in any religious ideas at all, the atheists of that day, who certainly would have scoffed still louder at such opinions as absorbed Mrs. Glover; and, aside from these, there were the Spiritualists.

Their number was by no means small, nor did they constitute merely the ignorant class. It is quite conceivable that if it was not simply chance which led her among these companions, she sought them out deliberately, since here were people accustomed at least to the idea that mind or spirit operates independently of

the body. She may have thought that she could more easily persuade them to the next step of belief that the phenomena they produced were not caused by departed spirits, but by the operation of mind on mind, and thence lead them out upon the highroad of Quimby's theory. A crusader must always have "a science in advance" of his associates.

An interesting account of Mrs. Glover's attendance at one of the seances at the time is given by a Mrs. Richard Hazeltine,[2] one of the Spiritualists who attended a circle held at the Clark boarding house on Summer street, where Mrs. Glover went to board in August of 1866. Mrs. Hazeltine says that she could not forget "certain peculiar features of these sittings."

> "Mrs. Glover said that because of her superior spiritual quality, and because of the purity of her life, she could only be controlled in the spirit world by one of the Apostles and by Jesus Christ. When she went into the trance state and gave her communications to members of the circle, these communications were said by Mrs. Glover to come, through her as a medium, from the spirit of one of the Apostles or of Jesus Christ."

Without in the slightest inpugning the motive of such an affidavit, it is only fair to remember that it was one of numerous affidavits sought and secured many years later by investigators for the purpose of an exposé; and that such affidavits are written, not by their signators, but by the investigator or the lawyer employed by the investigator to put such documents into proper form, and that the affidavit is then presented for approval and signature.

[2] Affidavit of Mrs. Hazeltine. Milmine, p. 111.

With these things in mind, affidavits become the most fascinating of documents for the biographer. Omissions become, in the popular phrase, pregnant with meaning; and an odd choice of words catches our attention at once.

This particular affidavit of Mrs. Hazeltine's offers no omissions to interest us. It is a straight-forward, candid, and honest affidavit of an avowed Spiritualist.

It is inference and what the magicians call "the art of indirection," flourishing the wand to attract your eye away from the hand which conceals the rabbit, that interests us here. The wand in this case being the repeated use of the words "trance" and the "messages from the spirit world," which successfully conceal from us the implications hidden in the words "Apostles" and "Jesus Christ," when they are suddenly revealed to our astonished gaze. There is no doubt about it, the word "trance" and the phrase "messages from the spirit world" are a good wand any day. Let us remove our fascinated gaze long enough to look again at the less exciting statements of the affidavit, leaving out also all those bits which might be held in the courts to be matters of opinion, and consequently irrelevant and incompetent.

Mrs. Glover told them that "because of her superior spiritual quality" she could only be "controlled by one of the Apostles and by Jesus Christ." And her communications were said by her to come through her as a medium from the spirit of one of the Apostles or of Jesus Christ.

(Mrs. Hazeltine does not say what the communications were. This may be one of those omissions referred

to a moment ago, or, what is more probable still, Mrs. Hazeltine may not have remembered, she too gazing hypnotically at the wand.)

This might well have been Mrs. Hazeltine's remembered version of Mrs. Glover's contributions to the Spiritualistic "circles." She had them all together, gathered in one room; she would not overlook so good an opportunity to state the divergence of her views from theirs. Talking to Spiritualists, she would have used their own vocabulary in order to communicate to them what she meant; when they spoke of their "controls," she would certainly have announced that because of what she knew of a superior spirituality "she could only be 'controlled' by the spirit of the Apostles or of Jesus Christ."

The idea that she was in "the trance state" when she made these communications might easily have occurred to any of her listeners. Indeed she might even have simulated the appearance of trance, merely to give her words authority, since she knew how this would impress her listeners. It needed only a fluttering of the eyelids, a breathing deep, a slight oratorical shift of the tone of voice. These things, with her characteristic formality and odd use of words, might have led these listeners to believe that Mrs. Glover on those evenings expatiating upon her theories, was always speaking in a trance.

So much for the argument on such fine points as these.

There is no evidence to indicate that Mrs. Glover possessed the gift of "clairvoyance" or even of ordinary "mind reading," as, for example, Quimby certainly did.

In none of the accounts of her "trances" is there evidence of any true phenomena. The most that can be said is that she simulated the phenomena.[3]

No one claims that Christian Science is spiritualism. Yet Mary Baker Eddy's contact with spiritualism did not leave her unaffected. The influence appears and reappears, as will be seen.

[3] From the First Edition of her book *Science and Health* to the last edition before her death, she inveighs against such phenomena as the action of "mortal mind" or "belief." In the first edition she says: "We have investigated the phenomenon called mediumship both to convince ourself of its nature and cause, and to be able to explain it; and have succeeded in the first instance, but may have failed in the second," p. 84. In the Second Edition, p. 166, she says: "We have explained to the class calling themselves Spiritualists how their signs and wonders were wrought, and have illustrated by doing them; but at the same time have said, This is not the work of spirits and I am not a medium; and they have passed from our presence and said, behold the proof that she is a medium!"

CHAPTER TWO

1

Mrs. Glover's first practising student was Hiram S. Crafts. Crafts was an expert shoe worker who had become interested in the new healing system when he and his wife and Mrs. Glover were fellow boarders in the Clark boarding house in Lynn in the fall of '66. Early in 1867 the Crafts were returning to their home in Stoughton, and Mrs. Glover, who had made several moves in the meantime, accompanied the Crafts to Stoughton in the capacity of advisor to Mr. Crafts, who now entered upon the professional practice of the healing system.

His office was in Taunton, a nearby village, and the card of "Dr. H. S. Crafts" appeared in the columns of the local paper.

From the beginning Mrs. Glover seems to have chosen the role of teacher rather than that of practitioner, and for this reason, she sought continually for the student who should be able not only to understand the method, but to put it into practice. This has always been held as a complaint against Mrs. Eddy, yet a familiarity with her writings will show that from the first she felt her function to be that of the teacher, and that she constantly sought students who had never had the "belief of sickness" to conquer in their own lives. She herself quite freely admitted that she had had so

TO THE SICK.

DR. H. S. CRAFTS,

Would say unhesitatingly, *I can cure you,* and have never failed to cure Consumption, Catarrh, Scrofula, Dyspepsia and Rheumatism, with many other forms of disease and weakness, in which I am especially successful. If you give me a fair trial and are not helped, I will refund your money.

The following certificate is from a lady in this city,

Mrs. Raymond:—

H. S. CRAFTS, Office 90, Main street:

In giving to the public a statement of my peculiar case, I am actuated by a motive to point out the way to others of relief from their sufferings. About 12 years since I had an internal abscess, that not only threatened to destroy my life at that time, but which has ever since continued to affect me in some form or another internally, making life well nigh a burden to bear. I have consulted many physicians, all of whom have failed to relieve me of this suffering, and in this condition, while growing worse year by year, about three weeks ago I applied to Dr. H. S. Crafts, who, to my own, and the utter astonishment of my friends, has, in this incredibly short time, without medicines or painful applications, cured me of this chronic malady. In conclusion, I can only quote the words of a patient who was healed by his method of cure: "I am convinced he is a skillful Physician, whose cures are not the result of accident." I reside in Taunton, at Weir street Railroad Crossing.

ABIGAIL RAYMOND.

Taunton, May 13, 1867.—

my14-dT&S&w1m

many beliefs to conquer in her youth that she felt too keenly the "beliefs" of others, and she probably divined that without the spread of the theory through less sensitive channels, the theory in which she firmly believed might fail to establish itself. All this would seem to be sensible enough, and her decision to take upon herself primarily, and later exclusively, the role of teacher was wise. This did not prevent her, however, from making later the most extravagant statements as to healings performed by her "when she was in practice." And many of her early students bore witness to her healing power. Many such cases were recorded in *Science and Health,* and doubtless they were as verifiable as any mental healings are, since it was necessary for her to demonstrate the theory that she wished to teach.

Mrs. Glover remained with the Crafts, continuing her instruction to Mr. Crafts, advising him about his patients, and meantime continuing as elsewhere with her own writing. The arrangement was that she should receive her board and lodging free in return for Mr. Crafts' instruction.

But here too human nature intervened. Mrs. Crafts, like the others, found herself in the role of housekeeper, cook, and serving maid to Mrs. Glover who took no part in these household duties, but spent her time closeted in her room, or in long discussions with Mr. Crafts. She appears to have tired of the role in the usual feminine way. She was not so sure, after all, that Mrs. Glover's new system was, as she had claimed, in advance of Spiritualism and the methods of the "healing mediums." Mrs. Crafts' brother was among those who many years later furnished affidavits relating to this time.

He tells the story of the break between the Crafts

and Mrs. Glover (whom he refers to as Mrs. Patterson, as the Crafts had met Mrs. Glover directly after her separation from Dr. Patterson, and she had not yet resumed her former name):

> ". . . Mrs. Crafts waited upon Mrs. Patterson, did the housework and marketing, and in every way sought to advance the interests of her husband, Hiram S. Crafts. When Mrs. Crafts discovered that Mrs. Patterson was attempting to influence Mr. Crafts to apply for a divorce, she, my sister, Mary Crafts, prepared to pack up her possessions and to leave her husband's house. The result of this was that Mr. Crafts would not consent to lose his wife, and as Mrs. Crafts would not remain unless Mrs. Patterson went away, Mrs. Patterson was obliged to leave the home of Mr. and Mrs. Crafts." [1]

The break with the Crafts occurred sometime late in the summer of '67. Earlier that summer Mrs. Glover had made a short visit to her old home in Sanbornton Bridge. Her father, Mark Baker, had died in the fall of 1866. Her brother George, the "Sullivan" of her early letters, now married and in partnership with Mrs. Tilton's husband, had become blind and was seriously ill. There is no doubt that she hoped to cure him. But the strained relations between her and the family seem only to have been increased by the visit, and the brother died within a few months.

Miss Wilbur in the Authorized Life tells of a cure performed by Mrs. Glover on this visit. Her sister Martha, who had married Luther Pillsbury, was now a widow and living in Sanbornton Bridge with her twenty-one year old daughter, Ellen. Ellen was "ill of

[1] Affidavit secured by Georgine Milmine.

an abscess" and lying helpless in bed with perfect quiet ordered. Mrs. Glover visited the sick chamber and presently the two appeared together in the family living room. Ellen was dressed and said she would have her supper with the family. The household was seriously alarmed and protested that she must go back to bed. But Ellen refused to return to bed, obeying her aunt's instructions, suffered no ill effects, and recovered completely. Within a few days she returned with Mrs. Glover to Taunton, a journey of a hundred miles.

It is probable that Mrs. Glover saw a prospective disciple in the young Ellen, or, at least someone whom she might depend upon as a mediator with her family. But during the visit to Taunton, says Miss Wilbur, "this niece was detached in her affections from her aunt." The story that Mrs. Glover accused members of her family of being responsible for the disappearance of bits of jewelry may refer to the young niece Ellen. Such an accusation would account for the extreme bitterness of this niece which continued all her life.

Mrs. Glover's fire and temperament strongly appealed to the younger members of her family, and among the nieces and nephews at least, there was a great deal of defense of their Aunt Mary. Yet so far as the older generation was concerned, the breach between them and Mary was never healed after 1867. The Mary who had been the favorite of the family had now brought down upon her own head the full intensity of that resentment which is reserved for favorites. Her sister Mrs. Tilton afterwards said, "I loved Mary best of all my sisters and brothers, but it is all gone now." She never relented in her feeling toward her younger sister, and gave instructions that Mary was not to be allowed

to look upon her after her death or even to attend her funeral.

2

The autumn of 1867 found Mrs. Glover finally estranged from her family, and with the first disciple in whom she had placed her hope found wanting. She packed her trunk and went to the town of Amesbury in the north-east corner of Massachusetts, which had been recommended to her by friends as a quiet place in which to meditate and write. Here she lived in the house of Mrs. Nathaniel Webster, an elderly Spiritualist, known as "Mother Webster" to her friends. She was the wife of a retired sea captain who was now a superintendant of the cotton mills in Manchester and consequently away from home except for occasional visits. Mrs. Webster was what was known as a "drawing and healing medium." She diagnosed by spirit communication and prescribed remedies for various ailments by this method. Her house was a large three story house with numerous rooms and it was constantly filled with all sorts of invalids and stray Spiritualists whom she took in and cared for generously. She was very sympathetic to Mrs. Glover's necessities, and gave her a large sunny room on an upper floor in which to write.

Mother Webster had a small special room in the house which she called her "spirit room." It was decorated in blue, the favorite color of spirits, and the furniture, although quite material, was called by Mother Webster "spiritual furniture." The "spiritual couch" in this room was always used by Mother Webster for

her daily nap, and often at night when she was sleepless, she would leave her bedroom to lie upon the "spiritual couch" where, she declared, she could always sleep well. This room was also used for seances and for Mother Webster's healing conferences. But presently the irresistible and invincible Mrs. Glover was sitting in the spiritual chair with her papers and books piled upon the spiritual table, and the "spirit room" was now converted into her writing room. Often Mother Webster was astonished to see the authoress, at the end of the day's work, gather up all the pages she had written and tear them into bits, "because she could not make them read as she wished."

She still lacked the appointed student, and now she inserted an advertisement in the official organ of the Spiritualists, the *Banner of Light*.

> "ANY PERSON desiring to learn how to heal the sick can receive of the undersigned instruction that will enable them to commence healing on a *principle of science* with a success far beyond any of the present modes. No medicine, electricity, physiology or hygiene required for unparalleled success in the most difficult cases. No pay is required unless this skill is obtained. Address, MRS. MARY B. GLOVER, Amesbury, Mass., Box 61.
> tf - - - - - June 20"

Of this sojourn in the Webster household we also have an affidavit secured for the Milmine McClure articles. It is the affidavit of Mother Webster's granddaughter, Mary Ellis Bartlett, and made "partly from my own knowledge, and partly from hearing it many,

many times from my father, my grandmother, and my grandfather Webster, who have related it to me and other members of the family until it has come to be a well known part of our family history."

She tells that here also Mrs. Glover said that she was engaged upon a great work, that she had "a new science in advance of Spiritualism," that she wrote constantly, talked of her great teacher Quimby, and that she "took an active part" in the seances held at the house. In the summers the grandchildren were brought to Amesbury to spend their vacations, and when the time came their father went up from New York some time in advance "in order to clear grandmother's house of broken-down Spiritualists and sick persons, so that we might have enough room in the house, and because he thought the atmosphere of so much sickness and Spiritualism was unwholesome for young children."

The granddaughter says that her father "upon first seeing Mrs. Glover in the house, had told my grandmother that she, Mrs. Glover, should not be permitted to remain." She also says that her grandfather Webster, "coming home and finding Mrs. Glover established in the house, was displeased because she was there. He told my grandmother that he did not want Mrs. Glover to remain." We are not, however, told what the basis of their objection to Mrs. Glover was.

> "Failing to succeed in getting Mrs. Glover to leave the house, my granddaughter sent for my father. . . . My father commanded Mrs. Glover to leave, and when she steadfastly refused to go, he had her trunk dragged from the room and set it outside the door, insisted upon her also going out the door, and when she was outside he

closed the door and locked it. . . . It was dark at the time, and a heavy rain was falling."

Mrs. Glover had her champions at Mother Webster's. A young man named Richard Kennedy was a fellow boarder, and a friendship had sprung up between him and Mrs. Glover. Although Richard Kennedy was only 18 at this time, he was a boy of intelligence and good address. From childhood he had made his own way in the world, and now had a small box factory in Amesbury, employing several helpers. He was from the first deeply interested in Mrs. Glover's ideas, and like everyone else who came within the sway of her remarkable personality, experienced in this contact the sense of life heightened and intensified. The ardor of his interest filled her again with the hope that in him she had found the disciple she sought. He was alert, abounding in health and good spirits, and combined a studious seriousness with those social graces which would be valuable in any practitioner of a new and unknown theory.

When Mrs. Glover left the Websters, Richard Kennedy also left. In refutation of the story contained in the affidavit of Mother Webster's granddaughter, Miss Wilbur says in the Authorized Life, after referring to "this startling account of a ruffianly act which almost any man would hesitate to tell of himself" that the fact is that the incident was "quite otherwise"; that although there was cause for much offense, it decidedly did not lie with Mrs. Glover.

"She left the house of her own volition, left it with the same composure that she had first entered it. And her leaving was justifiable. A lady who was a guest of the

house at the time accompanied her, and together they went to the home of Miss Sarah Bagley. Here arrangements were made for Mrs. Glover's entertainment for the time being, as she expected shortly to return to Stoughton." [2]

Upon one point all the important authorities to agree. It was a dark and stormy night upon which Mrs. Glover made her sudden and unexpected appearance at Sarah Bagley's door.

3

Miss Bagley was a spinster living alone, the last survivor of a fine old New England family. Of the social status and admirable character of the Bagley family we are glad to be able to vouch. There exists a journal kept by Squire Bagley, Sarah's father, which is a truly delightful and strongly individual evocation of life in New England as we like to think of it. Great names of the day appear quite simply and familiarly in this journal along with notations of household expenses, admirably succinct and spontaneous aphorisms, and his comments on things in general,—an active, vigorous and enviable life.

Sarah Bagley lived in the still charming old house, but the fading of the family fortune, never large, made it necessary for her to provide herself with a living, which she did by a dressmaking and millinery business carried on at home. The Bagleys had been Universalists, but Sarah Bagley living alone for years in the big silent house had turned to Spiritualism, as had so many of her neighbors and her friends.

The entrance of the exciting and colorful Mrs.

[2] Sibyl Wilbur, *Authorized Life*, p. 179.

Glover into this saddened house brought new life to Sarah Bagley, and she too fell under the spell of that magnetic and eloquent voice, which promised so much. Hope and ambition returned to her; she listened to Mrs. Glover during the day, and at night they were joined by young Richard Kennedy. Mrs. Glover was at her best. Two students now, both fired with the zeal to take up the work. Yet happy and welcome though she certainly was in this house there were other students waiting, other houses anxious for her stimulating presence.[3]

While she had been living in Stoughton with the Crafts, she had made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Sally Wentworth who had brought her consumptive daughter for treatment, and had evidently been impressed with Mrs. Glover's new method, since they had kept up a correspondence after Mrs. Glover had left. Mrs. Wentworth was a practical nurse and well known for her "rubbing" skill. It is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Wenthworth was also a Spiritualist.

She had wished to learn more of Mrs. Glover's system since she hoped to combine it with her own work, and now she wrote to Mrs. Glover, asking her if she could not come to Stoughton for the definite purpose of teaching her the system. For this instruction she would pay the equivalent of three hundred dollars in

[3] An example of Mrs. Eddy's later claims is to be found on p. 54 of her small volume *Pulpit and Press,* published in 1895 at the time of the dedication of the Mother Church. "About 1868," she says, "the author of *Science and Health* healed Mr. Whittier (the poet) with one visit, at his home in Amesbury, of incipient pulmonary consumption."

The present writer addressed an inquiry concerning this claim to an Amesbury correspondent who was well acquainted with Mrs. Glover, Miss Bagley, and Richard Kennedy. He replied that although Mrs. Glover might have met Whittier through Miss Bagley, he had never before heard of the healing.

board and lodging, which would cover a considerable time to be spent by Mrs. Glover in the Wentworth home.

On a meager income of $200 a year, this was an opportunity not to be lost. Accordingly, in the spring of 1868, Mrs. Glover was again in Stoughton and installed in the Wentworth home. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, and two children, Charles and Lucy, the latter about 14. A married son who lived near was often in and out of the house, and a young niece Catherine who also lived near, spent a great deal of time with her young Wentworth cousins and was a familiar of the house.

4

Mrs. Glover arrived at the Wentworths a little more than a year after her wanderings or "retirement" had begun. She was a member of the Wentworth household for nearly two years or until the early spring of 1870. And this sojourn also ended disastrously.

Miss Milmine, who with her helpers interviewed younger members of this household and secured affidavits from the cousin Catherine and the married son, Horace Wentworth, nearly forty years after the events, interviewing as well many other survivors of the period who had known Mrs. Glover, said that all the people who had ever known her and with whom she had ever lived, loved to talk of her, and that "most of them are glad to have known her, even those who now say that the experience was a costly one." She was, they said, like a patch of color in those gray communities. "She was never dull, her old hosts say, and never common-

place. She never laid aside her regal air; never entered a room or left it like other people. There was something about her that continually excited and stimulated, and she gave people the feeling that a great deal was happening."

It is certainly true that they "loved to talk of her."

The Wentworth household came to be strongly divided in its opinion of Mrs. Glover. The young daughter Lucy adored her, and spent as much time as possible in her company. She would listen to no criticism of her friend, and resented her brother and cousin Catherine who made fun of Mrs. Glover and mimicked her voice and speech. At the Wentworths as in other families, the charge was made that she created discord between husband and wife. This time it seems to have been Mr. Wentworth who resented Mrs. Glover's influence over his wife. Mrs. Wentworth had brought Mrs. Glover there for the express purpose of learning the system, and certainly spent her time largely in an effort to imbibe it. She, like the other students, made her copy of the manuscript called *Questions and Answers* which Quimby had used, and from which she studied as the basis of her instruction. It was this particular manuscript with its heading "Extracts from Doctor P. P. Quimby's Writings," entitled *The Science of Man or the principle which controls all phenomena* and a preface signed "Mary M. Glover" (followed by the main manuscript consisting of "Questions and Answers," bearing the marginal note, "P. P. Q's Mss.") that became a strong link in the chain of evidence bearing upon what was later known as "the Quimby controversy." It was documentary evidence sustaining the statements of the members of the Wentworth as of

other households that Mrs. Glover was at that time teaching the Quimby theory, and using Quimby's own manuscript; as well as their unanimous statements that she talked incessantly and reverently of her dead master Quimby, so much indeed that it came to be a point of mimicry and ridicule among the children of the village, and that she at no time during those years claimed to have originated the system she taught, but attributed it fully and generously to Quimby, saying repeatedly that she had "learned this system from Dr. Quimby of Portland, Me., and had promised to teach it to at least two persons before she died."

Young Richard Kennedy made several visits to Stoughton to see Mrs. Glover, and was earnestly pursuing his studies under her guidance. Both he and Sarah Bagley were presently to become practitioners of the new mind science.

Since Mrs. Glover's stay with the Wentworths lasted for almost two years, the misunderstandings could hardly have been serious until shortly before the end of her visit.

Horace Wentworth and the cousin Catherine Isabel, later Mrs. Clapp, in their affidavits made after forty years, had a highly colored story to tell. These two from the beginning had ridiculed Mrs. Glover, enjoying her in their way quite as much as Lucy Wentworth and her mother had in theirs. Mrs. Clapp tells of copying a bulky manuscript for Mrs. Glover, apparently an early draft of *Science and Health.* When the copy was complete, Mrs. Glover carried it to Boston in search of a publisher. The publisher demanded $600 in advance, and Mrs. Glover tried to persuade the Wentworths to mortgage the farm for that amount. Mrs. Wentworth's

husband came to have his own point of objection when he feared that their guest's influence might lead his wife to abandon their home.

The stage was certainly set for a scene, with Mrs. Glover for leading lady as usual. Horace Wentworth says that the trouble began when Mrs. Glover failed to persuade his mother to go with her to practise the Quimby treatment; that Mrs. Glover then retired to her room and spent most of her time there writing upon her "Bible" or interpretations of the Scriptures. The cousin Catherine Clapp tells that one day when Mr. Wentworth was ill and in bed, Mrs. Glover shut herself up in her room and pounded on the floor above his head to annoy him. Horace Wentworth's story goes on to the effect that his mother finally asked Mrs. Glover to leave the house, as soon as she could find another place to stay. He says that his mother "by this time was almost in a state of terror regarding Mrs. Glover," and was so afraid of her that she hardly dared to go to sleep at night, and had a lock put on the door of her room to keep Mrs. Glover out, and that she then ordered Mrs. Glover to leave the house. He recounts that Mrs. Glover chose for her departure a moment when no one was in the house, and took the train for Amesbury without a word of farewell; that when the Wentworths returned that night, they found Mrs. Glover's room locked, and could get no reply to their knocking; that he suggested forcing the lock, which his mother would not permit as she thought such a liberty might offend Mrs. Glover, who must have gone to spend the night with a neighbor.

He says that after several days his mother became alarmed, fearing that some mischance might have be-

fallen Mrs. Glover, and told her son to force the door of the room. He then relates that they found "every breadth of matting slashed up through the middle, apparently with some sharp instrument. We also found the feather bed all cut to pieces." They then opened the door of the closet. "On the floor was a pile of newspapers almost entirely consumed. On top of these papers was a shovel full of dead coals." These, he said, had "evidently been left upon the paper by the last occupant" and apparently because the closet door was shut, the air of the closet so dead, and because the papers were piled flat and folded so tight that they would not ignite, the house had not been set on fire.

Miss Wilbur's Authorized Life makes note of this story and says that Horace Wentworth, who had always scoffed at Mrs. Glover, embellished his original stories about her year after year, and "finding that his stories went well in the village square" he ended by telling them, nearly forty years later, to inquiring newspaper correspondents and "saw them printed in the metropolitan press." She quotes Lucy Wentworth as saying that when Mrs. Glover finally left their house it seemed to her her heart would break. "I never missed anyone as I missed her."

Of Horace Wentworth's allegations about the slashed matting and the setting of the fire, Miss Wilbur says that apparently the foundation for "such slanderous gossip" was that the children romping in Mrs. Glover's room had torn the matting with their heavy shoes, and that in cleaning the room "some dead ashes were laid on a newspaper to be removed with the rubbish." She says further that there was no suggestion of "serious unpleasantness" when Mrs. Glover left the

Wentworth house, since she had already arranged to go to Amesbury; that her intention was well known by Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, and that "her leave-taking was made with courteous attentions on both her part and theirs."

> "She was escorted to the train by the elder Mr. Wentworth, who carried her bag and wraps. He found her a comfortable seat in the train and shook hands with her with expressions of regret at parting."

Whatever the facts, it is clear that Mrs. Glover was possessed of temperament, and however much she may have been devoted to the softening influence of divine love, it had not altogether dried up the wells of her anger, nor robbed her of the impulse to take her own part. The "courteous attentions on both her part and theirs" which attended her leave-taking must have been, at any rate, just a shade too courteous for comfort.

With the Wentworth episode, and a short return to Amesbury to Sarah Bagley and Richard Kennedy, the saga of her three years' wandering ends. It is hardly to be wondered at that of this period, so filled as it was with the "etcetera of mortal mind" Mrs. Eddy chose to make no record, and that she dismissed it briefly in her autobiography with a paragraph:

> "I then withdrew from society about three years,—to ponder my mission, to search the Scriptures, to find the Science of Mind that should take the things of God and show them to the creature, and reveal the great curative Principle,—Deity."

CHAPTER THREE

1

In the month of June, 1870, a sign reading simply "Dr. Kennedy" was nailed to a tree in the yard of a big house at the corner of Shepard and South Common streets in Lynn. On the first floor of the building Miss Susie Magoun had just opened a private school for young children. Miss Magoun had leased the entire building, and let the five rooms on the second floor to a young man who had appeared seeking offices "for a physician." He told her that he would have with him "an elderly woman who was writing a book" and that they would each need offices and sleeping rooms. Miss Magoun was impressed with the appearance and candor of the young man and let the rooms to him at once. A few days later the new tenants moved in, furnishing the rooms plainly and sparely, for they had little money between them. Mrs. Glover was now 49 years of age. Richard Kennedy was just 21.

In response to the modest sign on the tree, patients began to come in at once. Before many months, Dr. Kennedy's waiting-room was crowded. Mrs. Glover was teaching classes, advising Kennedy in the treatment of his patients, and writing in all her spare time. Her professional card read:

MRS. MARY M. GLOVER

TEACHER OF
MORAL SCIENCE

She had not been mistaken in the possibilities of young Richard Kennedy. They had entered into a contract by which they should remain together for three years. Their financial partnership related only to Kennedy's practice, and Mrs. Glover's income from teaching was her own. The fee for her three weeks' course of twelve lectures was one hundred dollars, but she raised this within a few weeks to three hundred, and there were many who were willing to pay the price.[1]

Each student was expected to become a practitioner, and agreed to give Mrs. Glover a percentage on the income from his practice, or to pay the sum of $1,000 if he did not practise or teach the method. When a student had completed the course he was at once addressed as Doctor and received the congratulations of his teacher.

Mrs Glover now had three manuscripts which formed the basis of her instructions, copies of which were given out to her students under bond not to show them. The first of these was the *Questions and Answers* entitled *The Science of Man,* but no longer bearing the inscription "Extracts from Dr. P. P. Quimby's Writings," and with the preface "by Mary B. Glover"

[1] This fee was never changed. In *Retrospection and Introspection,* p. 50, Mrs. Eddy says: "When God impelled me to set a price on my instruction in Christian Science Mind-healing, I could think of no financial equivalent for an impartation of a knowledge of that divine power which heals: but I was led to name three hundred dollars as the price for each pupil in one course of lessons at my College,—a startling sum for tuition lasting barely three weeks. This amount greatly troubled me. I shrank from asking it, but was finally led, by a strange providence, to accept this fee.

"God has since shown me, in multitudinous ways, the wisdom of this decision; and I beg disinterested people to ask my loyal students if they consider three hundred dollars any real equivalent for my instruction during twelve half-days, or even in half as many lessons."

now absorbed into the body of the manuscript and the wording somewhat changed.[2] It was essentially, however, the Quimby *Questions and Answers* manuscript. The second manuscript was entitled *Scientific Treatise on Mortality, As Taught by Mrs. M. B. Glover,* and the third manuscript was called *Soul's Inquiries of Man.*

It is said that in the beginning Mrs. Glover sometimes credited Quimby with the authorship of all three manuscripts, although the second and third treatises were written by herself but derived entirely as to theory, and largely as to vocabulary, from Quimby.

2 Georgine Milmine, who thoroughly investigated the subject of the manuscripts during the lifetime of many of Mrs. Eddy's early students, wrote to Mr. George Quimby, Oct. 27, 1905, as follows: "It is quite true that she (Mrs. Eddy) did use your father's Ms. entitled 'Questions and Answers' to teach from in the beginning. In fact, she used nothing else for many years, and hired a student to make copies of it for the use of each pupil. I have photographs of one of these copies, and have seen several of them belonging to early pupils who have kept them and who showed them to me. With the change of a word here and there, it is *exactly* your father's Ms. This manuscript of your father's was used largely to form a chapter called 'Recapitulation' in 'Science and Health' in later years; but with each new edition it was revised until the present chapter of that title is a long way off from the original. Nevertheless this is the only chapter in her book from which her students are taught in classes, today. The course in C. S. consists of a series of talks on this one chapter, which is elucidated and explained to the class." (*The Quimby Manuscripts,* 3rd edition, pp. 435–436.) Miss Milmine personally examined Mrs. Wentworth's copy of the *Science of Man* or *Questions and Answers* manuscript, and states that it was for twenty closely written pages word for word the same as the Quimby manuscript dated February, 1862. (See *Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy and History of Christian Science,* George Milmine, p. 128.)

The manuscript from which Mrs. Glover taught is not the same as her printed pamphlet *The Science of Man.* In 1870 Mrs. Glover took out a copyright on a pamphlet of that name, but it was not published until 1876, after the publication of *Science and Health.* In the six years between copyright and publication the manuscript was much changed.

2

Every healing that Kennedy made brought him new patients, and Mrs. Glover new students. She worked with tremendous concentration and energy, and now that she was out of the misty atmosphere of Spiritualism, and free of financial worry, she began for the first time to see into the future and be able to chart her course. But no sooner was the course charted than the wind began to rise.

Her students were drawn from all walks of life. Many were shoe workers from the factories, more ardent than intelligent. Lynn was a great manufacturing center, as it still is, and this brought her many from the artisan class with a turn for the metaphysical. The healing feature and the prospect held out to them of a lucrative profession drew these students to her classes. Whatever their later conclusions came to be regarding the worth of this instruction, one and all from the stupidest to the most intelligent testified in later years to the remarkable capacity of Mrs. Glover as a lecturer and expounder of her theories. While they were under the spell of her presence and her voice, they seemed to be lifted to another plane of being. The world outside their little circle "seemed a madhouse" where every man pursued a phantom while they alone existed in reality. She never lost this power and such statements were made of her by all her pupils from the earliest to the latest. This was more than mere zeal and earnestness. It was the quality possessed by great actors. With her personal charm, her beautiful voice, and that intense quality of emotion, Mary Baker might easily have turned her talents to the stage. Indeed, the stories told

of her temperamental instabilities, her sudden angers, her passionate attachments, recall the stories of great actresses. Great preaching and great acting have always had these similarities. Her audiences felt that no price was too high to pay. Her students were wholly hers. Miss Milmine well remarks that "the Christian Science church which inveighs so strongly against personality is built upon a personality,"—as what church is not? A fire burning is a fire burning, and whether it be of borrowed wood or holy oil the cold and homeless will come to warm their hands by it.

3

Now there were many convinced of the truth and efficacy of the new theory who yet could not give up their belief in the personal God. But upon this point Mrs. Glover was firm. God was Principle, not person. It was the beginning and the heart of the philosophy. The God to whom they had prayed no longer listened to their prayers, or so when they came to rationalize it, they believed their teacher had said. Those who were capable of understanding that to give up their personal God was, according to this theory, to find God, gave him up. Those incapable of understanding this, gave up the theory.

One student named Stanley whose wife, suffering from an advanced stage of tuberculosis, was greatly benefited by Kennedy's treatment, struck upon this rock of the personal God. He was a Baptist, and the Baptist God was not easily given up. He had already exhibited his capacity to heal by the method, or what he thought was the method; but that God was Principle

and not person, he could not admit. Whereupon Mrs. Glover told him that his instruction had come to naught. They argued. Mrs. Glover demanded her manuscript. Stanley demanded more manuscripts, since by the terms of their contract he was to receive the full instruction which would enable him to set up in business for himself. All this led some years later to a suit at law by which his teacher sought vainly to recover tuition and the percentage on the income from his practice stipulated in the contract.

The brother-in-law of this same Stanley, a brawny young seaman just home from a cruise to Calcutta on the sailing vessel *John Clark* carrying a cargo of ice from Boston to the Indies, and finding at home all these excitements stranger far than anything he had seen in the Indies, and his sister whom he had never expected to see again now miraculously on her way to recovery, found himself swept into the circle, and in no time at all, without knowing how he did it, had actually cured a girl of dropsy, which so shocked and frightened him that he fled from the class and never again could be persuaded to attempt another miracle.

4

There were skeptics too, intellectuals interested but wary, determined to hold fast to their intelligence, and not to be swept away upon the emotional tide. Wallace W. Wright, the son of a well known Universalist clergyman of Lynn, addressed to Mrs. Glover a questionnaire consisting of nine questions which he requested her to answer by number before he joined her class. Question one asked, "Upon what principle is your sci-

ence founded?" To which Mrs. Glover replied, *"On God, the principle of man."* The other questions were upon such matters as whether a knowledge of anatomy is necessary to the success of the practitioner; to which she replied that it is a hindrance instead of a help since *"anatomy belongs to knowledge and the Science I teach, to God, one is the tree whereof wisdom forbade man to partake, the other is the 'tree of life.'"* He asks whether the science will meet the demands of extreme and acute cases, and she answers that it will, beyond all other known methods of healing, *"it is in acute and extreme cases that this science is seen most clearly in its demonstrations over matter."* He asks whether a knowledge of disease is necessary to effect cures. She answers that *"this 'knowledge' is what science comes to destroy."* To his question, "Does it admit of universal application?" she answers that it does *"even to raising or restoring those called dead,"* adding that she has witnessed this herself, and can therefore testify to what she has seen. He asks whether the theory has ever been advertised or practised before she introduced it or by any other individual. To this she replies:

> *"Never advertised, and practised by only one individual who healed me, Dr. Quimby of Portland, Me., an old gentleman who had made it a research for twenty-five years, starting from the stand-point of magnetism thence going forward, and leaving that behind. I discovered the art in a moment's time, and he acknowledged it to me; he died shortly after and since then, eight years, I have been founding and demonstrating the science. . . ."*

She bids him "preserve this, and if you become my student call me to account for the truth of what I have written."

These replies seem to have overcome Mr. Wright's skepticism, and he became one of the most enthusiastic members of her class. In June of 1871, he went to Knoxville, Tenn., to assist an earlier student in the practice he had established there. According to his own story published later in the Lynn *Transcript,* they met with good success in the majority of their cases but some of them utterly refused to yield to the treatment. And very soon after he had settled in Knoxville, he "began to question the propriety of calling this treatment 'Moral Science' instead of mesmerism."

> "Away from the influence of argument which the teacher of this so-called science knows how to bring to bear upon students with such force as to outweigh any attempts they may make at the time to oppose it, I commenced to think more independently, and to argue with myself as to the truth of the positions we were called upon to take. The result of this course was to convince me that I had studied the science of mesmerism."

This reversal of feeling on his part seems to have been a considerable blow to his intellectual pride. He may have found himself unable to explain the theory to the satisfaction of inquirers, and consequently to himself, and so conceived the suspicion that Mrs. Glover's power to persuade an intelligent man that he had grasped the "science" clearly when he obviously had not, must have been due to some personal power, and so arrived at mesmerism. He promptly wrote Mrs. Glover from Knoxville demanding a return of his three hundred dollars tuition, as well as the compensation for the two hundred dollars his adventure had cost him. He then returned to Lynn and called on Mrs. Glover with a repetition of his request, and in January, 1872,

seven months from the time he had begun to practise, published an open letter in the Lynn *Transcript,* telling his story and warning others against being taken in.

Mrs. Glover published a reply in the *Transcript* saying that Mr. Wright had made an unreasonable demand to which she had refused to accede, whereupon he had said to her that if she did not refund the money he had demanded, he would prevent her ever having another class in the city, and that he had confessed to her directly that his purpose was now revenge,—"and this," she adds, "immediately after saying to individuals in this city, that the last lesson the class received of which he was a member, was alone worth all he had paid for tuition." She said that after his visit she had received a letter from him repeating his demands, and saying that if she did not pay him "he would ruin the Science. I smiled at the threat and told a lady at my side, 'If you see him, tell him first to take a bucket and dip the Atlantic dry, and then try his powers on this next scheme.'" She ends with the declaration that her remaining years would be devoted to the cause she had espoused "to teach and to demonstrate the Moral and Physical Science that can heal the sick."

The controversy went on filling columns of the *Transcript* for several weeks, and on Feb. 10, 1872, Mr. Wright ended his contribution with a challenge:

> "And now in conclusion I publicly challenge Mrs. Mary Baker Glover to demonstrate her science by any of the following methods, promising, if she is successful, to retract *all* I have said, and humble myself by asking forgiveness publicly for the course I have taken. Her refusal to do this, by silence or otherwise, shall be considered a failure of her cause:

1st: To restore the dead to life again as she claims she can.

2nd: To walk upon the water without the aid of artificial means as she claims she can.

3rd: To live 24 hours without air, or 24 days without nourishment of any kind without it having any effect upon her.

4th: To restore sight when the optic nerve has been destroyed.

5th: To set and heal a broken bone without the aid of artificial means.

I am, respectfully,
W. W. Wright."

Mrs. Glover allowed the challenge to rest unanswered upon the already overcharged air of Lynn, but five of her students protested in the *Transcript* and defended their teacher, denouncing Mr. Wright and his charges against her. Mr. Wright thereupon announced triumphantly in the *Transcript* that Mrs. Glover and her science were practically dead and buried, which, as Miss Milmine happily says, "certainly suggests that the gift of prophecy was denied him."

CHAPTER FOUR

1

In the Spring of 1872, immediately following upon the Wright controversy, Richard Kennedy tore up his contract with Mrs. Glover and left her. This will hardly come upon the reader as a great surprise. The reasons for his leaving are not exactly clear, and again the reader will hardly be surprised to hear that the authorities disagree upon the cause of the break.

On the one side it is claimed that he grew tired of Mrs. Glover's exactions, of her domineering ways, and that he took her to task for making claims that she could not substantiate. This, it is said, led to ill feeling, and further attempts at domination on her part.

The story is told that they went one night to play cards at the home of Miss Magoun, who had married the year before and was now Mrs. Dame; that Kennedy and Mrs. Dame were partners, and Mrs. Glover and Mr. Dame. Kennedy and his partner played the better game, and Mrs. Glover, never willing to admit that she was beaten by anyone, lost her temper and accused Kennedy of cheating. This caused the young man great embarrassment before his friends, and coming after a long sequence of minor annoyances, it brought his patience to an end. When they reached home that night there was a scence, and Kennedy tore up his contract with Mrs. Glover and threw it into the fire, announcing that he would no longer be bound by it. Mrs. Glover threatened and entreated,

but to no avail, and even fell to the floor in a swoon, but Kennedy remained unmoved.

As the card party is said to have been on Thanksgiving night, 1871, and their separation did not take place until sometime in the Spring of 1872, they must in some way have healed the breach sufficiently to continue the activities of their partnership for several months. This reduces the card party episode to the status of an occurrence which must have been one among many, but sufficiently dramatic to have persisted through the years. It does, however, suggest that all was not well between them.

It is nevertheless unreasonable to believe that the disagreement that caused this separation (the echoes of which resound throughout the history of Christian Science and its Leader), could have been based entirely upon Mrs. Glover's temperamental shortcomings.

In the interval between Thanksgiving and their final separation the following Spring, the controversy between Wright and Mrs. Glover had taken place. There is evidence to show that this controversy, with Wright's suggestion that Mrs. Glover was teaching mesmerism, may have had more effect upon the situation than any mere display of temperament.

Miss Wilbur in the Authorized Life quotes Kennedy as saying to her many years later that the separation was not due to a quarrel, but to a gradual divergence of views. Since any "divergence of views" would inevitably lead to a quarrel with Mrs. Glover, the sequnece clears itself.

2

The break with Richard Kennedy marked the entrance into Christian Science ideology of the doctrine

of Malicious Animal Magnetism, or Demonology. Kennedy presently became and remained for Mrs. Glover the "Chief of the Demonologists." The steps by which he reached this elevation are clearly set forth in Mrs. Eddy's own published works. Every effort has been made to suppress and live down her violent personal diatribes against Kennedy in the early editions of her text book. Without knowing the actual facts of her relationship with Kennedy, it is impossible to say how directly the break between them was responsible for this intrusion of the doctrine of "M. A. M." into what was until that time a theory of the power of Divine Love. The personal animus displayed by Mrs. Glover against Kennedy certainly argues more than a mere "divergence of views."

Nevertheless there was a distinct divergence of views, which, played upon by their personal differences, became so intense that its effect was to inject a definite dogma of evil into the eventual Church.

Wallace Wright had accused Mrs. Glover of teaching mesmerism. She had defended herself against the charge by denial and counter-attack, the method which characterized her defenses ever afterward. Accused of making extravagant claims which she could not substantiate, and counseled by Kennedy to be less sweeping in her statements, she replied by repeating her claims in still more extravagant form. Her system was an absolute system. It had no limitations.

Nevertheless, she was affected by the wide publicity of the Wright statements. And her students were affected as well. Wright had his friends among them who defended his point of view.

The argument seems to have come to rest upon a

particular point of the healing method employed. Mrs. Glover had followed implicitly, so far as she was able to comprehend it, the method of her master. She taught her patients to "rub the patient's head" as Quimby often did. One of the manuscripts which formed her instruction *(Scientific Treatise on Mortality)* gave explicit instructions on the point. The practitioner was to hold calmly and persistently to the "scientific" idea, meantime to wet the hand in water and rub the patient's head. This rubbing "has no virtue only as we believe and others believe we get nearer to them by contact." The students are admonished not to address their thoughts to the body as they "mentally argue down the belief and manipulate the head," but to "allow science to destroy error," etc.

The manipulation her students seem to have had no difficulty in comprehending. The "science" offered more difficulties.

It is clear that neither Quimby nor Mrs. Glover considered manipulation a necessary part of the healing art. "I never said it was the principle. It was a part of the method that I taught," Mrs. Glover later said. Both Quimby and Mrs. Glover, as well as their respective followers, healed at a distance, the "absent treatments" of today.

Young Wallace Wright, determined to stand once more upon his intellectual feet, may have made a little research into the current authorities on the subject of mesmerism, and so brought forth the fact that mesmerism, specifically, as distinct from other forms of hypnotic practice, was distinguished by the fact that it was practised "with manipulation,"—passes in the air, and rubbing the body to establish the "magnetic cur-

rent," directed by the operator. He may then have reminded Mrs. Glover that Quimby had at one time been a mesmerist, and asserted his belief that since Quimby used and she continued to teach "manipulation," they had both been engaged in the practice of mesmerism.

Challenged now to clear both her master and herself from the charge of mesmerism, and feeling her power threatened, she may hardly have cared to admit that the three manuscripts embodying the "metaphysical science," copies of which she furnished to her students under bond not to show them, and which formed the basis of her course of instruction for which she charged three hundred dollars, were, in the case of one at least, Quimby's own words, and the other two, if not his words, in essentials also his.

Quimby would have enjoyed the argument, but Mrs. Glover had neither his self-possession nor his stability of character. Her world was falling about her head. Richard Kennedy no longer bowed his will to hers. Unable to sustain the integrity of her position, she cried persecution. Her method of defense was to deny, and the "scientific" method of defense is denial and the cry of persecution to this day.

It was at this point that she ceased to credit Quimby with the theories she taught, and to assert her claim to the authorship of the manuscripts. It is true that she had removed Quimby's name from the *Questions and Answers* manuscript (called *The Science of Man*) at the time she began to teach in Lynn, yet it is said that she often credited Quimby with the authorship of all three manuscripts, and certainly when asked, as in Wright's questionnaire, she had not hesitated to credit

Quimby as her source. But now with rebellion in the ranks, and her authority jeopardized (she had worked so long for this success!), she proclaimed herself the author of both theory and manuscripts. Not too loudly, to be sure, for there were many in Lynn to remember the days of her "pupilage."[1]

[1] Among the documents in the possession of the Quimby family the present writer came upon a yellowed letter, the ink long faded to brown:

Peabody, Aug. 19, 1872.

To the Widow of the late Dr. Quimby

Dear Lady,—You will I trust pardon the freedom taken in my thus addressing one to whom I have not been formaly introduced, but the interest felt by me in the Science discovered by your Husband and practiced so long with such marked success, moves me to force myself upon your notice. Some six months ago I studied the science as taught by a Mrs. M. B. Glover, the wife of a Dr. Patterson, Dentist, but now bearing the first name Glover instead of Mrs. Patterson. She was cured by Dr. Quimby some three years before his decease. She has been teaching the science in Lynn for two years back. The great interest I have felt in the science—coupled with some Queries as to whether the science as taught is the same as practiced by your husband—she claims to be the Author of the Manuscripts she gives her students, but some doubts on my mind move me to look up the fountainhead of the truth. Now, Dear Lady, occupying as you do this honored position being hair to your Husband's Ideas as well as Estate, permit me to ask you, is Mrs. Glover in possession of the Dr.'s original Manuscripts, if so has she them by right or do you still hold them in your possession. I hope so. I cannot help thinking that your memory must be stored with many facts which would shed light on the science. Furthermore the Dr. with such a mind as he had must have penned many facts growing out of his long experience too valuable to be lost to the great family of man. The fact that a stranger should represent a principle discovered by another and be reaping the fruits of such discovery when the real Hairs of the discoverer seem to be lost sight of or left out, moves me to write to you. Your answer to the above questions I think would be of service to truth and Science and settle some queries in the mind of one who desires to know and do Justice to whom Justice is due.

I am yours truly,
Peter Sim.

Please let me hear from you soon.
Peabody, Mass."

This is the earliest documentary hint of Mrs. Glover's eventual denial of Quimby this author has been able to find.

3

Richard Kennedy himself had studied from the *Questions and Answers* in Amesbury when it bore the heading "Extracts from Doctor P. P. Quimby's Writings" in Mrs. Glover's own hand.

This new claim, probably among those "extravagant claims" which Kennedy said later she could not substantiate, could only have widened the breach between them, and added fuel to their personal differences, already near to the breaking point.

Kennedy was young and popular. His patients were standing by him loyally. This shocked and frightened Mrs. Glover. Was his power to prove stronger than hers? The Wright accusations had frightened her, and frightened she was never entirely rational. Now an echo of something she had read or heard during the controversy with Wright came back to her. Mesmerism. . . . Manipulation. Much had been written of the dangers of such methods in the hands of unscrupulous operators. It provided the means (contact) to gain control over the minds of patients. Richard Kennedy seemed to exercise some strange control over the loyalties of his patients. He may even have had control over a particular patient or patients that had long ago roused Mrs. Glover's jealousy. (Here enters again the problem of their personal relationship, which must have been an emotional one, at least on Mrs. Glover's part, since no ardor for her Cause can explain the hatred she had for Kennedy through the years.)

Mrs. Glover now struck out of her instructions all that pertained to manipulation, and forbade her students to use it, or physical contact in any form. She

had convinced herself of its danger. The Wright controversy had convinced her of its danger to the reputation of her Cause.

Kennedy refused to give up the method. He saw no valid reason to give it up if it aided his practice. He had been using it with success, and felt that he could not heal without it. Moreover, his patients objected to giving it up. And now Mrs. Glover was convinced. He had confessed. He had been using it "with power,"—it is the phrase "with power,"—"with a direction of the will." He was a mesmerist.

Kennedy moved to another office and continued to practise with manipulation as before.

Mrs. Glover denounced him openly as a malpractitioner and mesmerist, and thenceforth branded him an enemy to the Cause of Truth. "Manipulation," said she, "is the mark of the malpractitioner."

Kennedy himself testified in court some six years later that he had understood no part of Mrs. Glover's teaching but the manipulation. This was no doubt an overstatement on his part. Since he continued to practise mental healing independently for the rest of his life, and met with continued success, it is hardly credible that he had learned nothing from Mrs. Glover but "manipulation and the use of water,"—unless there be some efficacy in these things that we know not of. As indeed there may be. The "laying on of hands" has had a long and impressive history.[2]

[2] The "laying on of hands" by Jesus and his apostles was later subject to her Interpretation or Key to the Scriptures. In *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 248, she says:

"This is the 'new tongue,' the language of them that 'lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover,' whose spiritual interpretation they refuse to hear. For instance: the literal meaning of the passage 'lay

4

The desertion of Kennedy, coming upon the heels of the Wright controversy, had a serious effect upon Mrs. Glover's career in Lynn. She was without a partner, and among the students who had remained loyal to her there was no practitioner of sufficient power to assume the place left vacant by Kennedy.

Their settlement had left her with about $6,000 in cash, and although she continued for a few months in the old rooms, she presently gave them up and for the next three years lived frugally, husbanding her savings, teaching privately in parlors, doing some healing, gaining new followers, divorcing Dr. Patterson, writing at her book, futilely seeking a publisher, and gathering her forces for a new attack upon the resisting world.

Because of the obscurity of those three years, the meagerness of recorded events, and the cessation of Mrs. Glover's public activity, the period has generally been passed over or dismissed without comment. It was nevertheless an important interim. In those three years the echoes of Quimby's name died down. Mrs. Glover had learned her lesson. If her derivation from Quimby, whose early fame as a mesmerist would always cling to his name, was to be an embarrassment to her career, she would no longer acknowledge the derivation. He would presently be forgotten entirely by everyone except herself, and when she took the stage again it would be as

hands on the sick' would be manipulation; its moral meaning, found in the 'new tongue,' is spiritual power,—as, in another Scripture, 'I will triumph in the works of Thy hands.'"

Preceding this passage (p. 247), Mrs. Eddy says: "I calmly challenge the world, upon fair investigation, to furnish a single instance of departure in one of my works from the highest possible ethics."

the "discoverer," and (if she could but get it published!) the author of the Book. This would establish her authority. From this time forth she should be the Leader. Never again would she permit a student to equal her in power.

CHAPTER FIVE

1

EARLY in April of the year 1875 a curved purple and gold sign reading "Mary B. Glover's Christian Scientists' Home" appeared above the arched doorway of a two and a half-story frame dwelling house at No. 8 Broad Street in Lynn. It announced to the world that Mrs. Glover and her Cause had returned to the scene of action, and were by no means dead as had been so confidently announced.

Mrs. Glover had purchased the house on the last day of March, paying $2,850 in cash and assuming a mortgage of $2,800. She had moved in at once, aided by her band of faithful students.

The ground floor was let to tenants, and Mrs. Glover used as her study the "little skylight room" on the third floor, a room since become well known to all her followers, and celebrated as the "upper room" in Lynn where their leader finished the first edition of *Science and Health,* and labored over the second and third editions by candlelight.

Mrs. Glover was now surrounded by a small but devoted group, whose loyalty had stood the test of her trouble with Kennedy, and who now believed him to be the source of all the minor difficulties which beset them. Chief among this group were Mrs. Miranda Rice, Dorcas Rawson, Elizabeth Newhall, George H. Allen,

and George W. Barry, a young man whom Mrs. Glover had healed of tuberculosis, and whose gratitude was so great and his belief in his benefactress so strong that he was at her service continually. He and Miss Dorcas Rawson had arranged for the purchase of the house. He took over the details of the moving and furnishing, attended to business matters, ran errands, sent out notices, and copied over twenty-five hundred pages of closely written and interlined manuscript for Mrs. Glover during her revisions of *Science and Health.* He called her "Mother," and his love and gratitude overflowed into poetry addressing her, "O Mother mine!"

In this group there was no student with that combination of qualities necessary to fill the place vacated by Kennedy, the strong disciple in whom not only the leader, but others, could place their faith.

But, as if to celebrate this gallant return to life, the last chair had hardly been set into the house, when the appointed student appeared. He was Daniel Harrison Spofford, 33, grave and quiet of manner and voice, fine-featured and delicately-built, as gentle as Richard Kennedy had been exuberant. Mr. Spofford had been brought to see Mrs. Glover in the first year of her partnership with Kennedy, and his interest had been aroused. He was, however, leaving for the west to work in the open, and from the friend who had introduced him to Mrs. Glover, he procured copies of the manuscripts from which her students studied, and had carried them with him wherever he went during the three years in the west. He had now returned to Lynn, and having worked out during the preceding years a kind of system of his own with the aid of Mrs. Glover's manuscripts and other studies of a transcendental na-

ture, was now beginning to put some of his ideas into practice among his acquaintances.

Hearing of his work, Mrs. Glover sent him a polite note, inviting him to join her next class, and receive her "instruction in healing the sick without medicine, without money and without price." This was not unusual. Although she charged $300 for her course of instruction, she did not let inability to pay stand in the way of a prospective student. Many were taught by her without pay, but for this they gave their passionate loyalty to the leader and her cause.

Mr. Spofford responded at once and entered the first class taught at No. 8 Broad Street, which began in April of 1875. Of these classes Mr. Spofford said long years after he and Mrs. Glover had gone their separate ways, that no price could be put upon what Mrs. Glover gave her students and "that the mere manuscripts which he had formerly studied were, compared with her expounding of them, as the printed page of a musical score compared to its interpretation by a master."

Spofford was intelligent, intuitive, and grasped at once the essential tenets of the new metaphysical system. He gave up all thought of anything else, applied himself to the study, and within a month after he had entered the class, opened an office in Lynn. His sign read: "Dr. Spofford, Scientific Physician." His success was immediate, and he soon had practices in Boston, Haverhill, and Newburyport.

Mrs. Glover appreciated her good fortune in the acquisition of so intelligent and valuable a disciple, and showed her appreciation in many ways. She addressed him as "Harry," turned many of her students over to

him for instruction in "Scriptural Interpretation," and later presented him with the gold pen with which *Science and Health* was written.

She entrusted him with her business affairs, and sought his advice on all occasions. Here, at last, was someone who could be relied upon, and would do credit to her Cause as well.

On June 1st, of that year, a meeting of the students was held at the Broad Street house for the purpose of arranging for a hall in which to hold public meetings. The resolution adopted at this meeting reads as follows:

> "Whereas, in times not long past, the Science of Healing, new to the age, and far in advance of all other modes, was introduced into the city of Lynn by its discoverer, a certain lady, Mary Baker Glover,
>
> "And, whereas, many friends spread the good tidings throughout the place, and bore aloft the standard of life and truth which had declared freedom to many manacled with the bonds of disease or error,
>
> "And, whereas, by the wilful and wicked disobedience of an individual, who has no name in Love Wisdom or Truth, the light was obscured by clouds of misinterpretation and mists of mystery, so that God's work was hidden from the world and derided in the streets,
>
> "Now, therefore, we, students and advocates of this moral sicence called the Science of Life . . . have arranged with the said Mary Baker Glover, to preach to us or direct our meetings on the Sabbath of each week, and hereby covenant with one another, and by these presents do publish and proclaim, that we have agreed and do each and all agree to pay weekly, for one year, beginning with the sixth day of June, A.D., 1875, to a treasurer chosen by at least seven students the amount set opposite our names, provided nevertheless the moneys paid by us shall

be expended for no other purpose or purposes than the maintenance of said Mary Baker Glover as teacher or instructor, than the renting of a suitable hall and other necessary incidental expenses, and our signatures shall be a full and sufficient guarantee of our faithful performance of this contract.

(Signed)

Elizabeth M. Newhall	$1.50
Dan'l H. Spofford	2.00
George H. Allen	2.00
Dorcas B. Rawson	1.00
Asa T. N. Macdonald	.50
George W. Barry	2.00
S. P. Bancroft	.50
Miranda R. Rice	.50"

In addition to the passing of this resolution, it was decided to rent Templars' Hall, Market Street, the first regular meeting to be held June 6th.

The memorandum of the June 6th meeting, which was the first public meeting, records that "there were probably sixty in attendance at the meeting this evening."

At the second business meeting of the students, held on June 8th, the society was formally organized. Daniel Spofford's memorandum of this meeting reads:

> "June 8—At the meeting this evening, George H. Allen was chosen president, George W. Barry, secretary, and Daniel H. Spofford, treasurer, the society to be known as the 'Christian Scientists.' "

Of the ten dollars subscribed, Mrs. Glover was to receive five dollars for her weekly lecture, and five dollars was to go toward incidental expenses. After the first few lectures in Templars' Hall, a number of Spir-

itualists began to attend. In the discussions which followed the lecture, the Spiritualists persisted in asking questions that annoyed Mrs. Glover, and she decided after the fifth lecture to abandon public meetings altogether.

2

Now Mrs. Glover was at work in earnest in the little skylight room. George Barry was at work in earnest writing out a fair copy of the crowded pages that came from the leader's pen. For the "precious volume" was to be published at last. George Barry and Elizabeth Newhall had agreed to advance $1,500 for its publication. Daniel Spofford acted in the capacity of publisher. So many changes were made in the proofs by the indefatigable Mrs. Glover, that the publishing cost of the edition, which consisted of one thousand copies, came to $2,200, Miss Newhall and George Barry also paying the added amount.

Sadly as Mrs. Glover had felt the desertion of Richard Kennedy and his adherents, she must have found some compensation in this stout allegiance that was to bring her at last her dearest wish.

3

Science and Health was published in that year, 1875. Advertisements were inserted in newspapers, with testimonials of cures by the new science. Mrs. Glover and Daniel Spofford distributed handbills announcing and advertising the merits of the book. Review copies were sent to newspapers and periodicals, with a note of request to the editors that if a favorable

review could not be printed, none be printed at all—a request many an author has felt the wish to make; but with Mrs. Glover to wish was to act.

Copies were sent to universities, libraries, to eminent clergymen, famous writers,—a copy to Carlyle; a copy to the University of Heidelberg.

And the book did bring one famous man to Mrs. Glover's door. Bronson Alcott, improvident founder of the ill-fated idealistic colony "Fruitlands," and author of the mystical *Aphorisms* and other works, called upon Mrs. Glover at the Broad Street house in Lynn, and came away impressed. Mrs. Glover had charmed him as she was always able to charm when she liked. He had found her surrounded by her adoring students, and when he inquired of young George Barry "How old are you, young man?" the boy replied: "I am five years old, sir,"—referring of course to his spiritual birth at the time of his meeting with Mrs. Glover five years before.

No wonder Bronson Alcott was impressed. It was precisely the kind of fervor he understood. He wrote Mrs. Glover a letter, still preserved in her *Miscellaneous Writings*,[1] although he did not ally himself with her cause.

But aside from Bronson Alcott's interest, Mrs. Glover's book made little impression upon the outside world. Be assured that if letters from other prominent

[1] The letter reads: "The profound truths which you announce, sustained by facts of the immortal life, give to your work the seal of inspiration—reaffirm in modern phrase the Christian revelation. In times like these, so sunk in sensualism, I hail with joy your voice, speaking an assured word for God and immortality, and my joy is heightened that these words are of woman's divinings.

A. Bronson Alcott, Concord, Mass."

Miscellaneous Writings, p. 455. On the opposite page (454) is printed the amusingly canny letter from Longfellow, written upon receipt of a later edition of the book.

persons had been received they would likewise have been preserved in her published works.

Enthusiastically as the book was hailed by Mrs. Glover's personal followers, few reviewers noticed it, and those few dismissed it curtly, denounced it roundly, or found its confusions and certainly amazing style fair game for ridicule.

CHAPTER SIX

1

THE First Edition of *Science and Health* consisted of 456 closely printed pages divided into eight chapters, and a preface.

The chapter headings were:

NATURAL SCIENCE
IMPOSITION AND DEMONSTRATION
SPIRIT AND MATTER
CREATION
PRAYER AND ATONEMENT
MARRIAGE
PHYSIOLOGY
HEALING THE SICK

The present editions of *Science and Health* contain fifteen chapters with several of the old chapter headings retained, and in addition the *Key to the Scriptures,* seven hundred pages, exclusive of the preface.

In essentials, that is to say, in the fundamental statement of the theory, in style, and in the arguments supporting the essential theory, the current edition of *Science and Health* does not differ from the First Edition published in 1875.

It is only in such matters as come directly into the tracing of the actual life history of Mary Baker Eddy, that the editions differ materially.

Mrs. Eddy has said that she is to be found only in her writings, and certainly the various editions of *Science and Health,* as well as her many other published works, do furnish us, whether intentionally or not, with a history of her career.

The heart of Christian Science is held to be the "scientific statement of being." Crystallized into its final form, it reads:

> "There is no life, truth, intelligence, nor substance in matter. All is infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation, for God is All-in-all. Spirit is immortal Truth; matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal. Spirit is God, and man is His image and likeness. Therefore man is not material; he is spiritual." [1]

This statement, although neither so exact nor in the same sequence, is also the heart of the First Edition of *Science and Health.*

2

It is said that if any man were as original as he likes to think of himself as being he would be confined in a madhouse. The attempt to attribute not only the ideas but the style of *Science and Health* to Swedenborg, to the Shakers, to Emerson, to Berkeley, to Bronson Alcott, has hardly been worth the time that has been spent upon it. The volume has three plainly discernible sources,—the Holy Bible, the literal-fanciful mind of Mary Baker Glover, and the homely vigorous writings of Phineas P. Quimby whose ghost haunts the Christian Science textbook from its first edition to its last.

[1] Current ed. *Science and Health,* p. 468.

In the First Edition of 1875 the ghost speaks plainly out in Quimby's voice.[2]

In terminology, analogy, and theory, the debt is plain. Many of the absurdities in the First Edition are due to her admiration for the homely vigor of Quimby's statements, crossed with her "flower of author" style. Even the confusions, repetitions, and contradictions are oddly reminiscent of Quimby's hurriedly jotted notes. They lack only his immediacy and actuality of experience, a very great lack indeed. For nine years Mrs. Glover had labored to make a clear statement of Quimby's theories of healing by Divine Science or "Wisdom" (a word used noticeably often in the first edition of *Science and Health,* and noticeably seldom in the editions later on); yet a reading of *The Quimby Masuscripts,*[3] haphazard and unorganized though they are, will illuminate *Science and Health* as nothing else can do.

The reader will even find a reference to Quimby, a little odd perhaps, but very kind, in the first edition (p. 373):

> "In defense of mesmerism is urged, that Dr. Quimby manipulated the sick. He never studied this science, but reached his own high standpoint and grew to it through his own, and not another's progress. He was a good man, a law to himself; when we knew him he was growing out of mesmerism; contrasted with a student that falls into it by forsaking the good rules of science for a malpractice that has the power and opportunity to do evil."

[2] We are here concerned with the immediate and actual source, not with the general thought and influence of the time, to which Quimby was himself indebted.

[3] Edited by H. W. Dresser and published by T. Y. Crowell in 1921.

Mrs. Glover goes on to say that Dr. Quimby had died years before there was a student of "this science," and that he had never, to her knowledge, "informed anyone of his method of healing." She says that the only practitioners of "this metaphysical science today" have been her students.

There is no claim of divine revelation in the first edition of *Science and Health;* no insistence upon originality. It is altogether a more modest book than the editions that succeeded it. The claim of revelation, which is said to have taken place "in a moment's time" in 1866, nine years previous to the publication of *Science and Health,* was not added until many years later when Christian Science became a definite Religion instead of the simple healing system and "moral science" it had been at first.

The first edition is not only a more modest book, but it has as well a strong radical note deleted from the later editions probably as a matter of policy. Mrs. Glover, like other rebels, became more conservative as her fortunes improved.

3

The differences that came to exist between Christian Science and the theories held by Quimby are of the same type as may be traced in the development of any original theory in the hands of the disciples who build upon it.

Broadly stated, the additions made by Mrs. Eddy to the Quimby system are these:

1. The crystallization of the ideas into a formal organized religion.

2. The doctrine of Malicious Animal Magnetism, which formed the doctrine of evil in this religion.

3. The interpretation of the first and second chapters of Genesis, now embodied in the section of *Science and Health* called "Key to the Scriptures."

The two stories of creation contained in the first and second chapters of Genesis are interpreted to be the accounts of the true creation of spiritual man, and the false creation of mortal man, or the assumption of intelligence, life and substance in matter. The first chapter records that "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them." The second chapter, in which God is said to have "formed Adam of the dust of the ground" and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and afterward caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam and made Eve of one of Adam's ribs, is held to be the record of the "false creation" which "portrays Spirit as supposedly cooperating with matter," and therefore is "based on some hypothesis of error, for the Scripture just preceding declares God's work to be finished." This is "the lie of Adam's begetting," by which man has denied his rightful heritage, and accepted for himself mortality, sin, sickness, and death.

These additions were gradually made over a long period of years and by no means appeared in this form in the first edition of *Science and Health* which was in effect no more than Mrs. Glover's re-statement of the theories she had derived from Quimby. And it is with the first edition that we are here directly concerned.

The essentials of Christian Science as a therapeutic agency or healing system were all implicitly and ex-

plicitly contained in Quimby's theory and practice. That God is Principle, not person; that man is a reflection of this Principle; that there is no life, substance or intelligence in matter; that the acceptance of false opinions and beliefs is the cause of man's misery,—all these are directly out of Quimby.

Mrs. Glover, with no gift for philosophical dialectics, and with little actual experience such as Quimby had, found it more than difficult to avoid flat contradictions. She evaded, retreated, came forward again, and in the end was not only forced like any other philosopher to the assumption of ideal absolutes but to the assumption of clearly defined and practical opposites. Spirit and matter were opposites,—"matter is Spirit's antipode." Spirit exists, therefore matter does not exist. The ideal man exists, therefore the body does not exist. Divine Mind is good, mortal mind is evil. All things stood to the right or left for her. She had, after all, been brought up in the stern old Calvinistic faith; God and the devil, heaven and hell. That she rebelled against the religion of her father in her youth does not destroy its influence upon her later work. It was to become increasingly evident.

She was repeatedly compelled to retreat from her extreme positions, and her explanations lead her to the simple "eternal" and "temporal" division, or to the "real" and "illusory" worlds of the Eastern philosophers. But she invariably returns to the extreme position, and begins again. The physical universe, or "the world comprehended by the senses," is an illusion of mortal mind, and mortal mind does not exist.

Never fearing to go where her theory leads, she is led to the "sensationless body" as the state to be

achieved. "Until the body is sensationless through science, man is not safe." This desire for the sensationless body may be partly autobiographical; she had suffered much illness, and from the time she was a child her greatest desire had been to be free of pain. She relates with a shade of regret the fact that when the Truth had freed her of her chronic indigestion and dyspepsia and she was able to eat what she liked, she found that she did not enjoy eating as much as she had expected. But she courageously admits that in science both pleasure and pain must be given up.

4

To say that the central statement of Christian Science, "All is infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation" is silly or nonsensical is to say the same of a great body of the world's thought in the mind-matter branch of philosophy. It is not in theory, but in process; in the bridging of that gulf between the theory and its application to experience that the difficulties and confusions lie. No philosopher attempts that leap without endangering his dignity.

You will be told that Christian Science healing is not a "process"; it is a "realization." It is, then, a psychological process. This, too, will be denied. Christian Science has nothing to do with psychology; it is Divine Science; psychology has to do with the human or mortal mind. Christian Science is "not faith healing," yet there is the repeated statement that faith is understanding and by understanding we are healed. Christian Science is "unlike any other so-called metaphysical system,"—the difference being "that Christian Science is based upon the Allness of God." Since obviously this

basis is not unique to Christian Science, the difference seems to lie altogether in *attitude toward* the ideas involved.[4]

The fact is that one may approach Christian Science with the serious determination to place the theory in its philosophical line, and read through edition after edition of *Science and Health,* only to come in the end to resign the task to Mrs. Glover herself, who later disposed of it neatly thus:

> "Science is not susceptible of being held as a mere theory. It is hoary with time. It takes hold of the eternity, voices the infinite, and governs the universe. . . . A theory may be sound in spots, and sparkle like a diamond, while other parts of it have no luster. Christian Science is sound in every part."

And again:

> "A philosophy which cannot heal the sick has little resemblance to Science, and is, to say the least, like a

[4] The author addressed the following inquiry to Mr. Horatio W. Dresser, editor of *The Quimby Manuscripts* and author of several works on Spiritual Healing or New Thought: "What would you say is the difference between the Christian Science practitioner's treatment,—realization for himself, for the patient and for everyone, of identification with Divine Life, and that there is no life, intelligence, or substance in matter,—and Quimby's silent treatment, or his absent treatment? Several Christian Science practitioners, no longer identified with the Church but still practising, have told me that they believe that 90 per cent of Christian Science healings are suggestion. Some put the percentage higher. Do you think this is so, and if so, *what* is the remaining percentage?"

Mr. Dresser replied: "The 'realization' you speak of *is* Quimby's silent treatment in part. But his realization was less abstract. Having discerned the heart of the trouble, on the patient's part, he clearly realized what to him was the offsetting truth. The Christian Science people, lacking his insight, have indulged in denials or negations. They have not understood the complete principle.

"I should say that suggestional realization is the psychological process in every case, and that the other factors are: faith on the part of the patient (faith in Mrs. E., C. S., etc.), autosuggestion, and native or inherent healing power (which Q. would interpret as 'Wisdom')."

cloud without rain, 'driven about by every wind of doctrine.' . . . Leibnitz, Descartes, Fichte, Hegel, Spinoza, Bishop Berkeley, were once clothed with a 'brief authority'; but Berkeley ended his metaphysical theory with a treatise on the healing properties of tar-water, and Hegel was an inveterate snuff-taker. The circumlocution and cold categories of Kant fail to improve the conditions of mortals, morally, spiritually, or physically." [5]

5

Science and Health is the easiest book in the world to ridicule. The absurdities encountered on nearly every page often serve to give it the effect of a transcendental parody. "Epizootic," says Mrs. Glover, "is an educated finery that a natural horse has not." Such things cheer the reader on through the many confusions, repetitions, and contradictions of the statement of her theories.

The favorite quotation of her critics has always been:

"The daily ablution of an infant is not more natural or necessary than to take a fish out of water, and cover it with dirt, once a day, that it may thrive better in its natural element."

From beginning to end of Mary Baker Eddy's written works, these ludicrous statements are to be found. Obviously, to quote such bits to the exclusion of the more sober statements, is to be unfair. For she could make a clear statement when she chose; she could be brief and to the point; although, to be honest, the discovery of a sudden clear brief statement in her work affects the reader with the same sense of surprise as comes upon him when confronted with the sudden ab-

[5] *No and Yes*, pp. 13, 21.

surdities,—which leaves him often wondering if they may not both be accidental. But once accustomed to her style, the reader discovers that even at her most absurd she is saying what she means. The "epizootic" statement is, once you have fully recovered, perfectly understandable. In the current edition of *Unity of Good* (p. 23) elucidating the major idea that like produces like, that "whatever cometh not from the eternal Spirit, has its origin in the physical senses and material brains," we come upon the abrupt statement that "God has no bastards,"—a statement so unexpected that it gains its point by shock.

Intentional or not, these are the characteristics by which her style is recognizable everywhere, and which differentiate it from all other religious literatures. In spite of the constant revisions of her works, the characteristics persist on every page. The style is, as Georgine Milmine says, "like a strain of blood that will not be bred out."

In reply to the question, "Are both prayer and drugs necessary to heal?" she wrote, "It is difficult to say how much one can do for himself whose faith is divided between catnip and Christ." She had a tendency to puns,—puns that seldom quite come off, like the rhymes of her poems that never quite rhyme or scan. "A correct use of capital letters in composition caps the climax of the old 'new tongue.'" She could not resist alliteration, and sometimes abandoned herself to it.

> "That law-school is not at fault which sends forth a barrister who never brings out a brief. Why? Because he followed agriculture instead of litigation, forsook Blackstone for gray stone, dug into soils instead of delving into

suits, raised potatoes instead of pleas, and drew up logs instead of leases. He has not been faithful over a few things." [6]

There are times when one concludes that Mrs. Eddy was the great comic religious writer of all time. In her eighty-ninth year, in reply to an objection to the wrong use of a word in *Science and Health,* she remarked that people often did not understand her sense of humor.

She was still that young Mary Baker who enjoyed being the authoress. When her pen was under way it simply wrote of its own accord. Long, flowery, descriptive passages, apostrophes to birds, trees, mountains, the sunrise and sunset, appear abruptly in the midst of the most serious text. The same exuberant pen that had written poems and stories for the Masonic and Odd Fellows' Magazines and Godey's Ladies' Book now turned itself as exuberantly to metaphysics and the interpretation of the word of God, and with even greater success.

It was probably her chief, and certainly her most amazing "demonstration" that her fame did come through a book. Considering her equipment and the literary quality of this work of her pen, its fame would seem inexplicable except for the help of God. Which is, to be sure, the reason she herself ascribed. Many years later she wrote of it:

> "I should blush to write of Science and Health With Key to the Scriptures as I have, were it of human origin, and were I, apart from God, its author. But, as I was only a scribe echoing the harmonies of heaven in divine metaphysics, I cannot be super-modest in my estimate of the Christian Science textbook."

[6] *Miscellaneous Writings,* p. 340.

But this was written by Mary Baker Eddy, leader of a revealed religion, and not by the Mrs. Glover of the early days in Lynn.

6

One notable addition to the original theory made its appearance in the first edition of *Science and Health.* The "cloud no bigger than a hand" had cast its shadow over Mrs. Glover's book. It rests most heavily upon the final chapter bearing, paradoxically in this respect, the title "Healing the Sick."

"We thank Wisdom," wrote Mrs. Glover, "that revealed this great error to us before these pages went to press."

> "In warfare with error, you attack with intent to kill, and the wounded or cornered beast bites you if he can; the sin you assail turns on you and succeeds in getting the world to condemn you, that it may justify itself." [7]

The chapter begins with a diatribe against her enemies, or those whom she conceives to be her enemies,—thinly disguised references to Richard Kennedy, to Wallace Wright, to all her recalcitrant students still using "manipulation" in their practice, and all these referred to as "malpractitioners" and "mesmerists."

> "But the malpractice we allude to was more terrible than simply a change to mesmerism; it chose darkness rather than light because its deeds were evil.
>
> "Our rebuke to a false student elicited his revenge, and through this we discovered the malpractice we expose. We have seen manipulating the head form a habit more pernicious than opium-eating, in which the treatment must be continued, or the patient go back to a worse condition than the first.

[7] First ed. *Science and Health,* p. 368. All quotations in this section are from Chap. VIII, of the first edition unless otherwise noted.

"It is more difficult to heal the sick, subject to this malpractice, than under the treatment of drugs; and yet the patients are strangely attached to their doctor. We have started patients at once out of disease on the road to recovery, on whom this malpractitioner has produced a relapse."

In the three years that had elapsed since her break with Richard Kennedy, her resentment had grown with the growth of Kennedy's practice. It is upon his head that she pours out the vials of her wrath.

"Rubbing the head he keeps his cases constantly on hand . . . No enthusiasm or praise is as zealous or fulsome as this malpractitioner can elicit, while nothing is more relentless or unyielding than the prejudice he can arouse. . . . Manipulating the head, even to a thinness that would reveal the brains, can never heal the sick in science. . . . This secret trespasser on human rights manipulates the head to carry out, on a small scale, a sort of popery that takes away voluntary action instead of encouraging the science of self-control, and sets himself up for a doctor who is a base quack."

She says that before she had discovered this malpractice, the evil had reached so far, and "held such sway over the patients' minds, when we informed one she was not recovering and had better return home, she answered with indignation, 'My doctor says I am recovering,' but died before she reached her earthly home." The patients were, says Mrs. Glover, wholly unconscious of the malpractitioner's "secret method of turning the minds of those he manipulated against his benefactor, or of its effect on their bodies."

"This is no idle picture of pen or imagination, but a faint portraiture of facts discovered through the vic-

tims of this malpractice; facts that we submit to others for proof."

She says that her students are well aware that she has no difficulty in tracing the mental cause of disease. She explains that it was "some newspaper articles falsifying the science" with the avowed intention of injuring her, that "precipitated our examination of mesmerism"; and it must be said that her "examination" had produced for her some astonishing animadversions upon the theme.

"Filled with revenge and evil passions, the malpractitioner can only depend on manipulation, and rubs the heads of patients years together, fairly incorporating their minds through this process . . . but none can track his foul course."

Mesmerism is "more subtle than all other beasts of the field, it coils itself about the sleeper, fastens its fang in innocence, and kills in the dark." She considers it as "a weapon of revenge," as a method of influencing the verdict of a juror, as a method of convincing a patient that he is getting well when he is in fact about to die, as a method of "corrupting a community." Manipulating the head gives the malpractitioner more direct influence over the patients' minds, and so over the community, "than the united power of education and public sentiment." It is "Satan let loose," the sin that "standeth in holy places."

"In coming years the person or mind that hates his neighbor, will have no need to traverse his fields to destroy his flocks and herds, and spoil his vines; or to enter his house to demoralize his household; for the evil mind will do this through mesmerism; and not in *propria persona* be seen committing the deed. Unless this terrible hour be

met and restrained by *Science*, mesmerism, that scourge of man, will leave nothing sacred when mind begins to act under direction of conscious power. . . . Stir the evil sensual mind, and worse than the deadly Upas are the plagues it emits."

The warning of "this criminal outlawry growing without let or hindrance," is sounded again and again.

"The peril of Salem witchcraft even is not past, until that error be met by the understanding and destroyed." [8]

And through all these amazing passages there runs the constantly recurring theme of "the student whose history had diverged into a dark channel of its own," and so revealed this scourge to her. His sole sin seems to have been that he had deserted her, and that his friends and patients were his friends and patients, and not hers.

These passionate expressions of resentment against Kennedy are quite literally difficult to believe. But here we have followed implicitly the Leader's own admonition that she is to be found in her writings.

The accusations in the first edition of *Science and Health* are only the beginning of the things she was to have to say of her enemies. It was as if she were moved by some inner compulsion to leave embedded in the body of her written work the record of the personal drama of her life. If her autobiography, *Retrospection and Introspection,* veers sharply from the personal record and seems to conceal rather than to reveal, the opposite is true of the writings proposed as text books and statements of her theory. For here she veers as sharply from the abstract and general to the personal and concrete.

[8] Chapter II, p. 107.

CHAPTER SEVEN

1

About the time of the publication of *Science and Health* a new student, Asa Gilbert Eddy, was brought to Mrs. Glover's class by Daniel Spofford. Mr. Eddy was a personable young man of 44; broad-shouldered, a little less than medium height, florid, blue-eyed, mild in manner and speech, with a simplicity and reserve that inspired trust and confidence. Fastidious as to his personal appearance, he displayed in his dress a certain effective and becoming oddity which always appealed to Mrs. Glover's imagination. This came from the fact, perhaps, that Mr. Eddy had been both spinner and weaver, and often designed and made his own clothes. His amiable and candid face was clean-shaven but for a short brush of silky beard encircling his chin, and smart sideburns, and his light brown hair roached in an old-fashioned pompadour. For informal occasions he wore a knitted cardigan jacket and a long surtout of a light cinnamon color, very full, and gathered in at the waist. For formal occasions he wore black broadcloth of the finest texture, and the high silk hat of the period.

Mr. Eddy was at that time working as a sewing machine agent in East Boston, and had sought Mr. Spofford's services as a physician, calling upon him at his office in Boston. Through this connection with Mr.

Spofford he had become deeply interested in the method and had decided to take up the study with a view to becoming a practitioner himself.

This new student became almost immediately the favorite disciple of his teacher, Mrs. Glover, and presently her husband. By nature, temperament, and experience he had been admirably fitted for the role of helper and substantial background to this vital, restless and erratic woman, absorbed in her career.

Born on a farm in the Green Mountains, one of seven children, son of a hard-working, plodding farmer, Asa Gilbert Eddy had played this same role to his mother who was, from all accounts, an original, independent and forceful character. This mother was looked upon by her neighbors as an eccentric, though she seems also to have been well liked. She taught her children, both boys and girls, to cook and weave and bake and sew, then left such minor matters in their hands while she drove off on other business of her own. She did not go to church, an omission frowned upon by her neighbors, but pursued the mysteries. She went often to consult "sleeping Lucy" who possessed a "gift of nature" and in a sleeping or trance state diagnosed cases of sickness and prescribed for them. Mrs. Eddy was often sent for when her neighbors were ill, and gave the remedies sleeping Lucy had prescribed.

Rain or shine, summer or winter, Betsy Eddy's buggy was to be seen on the road, while her children kept the house at home as best they could, and her husband labored in the fields. Vermont winters are hard, and the thought of facing the sleet and snow would have kept most women at home. But she was not to be stopped by mere weather. She contrived a headdress

consisting of a large poke bonnet from the front of which she hung a woolen shawl in which was inserted a small pane of window glass which afforded her protection without obscuring her vision. In the mountain villages she was known as "the woman with the looking-glass." She appears in the story as one of those minor characters in a play who come on the stage, play their bit and depart, and who, having no particular connection with the plot, have yet played the bit so well that we wait for them to appear again, and are disappointed that they never do. One wishes that Asa's mother had lived to take part in the Christian Science warfare; she would, there is no doubt, have provided her share of that "smoke of battle" referred to so often in the history of the Church.

When Spiritualism swept the country Mrs. Eddy and her son Asa became ardent converts and went to meetings and seances wherever Spiritualists were gathered together.

Asa Gilbert did not leave home until he was 28, going at that time, 1860, to Springfield where he became a weaver in a woolen mill. He had shown no aptitude for farming, but had developed instead much ingenuity and skill in the household arts, which included weaving for the family clothing, so that he followed his natural bent when he became a professional weaver. He also wrote a fine Spencerian hand, in which he took much pride, and for a time taught a class in penmanship. In Springfield he lived alone in small quarters which he kept neat and shipshape doing his own cooking and laundry, designing and making his own clothes. He remained in Springfield until 1869, when he came to East Boston and took an agency for a sewing machine

company. It was here that he heard of Daniel Spofford, and went to him as a patient.

He had had a good common school education, and was possessed of tact, and a desire to learn and, above all, to be of service. These qualities commended themselves at once to Mrs. Glover, and a strong attachment sprang up between them. He applied himself intensely to the study of the new science, and before many weeks he was "Dr." Eddy to the public, and he and Mrs. Glover were Gilbert and Mary to each other.

She had need of just such a pliable and unselfish devotion as Gilbert Eddy was ready and willing to give her and her Cause. She had a great deal of adverse criticism and public opinion to combat; her classes were small, and *Science and Health* upon which she had depended to bring in many new recruits had not been selling as it should. Many copies of the first edition of 1000 were still on hand.

But now that "Dr. Eddy" was ready to go into practice, she succeeded in persuading Daniel Spofford to turn over to him his patients and thriving practice, and devote himself entirely to forwarding the sale of the book.

2

This sudden elevation of the new student to first place was not accepted without a struggle by the little band of students who had demonstrated their loyalty and devotion through the stormy period that had gone before. Jealousy and dissatisfaction stirred them and for a time bade fair to disrupt the new organization.[1]

[1] In July of 1876 the first actual organization, "The Christian Scientist Association" was formed.

They felt that the honors and confidences showered upon the new student were far in excess of anything but mere personal preference on the part of their teacher.

But if Gilbert Eddy was now her favorite, Daniel Spofford was still her most valuable student, and as late as October of 1876, her appreciation and confidence (or her desire to hold him) were shown in a letter in which she said:

> "My joy at having *one* living student after these dozen years of struggle, toil and defeat, you at present cannot understand, but will know at a future time when the whole labour is left with you. . . . The students make all their mistakes *leaning on me*, or *working against me*. You are not going to do either, and certainly the result will follow that you will be faithful over a few things and be made ruler over many." [2]

She was still consulting Spofford in all important business matters, such as the second edition of *Science and Health* which she was already preparing, and depending upon him also for treatments for her own sufferings, which she attributed to "the students calling upon her in thought."

On the 22nd of that same month she wrote to him further that she had "great consolation" in him, in his "Christian character that I read yet more and more," and bade him ". . . . press on; you know not the smallest portion comparatively, of your ability in Science." She adds that "inflammation of the spinal

[2] Mrs. Glover's letters to Daniel Spofford were obtained by Georgine Milmine, and are included in her *Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy and History of Christian Science.*

nerves" is what she "suffers most in belief." Earlier in the same letter she says,

> "The mercury of my mind is rising as the world's temperature of thought heats up and the little book 'sweet in the mouth' [3] but severe and glorious in its proof, is about to go forth like Noah's dove over the troubled waves of doubt, infidelity and bigotry, to find if possible a foothold on earth."

There is a suggestion in the Authorized Life that Daniel Spofford entertained more than a student's regard for Mrs. Glover, and this suggestion is surely fortified by his docility in handing over his practice to another at her bidding, and by the tone of a letter written by Mrs. Glover to him on the thirtieth day of the following December, 1876.

There is evidence of serious emotional disturbance in this letter, in which she begs him to believe that "no student nor mortal" has tried to have him leave her. "Dr. Eddy has tried to have you stay—you are in a *mistake.*" She tells him not to think of returning to her again, for she will "never again trust a *man.* They know not what manner of temptations assail. God produces the separation and I submit to it so must you." The way he

[3] The use of this quotation is a characteristic example of what happened to Mrs. Glover's pen when it was under way. In the first edition of *Science and Health* she uses the quotation, "sweet in the mouth, and bitter in the belly," at least twice, and had apparently become fond of it, adding it to her vocabulary, so that now in the letter to Spofford, the first half of it slipped off the end of her pen almost automatically, but brought up suddenly against the fact that the last half "bitter in the belly" was hardly what she wanted to say of her "little book," she ended the quotation with "but severe and glorious in its proof." She often ran herself into these literary *culs de sac,* and found it necessary to execute some such skilful flank movement to extricate herself.

has "set her up for a Dagon," she says, is wrong, and implores him to go alone to God as she has taught him.

> "Won't you exercise *reason* and let me live or will you *kill* me? Your mind is just what has brought on my relapse and I shall never *recover* if you do not govern yourself and *turn your thoughts* wholly away from me. Do for God's sake and the work I have before me let me get out of this suffering—I never was worse than last night and you wish to do me good and I do not doubt it. Then won't you *quit thinking* of me. I shall write no more to a male student and never more trust one to live with. It is a hidden foe that is at work read Science and Health page 193, 1st paragraph.
>
> ". . . It is mesmerism that I feel and is killing me it is *mortal* mind that only can make me suffer. Now stop thinking of me or you will cut me off *soon* from the face of the earth."

Turning to the page and paragraph in the First Edition to which she referred him, one feels almost apologetic to so promptly find: "Jesus said, to look with foul desire on forbidden objects, breaks a moral precept; . . . Evil thoughts reach farther, and do more than individual crimes, for they impregnate other minds and fashion your body," and much more about "the atmosphere of impure desires."

3

On the following day, Dec. 31, '76, Mr. Spofford was surprised to receive a visit from Gilbert Eddy, bearing a note from Mrs. Glover which was brief and to the point, addressing him as "Dear Student" instead of her usual "Dear Harry." It merely said that "For reasons

best known to myself I have changed my views in respect to marrying," and asked him to "hand this note to the Unitarian clergyman and please wait for his answer."

It was signed

"Your teacher,

M. B. G.

Hand or deliver the reply to Dr. Eddy."

Mr. Eddy handed him also the marriage license which had been obtained for himself and Mrs. Glover. Mr. Spofford remarked that they had been very quiet about all this, to which Gilbert replied that he had not known it himself until last night.

Mr. Spofford noticed that the marriage license gave the ages of both bride and bridegroom as 40 years. As he knew that Mrs. Glover's age was 56, and Mr. Eddy's 45, he remarked upon the inaccuracy in the license. But Gilbert said that the statement was a mere formality and that a few years more or less was of no consequence.

The following day which was New Year's, 1877, the marriage ceremony was performed quietly at No. 8 Broad Street by the Rev. Samuel B. Stewart, a Unitarian minister with whom Mrs. Eddy had been acquainted since her earliest days in Lynn.

It was a full month before her group of students recovered sufficiently from this decisive move on the part of their leader to gather themselves together and decide that what was done was done and to accept it with what grace they might. Accordingly, on the 31st of January they assembled at the Broad Street house to

offer their belated congratulations and bridal gifts. The Lynn *Recorder* of Feb. 10th had the following account of the occasion:

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS' FESTIVAL

"Mr. Editor—A very pleasant occasion of congratulations and bridal gifts passed off at the residence of the bride and bridegroom, Dr. and Mrs. Eddy, at No. 8 Broad St., on the evening of the 31st ult. The arrival of a large number of unexpected guests at length brought about the discovery that it was a sort of semi-surprise party, and thus it proved, and a very agreeable surprise at that. It afterwards appeared that the visitors had silently assembled in the lower parlour, and laden the table with bridal gifts, when the door was suddenly thrown open and some of the family invited in to find the room well packed with friendly faces; all of which was the quiet work of that mistress of all good management, Mrs. Bixby. One of the most elaborate gifts in silver was a cake basket. A bouquet of crystallised geranium leaves of rare varieties encased in glass was charming, but the presents were too fine to permit a selection. Mr. S. P. Bancroft gave the opening address—a very kind and graceful speech, which was replied to by Mrs. Glover-Eddy with evident satisfaction, when alluding to the unbroken friendship for their teacher, the fidelity to Truth and the noble purposes cherished by a number of her students and the amount of good compared with others of which they were capable. The happy evening was closed with reading the Bible, remarks on the Scriptures, etc. Wedding cake and lemonade were served, and those from out of town took the cars for home.

SPECTATOR."

4

There been a great resistance on the part of Mrs. Eddy and all her spokesmen to the admission that Mrs. Eddy's marriages were for love. In her autobiography, she says that she married Dr. Patterson to have a home for her child; yet she continued to live with Dr. Patterson and to defend him, and wrote, we remember, in her original letter to Quimby that she had been "unable to turn myself or be moved by any but my husband." There is ample evidence in her attitude to convict her of following the course of her feminine nature and falling in love and marrying out of the usual tender emotion. Yet the same sublimation of motive seems to have been necessary in regard to her marriage to Gilbert Eddy. She married Gilbert "not for her own sake, but to save the Cause." This is simply a manner of coquetry. Any woman with a career will recognize it as the traditional apology.

Mary Beecher Longyear writing in her *Life and Genealogy of Asa G. Eddy* concerning the marriage says that ". . . when the thought of human help first came to her, Mrs. Eddy rejected it. When Gilbert Eddy, her loyal student, asked if he might stand by her side as her husband and help her she said, 'No, I must rely wholly on God. This is my mission.'" [4]

Mrs. Longyear relates that in 1920 she met in London Miss Clara Shannon who was with Mrs. Eddy for many years, and that Miss Shannon asked her if she knew why Mrs. Eddy married Gilbert. Mrs. Longyear replied that she did not, and had often wondered why.

[4] Longyear, *Life and Genealogy of Asa G. Eddy*, p. 16.

Miss Shannon then told her what Mrs. Eddy had said about it to her.

> "The night Gilbert asked her to marry him she had a dream. She seemed to be standing on one side of a beautiful field of wheat. As she was rejoicing in its promise, dark swinish forms seemed to move underneath it, their uprooting instincts were destroying thought. She dared not cross the field as she intended. Terror and abhorrence chained her to the spot. Then on the other side of the field she saw Gilbert Eddy's manly form. 'Come on, Mary,' he said, 'I will help you.' And she awoke, feeling that she could marry him not for her own sake but to save the Cause."

Gilbert was ten years her junior. If he had been ten years her senior the statement about saving the Cause might have been taken more seriously.

There are descriptions of Mrs. Eddy of that time written by much younger men than Gilbert Eddy, and these descriptions contain warm references to her "youthful charm of person and manner," her figure "a little above average height, well-formed but slender," her dark hair to which her pale complexion presented a marked contrast, her eyes, "dark blue with a wonderful lustre, but sad, very sad at times, yet with a glory shining through," her manner, dignified but very cordial, her spirit "nervous like a force in thrall."

The woman who made this emotional impression upon a young man of 24, must have made an even more emotional and favorable impression upon the man of 45.

And Gilbert, well dressed, a little distinguished by his oddity, yet tractable, and wishing (the inference is plain) to give her his tender care (he missed the care of his own mother whose favorite he had been and for whom

he wove and washed and baked and sewed while she pursued her own unique if less famous career, her researches into the mysteries,—huntress after Truth); Gilbert who was correct, and even elegant, almost a dandy, yet content to remain always in the role of substantial background; Gilbert who wrote an admirable script with his fine-pointed pen, whose English was good if a little stiff, whose spelling was impeccable,—this Gilbert must have appealed mightily to her. "Gilbert Eddy's manly form," she said to Miss Shannon.

CHAPTER EIGHT

1

Asa Gilbert Eddy lived for five years after this marriage. The marriage proved a peaceable and happy one, but the relationship between husband and wife may be said to be the only peace and happiness to be found in the history of those five years. The part Gilbert Eddy played in the events of those years is difficult to estimate. There are intimations that he may have exerted more influence upon the succeeding events than has been attributed to him, and this by the simple means of complete subservience to his wife.

Certain it is that melodrama followed upon melodrama, crisis upon crisis, and storm upon storm during those five years, and that the record of those years is the darkest page in the history of Christian Science and the life of its founder.

The whole chapter lies under the deep shadow of that cloud, at first no larger than a hand, which now grew rapidly until it overspread the sky and threatened to obscure the sun.

2

The spring and summer following her marriage found many of the students still unreconciled, and Mrs. Eddy complaining of almost continual distress of body

and mind. These sufferings she attributed to the students "keeping their thoughts upon her," and "calling upon her mentally." She constantly besought them to turn their thoughts away from her.

Mr. Eddy had handed back Daniel Spofford's practice, and now devoted himself to the personal service of his wife, teaching a few classes under her guidance, and attending to the many small details that had previously fallen to the hands of young George Barry, now entirely estranged.

Although the sale of the first edition of *Science and Health* had been slow, and there were still many unsold copies on hand, Mrs. Eddy had been busy all the preceding winter on revisions and additions for a second edition which she was determined to bring out with Mr. Spofford again as publisher. But her illnesses constantly interfered with her work, and her letters to Spofford are full of entreaties and anxieties.

If the student practitioners failed to heal their patients, Mrs. Eddy felt that both practitioner and patient called upon her too much for aid. She was overwhelmed with these demands.

In March her troubles were added to by a suit brought against her by George Barry, for $2700 for services during the five years he had spent with her. His bill of particulars contained such items as the copying out in longhand of the 2500 pages of manuscript, "aiding in buying and caring for the place at No. 8 Broad Street," selection of carpets, working in the garden, searching for a publisher, moving Mrs. Glover's furniture from her first rooms in South Common Street, storing it at his father's house and in his uncle's barn, disposing of some at an auction room, and moneys paid

out on Mrs. Glover's account for rent, carfare, postage, stationery, printing, express charges, and boots.[1]

This bill of particulars does seem to exhibit the reverse side of his former ardor. The suit added one more to the many harassments that beset the Leader's mind that spring.

In April, driven to her wits' end, Mrs. Eddy decided to remove herself from the scene of action, and left Lynn suddenly, as she had often threatened to do, taking Gilbert with her and leaving no address behind. She hoped in thus removing herself from her students' sight to also remove herself from their minds, and so escape the weakening effect of their thoughts centered upon her in the familiar Broad Street house. She remained away for five or six weeks, laboring when she was able upon her second edition, and keeping in communication with Daniel Spofford, although even he was not informed of her whereabouts, and forwarded his letters through a Boston address.

On the eve of her departure she had written him a long letter saying that she was "at length driven into the wilderness."

> "Everything needs me in science, my doors are thronged, the book lies waiting, but those who *call on me mentally* in suffering are in belief killing me! *Stopping my work* that none but me can do in their supreme selfish-

[1] This suit was not decided until October, 1879, more than two years later, when the referee found in Barry's favor awarding him $395.40, with interest from the date of the writ, instead of $2700 asked for. Mrs. Eddy's reply stated that she had reimbursed him at the time for the moneys expended in her behalf, that she had healed him of disease, "I gave him mind as one would treat a patient with material medicine," that she had taught him "how to make an interrogation point and what capitals to attach to the name of the Deity," and that the boots were a present to her from the plaintiff.

ness: how unlike the example I have left them! . . . Tell *McLauthen* and *them all* it would be no greater crime for them to come directly and thrust a dagger into my heart —they are just as surely in belief killing me and committing murder.

"The sin lies at their door and for them to meet its penalty *sometime*. *You can teach* them better, see you do this.

"O! Harry, the book must stop. I can do no more now if ever. They lay on me suffering inconceivable.

Mary."

In various letters during those days of stress, Mrs. Eddy suggests that the fight is too much for her and that she feels that she may die.

"My sufferings have made me utterly weaned from this plane and if my husband was only willing to give me up I would gladly yield up the ghost of this terrible earth plane and join those nearer my Life. . . . Cure Miss Brown or I shall never finish my book."

Again, writing to Spofford:

"If the students will continue to think of me and call on me I shall at last defend myself and this will be to cut them off from me utterly in a spiritual sense by a bridge they cannot pass over and the effect of this on them they will then learn."

A week after she had left Lynn, she wrote a long letter to Spofford concerning the book and their business arrangements, which had been talked over before her departure. In this letter, after disposing of such details as "the arrangement for embellishing the book," the frontispiece, the paging, the size of the book, and so on, she states the terms of an agreement which she will

make with him, he to publish the book for three years, and to pay her 25% royalty; they will have a treasurer to be agreed upon in whose hands the funds will be deposited and drawn for specified purposes; at the end of the three years if they decide to dissolve partnership, the surplus to be divided equally between them. "This is the best I can do," she says.

> "All the years I have expended on that book, the labor I am still performing, and all I have done for students and the cause gratuitously, entitle me to *some income* now that I am unable to work. . . . If you conclude not to carry the work forward on the terms named, it will have to go out of edition as I can do no more for it, and I believe this hour is to try my students who think they have the cause at heart and see if it be so."

To this letter Mr. Spofford replied that he did not see how he could pay all the cost of printing and putting the second edition upon the market, advertising it, etc., and still pay Mrs. Eddy a 25% royalty. She answered him with a reminder that she had given "three years and more" of her work to offset the capital which he would put into the printing, and that she believes the conditions suggested by her to be just. She admonishes him to "work as your teacher has done before you unselfishly, as you wish to and gain the reward of such labor."

3

Obviously the terms proposed by Mrs. Eddy were unreasonable. Yet she insisted upon them, denouncing Daniel Spofford as a traitor when he refused to accede to the terms, or to go on with the publication of the book. It was the beginning of their estrangement.

In July Mr. Spofford closed out the remaining stock of the first edition of *Science and Health,* and paid over the money, something over $600, to George Barry and Elizabeth Newhall who had financed the original publication. This led to one of those situations to which metaphysics and money, mortal mind and men invariably do lead. Mrs. Eddy insisted that the money derived from the first edition should go toward the publication of the second edition. It was obvious that George Barry, who had a few months before entered a suit against her, would hardly agree to this. Mr. Spofford as business manager could hardly have done otherwise than divide the money between the original backers of the book, Barry and Miss Newhall, who were, now that they were dealing in cold figures, actually the losers by about $1500 on their original investment. Mr. Spofford himself had paid out several hundred dollars of his own money for advertising and expenses, and had given his time to the project as well. He suggested that if Barry and Miss Newhall wished to put the $600 back into the second edition they could quite easily do so. But this naturally they did not care to do, however freely they might have done it in the first flush of their enthusiasm three years earlier.

It is an inevitable component of the Leader formula that the disciples must "leave all and follow me"; that they devote their lives and their all to the Cause.

All leaders have expected this of their followers and have exacted obedience from them. But few have gone to such lengths in denouncing those who refused obedience.

Mrs. Eddy, thwarted, now openly accused Daniel Spofford of dishonesty in connection with the publica-

tion of her book. Elizabeth Newhall and George Barry published a statement in a local newspaper exonerating Spofford, and setting forth the facts of the transaction.

4

The following January Daniel Spofford was expelled from the Christian Scientists' Association and was advised of it in the following notice:

> "Dr. D. H. Spofford of Newburyport has been expelled from the Association of Christian Scientists for immorality and as unworthy to be a member.
> Lynn, Jan. 19th, 1878.
> Secretary of the Christian Scientists' Association,
> Mrs. H. N. Kingsbury."

A notice also appeared in the Newburyport *Herald* to the effect that Daniel H. Spofford had been expelled for alleged immorality from the Christian Scientists' Association of Lynn.

This charge of "immorality" surprises us no more than it must have surprised Daniel Spofford or the readers of the Newburyport *Herald* where he was well known. It now becomes necessary for us to begin to adjust ourselves to Mrs. Eddy's vocabulary. She often spoke of the "new tongue" in which she found it necessary to express herself, and the arbitrary meanings which she put upon many words in the creation of this new tongue often add confusion to confusion, since the words employed are already possessed of no uncertain meanings and connotations of their own. She was often thereafter to charge recalcitrant students with immorality, but explained its meaning by saying that they had been guilty of an offense against the cause, or dis-

loyalty to the Truth. "Immorality" was later to become an official charge, incorporated in the by-laws of the church.

> "*Resolved*, That everyone who wishes to withdraw without reason shall be considered to have broken his oath.
>
> "*Resolved*, That breaking the Christian Scientists' oath is immorality."

The charge of "infidelity" also meant infidelity to the Cause. A woman student was publicly accused of being an "adulteress." When she demanded to know the reason for this accusation, Mrs. Eddy said she had "adulterated the Truth."

No key however was furnished by her for these public utterances, and the appearance of such words in print held only their literal meaning for the public. It was, to say the least, taking an advantage.

Perhaps Mr. Spofford was better acquainted with his teacher's vocabulary. He made no reply to the charge contained in her dismissal, and took no action as he clearly might have done in the matter of the notice which also contained the charge of immorality printed in the Newburyport *Herald*. He did precisely what Richard Kennedy had done,—ignored the accusations, and continued in his practice already established in Newburyport and Boston, in both of which places he maintained offices. He stated many years later that he had made no reply to the charge for the simple reason that it was too absurd to be taken seriously.

CHAPTER NINE

1

DANIEL SPOFFORD'S silence and continued success as a practitioner had the same effect upon Mrs. Eddy as Richard Kennedy's silence had had upon her. It revealed to her a new phase of evil which she now promptly announced to the world, and which definitely took its place as a dogma of her creed.

The discovery she had made through Richard Kennedy's desertion was that mesmerism or "animal magnetism" was evil, and practised through manipulation. She had announced this discovery in the first edition of *Science and Health,* with the declaration that the mesmerist could "depend only on manipulation," and the malpractitioner was to be detected by his use of manipulation.

Daniel Spofford had come into her class after she had ceased to teach manipulation, in fact, after she had expressly forbidden it and held it to be the mark of the evil one. He had consequently never made use of manipulation. Yet it was clear that since he was no longer on Mrs. Eddy's side, he must have gone over to the side of the evil one. This presented a problem which Mrs. Eddy solved through her fatal gift of logic. It resulted in another "discovery" which she now promptly announced in the second edition of *Science and Health,* hurriedly revised for the purpose and brought out at once with "Dr. A. G. Eddy" as publisher. The evi-

dences of haste are apparent. The edition consisted of a single volume of 167 pages marked "Volume II," although there was no Volume I. She had been working upon a "Key to the Scriptures," and had intended to include it in her second edition. But now there was no time for this. The book contained a reprint of several of the chapters contained in the first edition, somewhat revised, and her announcement of the important discovery. The volume is surcharged with references to the discovery.

> "Mesmerism is practised through manipulation—and without it. And we have learned, by new observation, the fool who saith 'There is no God' attempts more evil without a sign than with it. Since 'Science and Health' first went to press, we have observed the crimes of another mesmeric outlaw, in a variety of ways, who does not as a common thing manipulate, in cases where he sullenly attempted to avenge himself of certain individuals, etc. But we had not before witnessed the malpractitioner's fable without manipulation, and supposed it was not done without it; but have learned it is the addenda to what we have described in a previous edition, but without manipulating the head." [1]

Daniel Spofford had taken his place in the hierarchy of evil.

> "Behold! thou criminal mental marauder, that would blot out the sunshine of earth, that would sever friends, destroy virtue, put out Truth, and murder in secret the innocent befouling thy track with the trophies of thy guilt, —I say, Behold the 'cloud, no bigger than a man's hand,' already rising in the horizon of Truth, to pour down upon thy guilty head the hailstones of doom."

[1] *Science and Health,* p. 136. Edition of 1878.

Her hatred and terror of Daniel Spofford were as great as her hatred and terror of Richard Kennedy had been, and her terror and hatred of Kennedy became even greater than before. The discovery that Mesmerism or Malicious Animal Magnetism could operate through mind alone threw a new and dreadful light upon Kennedy.[2] He had wished her downfall. Nothing could stop him now. He would accomplish it. Secretly, subtly, he had corrupted Daniel Spofford's mind. No wonder Daniel Spofford had so often counseled her to leave off exposing Richard Kennedy's crimes. Under that gentle quiet exterior Daniel Spofford himself had hidden the soul of a fiend.

Many things were now explained. The students who had failed in their healings. Daniel Spofford had willed them to fail. The patients who had not recovered. He had willed them not to recover. He had brought their sufferings upon them. Something must be done.

The revelations struck terror to the hearts of the faithful. Could they believe such things? Daniel Spofford, whose aid and counsel they had often sought for their patients . . . how horrible a thought!

Twelve were chosen, and summoned to the Broad Street house. There for twenty-four hours, each of the workers taking two hours at a time, they were held to-

[2] Three years later, in the famous "Demonology" chapter included in the 1881 edition of *Science and Health,* Mrs. Eddy wrote of Richard Kennedy: "Among our very first students was the mesmerist aforesaid, who has followed the cause of metaphysical healing as a hound follows its prey, to hunt down every promising student if he cannot place them in his track and on his pursuit. Never but one of our students was a voluntary malpractitioner; he has made many others. . . . This malpractitioner tried his best to break down our health before he learned the cause of our sufferings. It was difficult for us to credit the facts of his malice or to admit they lie within the pale of mortal thought." (Chapter 6, p. 34.)

gether to treat against Spofford's malignant power.[3] And still the spell was not lifted. They, the mesmerists and diabolists, had combined their black arts to destroy them, to discredit and ruin the cause.

Believing this, as she certainly did, it is no wonder that Mrs. Eddy decided upon attack. Sorely she needed the sane wise counsel of Quimby, whose mission had been to wake the dreamer of such dreams of "error and belief."

She had for counselors only Gilbert Eddy, already too frightened to speak, and one formidable new student who had lately entered her classes,—Edward J. Arens, a Prussian cabinet maker of Lynn, as rashly active as Gilbert Eddy was passive; and with them she planned her attack.

Like many of Mrs. Eddy's students, Edward Arens had a limited education, a taste for metaphysics, for reading abstruse works, and for argument. This last taste had led him often into the courts, and seems to have transformed itself actually into a taste for litigation. Whether he was directly responsible for it or not, it is true that during his intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Eddy they were almost constantly in the courts.

In the spring of 1878, succeeding Daniel Spofford's dismissal in January, suits were brought by Mrs. Eddy against various old students to recover amounts claimed due her on old contracts, to discover the income from practice, on which she claimed a royalty, and for tuition still unpaid. A suit was brought against Richard Kennedy for $750 on a promissory note dated 1870, before

[3] The affidavit of one of the twelve, Mr. Henry F. Dunnels, of Ipswich, concerning this twenty-four hour treatment against Spofford's mesmeric power is quoted by Miss Milmine.

their partnership began. A suit was brought against Daniel Spofford for tuition due. And all these suits were lost.

2

In the meantime, a second case against Daniel Spofford had been instituted. It was the case of Miss Lucretia Brown against Spofford, which came to be known as the "Ipswich Witchcraft Case."

Miss Brown was a maiden lady of 50 who lived with her mother and sister in one of the oldest houses in Ipswich, facing Schoolhouse Green. Georgine Milmine gives a charming vignette of the three Brown ladies "of whom the assertion was once made that Essex was the cleanest county in Massachusetts, and Ipswich was the cleanest town in Essex, and the Browns were the cleanest people in Ipswich. They carried their daintiness even into their diet, regarding anything heavier than the most ethereal food as somewhat too virile and indelicate for their spinster household." Miss Lucretia had suffered a fall in her childhood that had injured her spine and made her an invalid for the greater part of her life so that she had often to keep to her bed for weeks together. She conducted a crocheting agency, giving out piecework to women of the village, who arrived at exactly two o'clock in the afternoon on certain days of the week and were admitted to Miss Lucretia's bedroom where she received them in a bed so "incredibly white and smooth" that they "wondered how she could lie under a coverlid absolutely wrinkleless, and handle her worsted and give all her directions without rumpling the smoothness of the turned-back sheet or marring the geometrical outline of her pillow."

Miss Lucretia had been a Congregationalist, but had been healed by Christian Science whereupon she withdrew from her old church, and was one of the familiar group surrounding Mrs. Eddy in the early seventies. She was the patient of Miss Dorcas Rawson, one of the most faithful of Mrs. Eddy's practising students, and the cure of Miss Lucretia was one of the famous early healings. She had suffered a relapse early in 1877 and Miss Rawson had called upon Mrs. Eddy for help in the case. Miss Lucretia was one of those whose illness Mrs. Eddy felt keenly and she seemed to have suffered much distress on her account. References to Miss Brown appear in several letters written by Mrs. Eddy during her few weeks' flight "into the wilderness" that spring. "Cure Miss Brown or I shall never finish my book," she wrote. And in a letter to Daniel Spofford she related that the night before she left Lynn, "Miss Brown went into convulsions from a chemical, was not expected to live, but came out of it saying she felt perfectly well. . . . I thought at that time if she was not 'born again' the Mother would die in her labors. O, how little my students *can* know what it all costs me."

Now, a year later, in the spring of '78, Miss Brown was again suffering a relapse. Miss Rawson was still in attendance, and again consulted Mrs. Eddy about her patient.

The "witchcraft charge" which resulted from the conferences upon the alarming condition of Miss Brown, is set forth as follows in the complaint.

> "To the Honorable the Justices of the Supreme Court, now sitting at Salem, within and for the County of Essex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the plaintiff, sitting in equity.

"Humbly complaining, the plaintiff, Lucretia L. S. Brown, of Ipswich, in said County of Essex, showeth unto Your Honors, that Daniel H. Spofford, of Newburyport, in said County of Essex, the defendant in the above entitled action, is a mesmerist and practises the art of mesmerism, and by his said art and the power of his mind influences and controls the minds and bodies of other persons, and uses his said power and art for the purpose of injuring the persons and property and social relations of others and does by said means so injure them.

"And plaintiff further showeth that the said Daniel H. Spofford has at divers times and places since the year eighteen hundred and seventy-five wrongfully and maliciously and with intent to injure the plaintiff, caused the plaintiff by means of his said power and art great suffering of body and mind, and spinal pains and neuralgia and a temporary suspension of mind, and still continues to cause the plaintiff the same.

"And the plaintiff has reason to fear and does fear that he will continue in the future to cause the same. And the plaintiff says that the said injuries are great and of an irreparable nature, and that she is wholly unable to escape from the control and influence he so exercises upon her and from the aforesaid effects of said control and influence.

"Inasmuch as the plaintiff has no adequate and complete remedy at common law, to the end, threfore, that the said Daniel H. Spofford may upon his corporal oath full, true, direct and perfect answer make to all and singular the premises as fully and particularly as if the same were hereinafter repeated and he thereunto distinctly interrogated; and that not only as to the best of his knowledge and remembrance, but also as to the best of his knowledge, information and understanding, and that he may be restrained by the order and injunction of this honorable Court from exercising his said power over and practising

his said art on the plaintiff, and thereby causing the plaintiff suffering as aforesaid, and that the plaintiff may have such other and further relief as the nature of this case may require, and to your Honors shall seem meet.

"May it please your honors to grant unto the plaintiff not only the most gracious writ of injunction of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, issuing out of and under the seal of this Honorable Court, to be directed to the said Daniel H. Spofford, to restrain him from exercising his said power over and practising his said art on the plaintiff, but also the most gracious writ of subpoena of the said Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to be directed to the said Daniel H. Spofford, thereby commanding him at a certain penalty, therein to be specified, personally to appear before this Honorable Court and then and there full, true, direct and perfect answer make to all and singular the premises, and to stand to perform and abide such further orders, direction and decree as to this Honorable Court shall seem meet, and the plaintiff shall ever pray."

The case was called for May 14, 1878, the opening session of the Supreme Judicial Court in Salem, that same Salem Village where two centuries before witches were brought to trial on identical charges, and put to death for the same dark crimes.

On the day set for the hearing Mrs. Eddy and Edward Arens, accompanied by some twenty witnesses, took the train for Salem and appeared in court.[4]

The attorney who had drawn the complaint had refused to present the case,—and Edward Arens, acting under power of attorney for Lucretia Brown, presented the petition for a hearing on the complaint, and made

[4] Georgine Milmine, who examined the court records, says that "Mrs. Eddy and Mr. Arens appeared under power of attorney for Miss Brown." She also states that it was Mrs. Eddy's lawyer who drew the complaint, and at her request.

an exposition of the case to Judge Horace Gray, who ordered that notice be served upon Mr. Spofford, and appointed Friday, May 17th, for the hearing of the case.

The newspapers promptly featured the story. A reporter for the Boston *Globe* interviewed Miss Brown's sister:

> "She and her family believed that there was no limit to the awful power of mesmerism, but she still had some faith in the power of the law, and thought that Dr. Spofford might be awed into abstaining from injuring her sister further. That he does so she believed there is no possibility of a doubt. . . . She admitted that should Dr. Spofford prove so disposed, even though he be incarcerated behind the stone walls at Charlestown, he could still use his mesmeric power against her sister."

The Newburyport *Herald* stated that Mrs. Eddy had tried to get them to publish an attack upon Spofford. The Salem *Observer,* not relishing the publicity for the town, which had taken nearly two hundred years to live down the stigma of witchcraft, attempted to minimize the story by substituting the story of Mrs. Eddy's case against Spofford for tuition, also pending at that time, and announced with some asperity that " 'the modern witch case' is a sensational phrase, but there is nothing descriptive in it."

On Friday the 17th a crowd of spectators assembled in the courtroom, expecting a sensation. But if they expected to see the evil one in person they were disappointed. The proceedings were brief. Mr. Spofford's attorney, Amos Noyes of Newburyport, appeared for his client and filed a demurrer upon the ground that the

complaint was not a question in equity and that the court had no jurisdiction. Edward Arens argued that mesmerism is an acknowledged force in the universe, and that this was a matter of life and death for the plaintiff. Judge Gray, "regarded the allegation as vague, and the bill as framed without a knowledge of the law of equity." He announced with a smile that it was not within the power of the court to control Mr. Spofford's mind, and therefore declared the defendant's demurrer sustained.

An appeal was taken, but waived the following November.

3

The attempt to attribute the "witchcraft case" to the folly of the "frightened and hysterical students" has been far from successful. If they were frightened, it was Mrs. Eddy who frightened them. To say that she was not frightened herself, is to accuse her of deliberately terrifying her students into action for which she herself refused the responsibility.[5] Admitted or not,

[5] In the third edition of *Science and Health,* published a few years later and after she had broken with the student Arens, who became the most dangerous of mesmerists, Mrs. Eddy said: "It was alleged indirectly in the Newburyport Herald that we caused a bill to be filed in the Supreme Court to restrain a student of ours from practising mesmerism. That statement was utterly false. It was a student who did that contrary to our advice and judgment and we have the affidavit of the reluctant plaintiff certifying to this fact." (Quoted by Sibyl Wilbur in the Authorized Life.) She also says in the same passage: "Never a lawsuit has entered into our history voluntarily. We have suffered great losses and direct injustice rather than go to law, for we have always considered a lawsuit of two evils the greater. About two years ago the persuasions of a student awakened our convictions that we might be doing wrong in permitting students to break their obligations with us. . . . The student who argued this point to us so convincingly offered to take the notes and collect them, without any participation of ours. We trusted him with the whole affair, doing only what he told us, for we were utterly ignorant of legal proceedings." (Also quoted by Miss Wilbur.)

the responsibility was hers. More than ten years later in the pages of the *Christian Science Journal,* February, 1889, she was writing of "these mental assassins who now go unwhipped of human justice," and announcing that the time had come for laws "so that these secret criminals shall tremble before the omnipotent finger that points them out to the human executioner."

Her growing preoccupation with the subject of diabolism was presently to reach such proportions that the capacity of these same students to be frightened by it was exhausted, and perceiving it to be the obsession of their leader they refused to follow her further.

Many of her students of that period later told their stories. Mrs. Eddy lived in continual dread and fear of the malpractitioners and in particular of Richard Kennedy whom she considered the source of all her ills and troubles. It was her actual conviction, if her own words in the subsequent editions of *Science and Health* mean anything at all, that his intent was to destroy her cause and effect her death. Yet the demonolgists did not destroy her. They did not cause her death. What they did, in fact, was to furnish her with a reason for her illness which fitted neatly into the new doctrine of evil which she had added to her theory. They provided her with an explanation not only of her own illness, but an explanation of all the failures of her students and practitioners whose patients were not healed; and in addition, they provided her with explanations for all those trivial accidents, losses, and household annoyances which arose naturally from day to day and which seemed irritatingly to be keeping her from the great work of her cause. Thus having shifted the responsibility for all that impeded her progress, and laid it squarely upon

the shoulders of the mesmerists, she had freed herself of blame. She was possibly unconscious of this device, which nevertheless did operate. She had allied herself with God. All who allied themselves with her were allied with God. As a simple consequence, all who deserted her, deserted God. In order to define their status she must admit evil. Having proved this simple syllogism, and being always carried away by logic for logic's sake, perceiving also the value of a bold and startling statement, she announced the appearance of the Devil to her startled world.

It was a great relief to her. In her childhood she had been in constant terror of the Devil. For years she had forsworn him, pretended he was not there; but now had found that though the fool may say in his heart, "There is no God," the Devil may not safely be denied even by God's own messenger. The Satan who had so terrified her childhood had reappeared. No longer with forked tail and cloven hoof, he now confronted her in this new and appalling guise. For the Devil, protean actor always, garbs himself appropriately for the company in which he is to move.

CHAPTER TEN

1

In the fall of that year there occurred one of the strangest dramas in the whole history of Christian Science. As if witchcraft were not sufficiently dramatic, fate now added a thriller in the form of a murder mystery.

Sometime in the third week of October, Boston newspapers carried a notice that Daniel Spofford had disappeared. The notice, inserted as an advertisement of missing persons, published a description of Mr. Spofford.

On October 29th, Edward J. Arens and Asa Gilbert Eddy were arrested for conspiracy to murder, and held in $3000 bail for examination in Municipal Court on November 7th.

The events which had preceded this arrest were as follows, according to the evidence later offered in court: Early in October a rough-looking individual had presented himself at Daniel Spofford's office in Tremont Street bearing a card with Mr. Spofford's address which he had procured at Spofford's office in Newburyport. He introduced himself as James L. Sargent, a saloon keeper, was admitted to the consulting room, and making sure that they were alone asked Mr. Spofford whether he knew two men named Miller and Libby.

Mr. Spofford said that he did not. Sargent said, "Well they know you, and they want to get you put out of the way. Miller, the young man, says that you are going with the old man's daughter and he wants to marry her himself." He then explained that Miller and Libby had offered him $500 to put Mr. Spofford out of the way, and had paid him $75 in advance. He said that he wanted to get all the money he could out of it, but had no intention of "risking his neck," and so had already notified State Detective Hollis C. Pinkham, and asked him to watch the case.

This was quite true, as Detective Pinkham later testified at the trial. Sargent had told him the same story, as Mr. Spofford found in the call he immediately made upon Pinkham. Detective Pinkham said that he had not taken Sargent's story too seriously, as the man had a criminal record and he suspected that he was playing some game for the purpose of gaining favor with the police.

A few days later Mr. Spofford received a second visit from Sargent. He said that he had again seen Miller and Libby, and had told them that the job was done, Spofford dead, and had tried to collect the money from them. They had been too wily for him, however, and had sent an emissary to Spofford's office who had reported him still alive. They refused the money to Sargent, accused him of playing them false, and now, he said, they were demanding action. He suggested that Mr. Spofford disappear, and offered to conceal him in his brother's house at Cambridgeport, while he collected the money from Miller and Libby.

Mr. Spofford was now alarmed, and went to consult again with Detective Pinkham. It was decided to carry

out Sargent's suggestion, Spofford to remain in hiding, leaving Pinkham to capture the plotters with Sargent's help.

On the 15th of October Spofford left Boston, and went to the house of Sargent's brother in Cambridgeport. Sargent testified in court that he had then informed Miller and Libby that he had made away with Spofford, and that he received a part of the money promised him. He testified that he had several subsequent interviews with Miller and Libby concerning the money, and Detective Pinkham working on the case testified that he had seen Sargent and Miller together in conversation on the Common, and that he had followed Miller to No. 8 Broad Street, Lynn, the Eddy house. Chase Philbrick, a second detective employed on the case, also testified that he had seen Sargent at Eddy's house in Lynn, and that Sargent had tried to get in, but failed.

These witnesses identified Libby and Miller as Asa G. Eddy and Edward J. Arens, and a warrant was sworn out for their arrest.

Sargent had promised Mr. Spofford to drive out to Cambridgeport and give him news from time to time, but he failed to keep his promise, and Mr. Spofford, who had been in hiding for about two weeks, now returned to Boston, so that his reappearance came at about the same time as the arrest of Eddy and Arens, or may even have preceded it by a few days. The case came up for preliminary hearing and examination of witnesses on November 7th. No stranger array of witnesses has ever thronged a courtroom.

Except for the detectives Pinkham and Philbrick, Spofford himself, and Jessie MacDonald, the Eddys'

housekeeper, the witnesses for the prosecution were, as Mrs. Eddy afterward wrote, "convicts and inmates of houses of ill fame."

There was George Collier, the friend of Sargent, at that time out on bail and waiting trial "on several most unsavory charges." He corroborated Sargent's testimony to the effect that he had gone with Sargent to a spot in a freightyard where Sargent was to meet "the old man, Libby," identified as Asa G. Eddy; that he (Collier) had secreted himself in a freight car with the door partially open, and overheard the conversation between Sargent, Libby, and Miller (or Arens), who was also present. This was the first rendezvous by appointment between the plotters. Sargent's testimony was that Arens had first come to his saloon "to tell fortunes"; that he had been acquainted with him for about four months; that Arens had told him there was a good job waiting for someone who wanted to make three or four hundred dollars; Sargent wanted to know what it was, and Arens, after having his assurance that he could be depended upon, told him that he wanted a man "licked, and wanted him licked so that the wouldn't come to again." After several conversations Arens introduced him to Eddy in the freightyard. Their plan, Sargent said, was that he should drive Spofford out into the country on the pretense of taking him to treat a sick child, knock him on the head with a billy, entangle the body with the harness, then frighten the horse until it ran away, dragging the body, so that the death would appear to have been an accident.

Laura Sargent, sister of Sargent, and keeper of a disorderly house at No. 7 Bowker Street appeared as a witness for the state with her corroborating witnesses, a

group of the "girls" from the house, all taking advantage of the occasion to exhibit their finery, and enjoying their importance in the proceedings enormously. Laura Sargent testified that Sargent had a room in her house, that she had seen Arens come there several times to see him, and that Sargent had given her $75 to keep for him, and told her that he was going to his brother's in Cambridgeport.

Sargent testified that after the newspapers had published the notice of Spofford's disappearance, he told Arens that he had made away with the doctor at about half past seven in the evening, and that Arens had replied that he had known this, had felt it, as he had a way of telling such things that other people knew nothing of. The money, Sargent said, was paid to him piecemeal at various times and meetings with one or both of the two plotters, and he testified in detail of these meetings.

Sargent's bartender, John Smith, testified that he saw Arens in Sargent's saloon on four different occasions. James Kelly, another habitue of Sargent's haunts, testified to a conversation with Sargent in which the latter told him about the job he had on hand.

Jessie MacDonald, the Eddy housekeeper, testified that she had never seen Spofford but had overheard Mr. Eddy declare that Spofford kept Mrs. Eddy in agony and "that he would be glad if Spofford were out of the way." She said further that she had heard Mrs. Eddy read a chapter from the Old Testament which states that all the wicked should be destroyed.

Hollis C. Pinkham, the detective, testified that Mr. Eddy in a conversation with him had denied being in Sargent's saloon or meeting him in a freightyard, and

that Arens had also denied ever having seen or known Sargent, even when confronted with him.

As this hearing was for the purpose of showing probable cause, the defense offered no evidence.

Judge May announced that although the case was a very anomalous one, there was, in his opinion, sufficient evidence to show that the defendants should be held for the Superior Court. Bail was fixed at $3000 each, and the defendants bound over to appear at the December term.

In December, the Grand Jury returned an indictment on two counts: The first, conspiracy to murder; and the second, hiring Sargent to "beat, bruise, wound, and evil treat" Spofford.

The defendants, Arens and Eddy, were arraigned at the bar during the December term, and upon the reading of the indictment pleaded not guilty. The case was then continued to the January term.

The Court record of the January term reads:

> "This indictment was thence continued to the present January term, and now the District Attorney, Oliver Stevens, Esquire, says he will prosecute this indictment no further, on payment of costs, which are thereupon paid. And the said Arens and Eddy are thereupon discharged. January 31, 1879."

No memorandum was filed in the case which would give us the reasons for the discharge of the defendants.

The dismissal of the indictment left the defendants in the curious position of having offered no defense. In the Authorized Life, Miss Wilbur says that the case "evidently had great villainy in it and it should have been made to appear," and that Mrs. Eddy did not hold

Mr. Spofford directly responsible for involving her husband and "causing him to appear at the bar of justice in the company of thieves and women of ill repute," and that she believed him at most "blindly acquiescent in a design which it was never in his heart to originate. But she did point out, without naming, one who had motive and character for the instigation of the dastardly intrigue."

This apparently refers to Mrs. Eddy's statements in the third edition of *Science and Health,* published in 1881, in which she sets forth a full exposition of the case, and points to Richard Kennedy as the chief conspirator.

> "The mental malpractitioners managed that entire plot; and if the leading demonologist can exercise the power over mind, and govern the conclusions and acts of people as he has boasted to us that he could do, he had ample motives for the exercise of his demonology from the fact that a civil suit was pending against him for the collection of a note of one thousand dollars, which suit Mr. Arens was jointly interested in." [1]

Since her suit against Richard Kennedy was still in the Courts, and since Kennedy was at all times the leading demonologist, the inference is clear.

Of the reasons which prompted the conspirators, she says:

> "The purpose of the plotters was evidently to injure the reputation of metaphysical practice, and to embarrass us for money at a time when they hoped to cripple us in the circulation of our book. This is seen in the fact that our name was in any way introduced in the case when we were not implicated by the law and by the gospel." [2]

1 *Science and Health* (1881), p. 29, Chapter VI.
2 *Science and Health* (1881), p. 22, Chapter VI.

In her exposition of the case Mrs. Eddy publishes affidavits of Caroline Fifield and Margaret Dunshee, two students who state that at the time when Sargent and Collier swore that they were talking with Mr. Eddy in the freightyard in East Cambridge, Asa G. Eddy was in fact teaching a class in Metaphysics at the home of David Grey, 43 Clifford Street, Boston Highlands, an hour's ride away from East Cambridge in the slow horsecars of that day. Mrs. Eddy states that Mr. Eddy arrived home at about seven-fifteen that evening, and is supported in this statement by Mrs. Miranda Rice, her close friend and faithful student, who states that she was at No. 8 Broad Street with Mrs. Eddy when Mr. Eddy returned.

A hint of the state of the evidence which may have influenced District Attorney Stevens in his dismissal of the case is contained in a letter and affidavit obtained by Mrs. Eddy and also published in her exposition. Both are from the witness George A. Collier, Sargent's friend, who had testified that he hid in the box car and overheard the conversation with the plotters.

The letter is dated Taunton, December 16, 1878, and reads:

> "To Dr. Asa G. Eddy and E. J. Arens,—Feeling that you have been greatly ingured by faulse charges and knowing thair is no truth in my statements that you attempted to hire Sargeant to kill Daniel Spofford, and wishing to retract as far as possible all things I have sed to your ingury, I now say that thair is no truth whatever in the statement that I saw you meet Sargeant at East Cambridge or any other place and pay or offer to pay him any money; that I never herd a conversation between you and Sargeant as testified to by me. Whether Daniel

Spofford has anything to do with Sargeant I do not know. All I know is that the story I told on the stand is holy faulse and was got up by Sargeant.

GEORGE A. COLLIER."

The affidavit repeats the statement.

In the Authorized Life, Miss Wilbur bitterly arraigns the District Attorney for dismissing the case, and thereby depriving Mr. Eddy of the opportunity to prove his innocence. She might well have borne less heavily upon this point. The defendants had every right to demand that the case be brought to trial. Instead they allowed it to be dismissed without protest, and paid the costs of the action, assessed to them.

Although the reverberations of this extraordinary case did not die down for several years, and it was in all probability the beginning of the trouble that later separated Edward J. Arens from the Eddys,—nothing more was ever known of it, and the whole affair remains, as all good mysteries should, a mystery.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

1

THE year 1878 had proved a calamitous one for the Christian Scientists, and brought the Leader and her Cause into serious disrepute in Lynn. Ridicule and indifference had been the conventional attitude of the citizens until now,—but an open charge of witchcraft, and the tragi-comic farce of the murder conspiracy case, had been too much. Hostility was in the air. Mrs. Eddy's own students were leaving her. Even Edward J. Arens quietly removed himself from the inner councils and, cannily avoiding the appearance of a break, had begun to practise independently in Boston.

The litigation of that year had left the Eddys sadly reduced in funds, and in spite of the strenuous efforts of the faithful few, in spite of the public Sunday lectures now being held in Boston, only two new students, Arthur Buswell, the hydropathist, and his friend Ackland, the phrenologist, appeared for the next class at No. 8 Broad Street. They came to room in the house, as the Eddys were having to economize sharply, and Arthur Buswell told of dinners cooked by Mr. Eddy while the Leader plied her pen, and of finding Mrs. Eddy herself one day on her knees vigorously scrubbing the back stairs, and responding courageously to his remonstrance that "it was good for her after sitting at her writing table

for so many hours," adding that it was impossible for her to get any help because of the mesmerists.

For far from attributing their misfortunes to any mistake of her own, to her own unfortunate preoccupation with her new doctrine of evil, she only saw in the disfavor that had fallen upon them proof of the further powers of the demonologists.

Persecuted and reviled she saw herself and her little band of followers entrenched against the evil and hostile world.

2

It was inevitable that in that state of mind she should see an analogy in her own small faithful band to that small faithful band of early Christians who suffered the persecutions of the powerful of their day, and who met in secret to worship the true and living God.

It was in that dark hour in Lynn that the Christian Science Church was born. In secret, singly, and by devious routes, on the 15th of August, 1879, the appointed students made their appearance one by one at the office of a notary in the suburb of Charlestown, a man of whom it had been ascertained that he had no traffic with the enemy. There they signed the articles of incorporation for the new Church, to be known as "The Church of Christ (Scientist)." The charter was issued August 23rd. The officers and directors were: Mary B. G. Eddy, President; Margaret J. Dunshee, Treasurer; Edward A. Orne, Miss Dorcas B. Rawson, Arthur T. Buswell, James Ackland, Margaret J. Foley, Mrs. Mary Ruddock, and Oren Carr, Directors.

The new church had no regular place of meeting, but met in the homes of the members. From the beginning

Mrs. Eddy was the official "pastor" of her church. On Sundays a half dozen of the faithful assembled in Mrs. Damon's parlor in Lynn, or at Mrs. Choate's in Boston, and held a service which was similar to the service used later in Christian Science churches all over the world. There was the reading of Mrs. Eddy's interpretation of the Lord's Prayer, then a reading from *Science and Health,* followed by reading from the Scriptures. When Mrs. Eddy was present, she "delivered a discourse."

3

In those difficult days Mrs. Eddy had contemplated abandoning the Eastern coast and establishing herself in the West. The new student, Arthur Buswell, had been dispatched to Cincinnati to carry the work into that field and prepare the way for a change of base in case the enemy should prove too strong in the East.

Mrs. Eddy was now without any outstanding masculine support. Gilbert Eddy's talents lay altogether in the realm of conciliation. If a student took offense at something said in the meetings, or fancied some intended slight, Gilbert smoothed the Leader's way by the most gracious of apologies.

"Your reproofs caused me much dissatisfaction with myself," he wrote in his fine Spencerian hand to Mrs. Clara Choate. "I am very sorry indeed that you should have construed my question to Mrs. Eddy as relating to yourself." Explaining that his object had been simply to bring out information for himself as well as for the others, he says, "And I hope you will pardon my asking the question since it injured your feelings." He adds that her reproof will be of service to him since

it will cause him to consider his words more carefully before speaking, and "to choose such words as will not and cannot be construed in a light to cause offense." He ends the letter by quoting "Paul's advice, to eat no more meat as long as the world stands if it cause a brother or sister to offend," for his desire is "only to advance, and to help others to advance in the divine Life."

Other letters written by him are in the same gentle and apologetic tone.

This humble self-effacing man must have been a great help to the Leader, who permitted herself no such weakness as apology. It is not in the Leader formula. Her husband might pour oil upon the troubled waters in times of peace, but now the waves were high and threatening. The conciliator has his uses, but no causes are won by him. The gentle humble Asa G. Eddy is lost in obscurity. His wife, who bore his name, is famous and powerful to this day, twenty years after her passing from this earth, and may in years to come, long after the events of her life "according to the flesh" have faded from the memory of men, be famous still. It will depend.

To assemble all the stories told of the Mrs. Eddy of that year is to fill us with the same bewilderment that must often have driven poor Gilbert Eddy to despair. The stories of simple domestic felicity, of her flashes of humor, gayety, and small feminine absurdities, of her repeating with relish to her students the remark of Bronson Alcott, who after reading *Science and Health* had said that "only a woman or a fool could have written it."

And then to read of her constant and growing fear

of the demonologists, amounting to a state of panic and often resulting in fits of hysteria in which she called upon her students to save her; the midnight attacks of agony that sent Gilbert scurrying through the silent streets of Lynn to rouse the students and bring them to his wife's relief; to read of her exhibitions of temper when her will was crossed; and to see her sitting before her table drawing upon heaven knows what deep reserves of her spirit out of which flowed to the white paper under her lamp the stream of invective and denunciation that fill the pages of that extraordinary "Demonology" chapter of the succeeding issues of her book. No wonder Gilbert Eddy devoutly wished for peace.

4

The winter of 1879 Mr. and Mrs. Eddy spent chiefly in Boston. They lived in various boarding houses, moving from one to another, driven from house to house by the machinations of the mesmerists. They had come into the very stronghold of the enemy. Richard Kennedy had long been established with a wide practice in Boston; Daniel Spofford was there, and Edward Arens, no longer subject, and therefore strongly suspect, teaching and practising.

The Leader kept up her courage by the sound of her own voice, held Sunday lectures, worked with prodigious energy; but Gilbert Eddy was afraid. It was not in his nature to stand forth and challenge the enemy. He could not lift up his voice in denunciation and with its sound drown out the insistent murmur of his fear. He could only listen to the voice of the Leader, his wife,

and give her what support he might while they were driven from place to place by the pervading power of the enemy. Comforting as his mere presence was to her, she felt the need of a stronger presence in this hour. A man of sterner mettle to match her own. Where was such a man?

And now Mary Baker Eddy thought of her son.

Somewhere in the fabulous West her son had grown to manhood—a man of her own blood. He would be 35, in the prime of life,—and strong, for he had come safely through the hardships of the war, and was now a miner, a sturdy Western miner. She would send for him.

By what means she discovered his whereabouts, or whether she had been in communication with him before, is all part of the mystery of their relationship.

In a series of interviews published in 1907 in the New York *World,* the son George Glover told the story of the visit to his mother in 1879. These interviews were part of the sensational disclosures published in 1907 in connection with the famous "Next Friends Suit" which involved the competency of Mrs. Eddy, then 86 years of age.

> "The first time I saw my mother after our separation in my babyhood," said Glover, "was in the year 1879.[1] I had just been married and was living in Minnesota. One day a telegram reached me from mother, asking me to join her at once in Cincinnati. There was no explanation, only a plea to come quickly.
>
> "I hurried to Cincinnati as fast as an express train

[1] When asked about the "plot" responsible for their separation, George Glover is reported to have sternly refused to speak. "Although he did not agree with his mother's version, she was his mother, and his lips were sealed."

could take me, but failed to find a trace of mother in that city. In my perplexity I wired to the Chief of Police of Lynn, where mother had been living, asking him for news of her whereabouts.

"Days passed before the desired information reached me. It came then, in the form of a telegram bearing mother's signature, and bidding me hurry to her in Boston, and mother and I met for the first time in thirty years.

". . . I found her living with Dr. Eddy in a Boston boarding house, and in the midst of great trouble. She had launched Christian Science and things were not running smoothly. There had been a revolt of some sort among the people she called her 'students,' and two men—Daniel J. Spofford and Richard Kennedy—were leaders in the fight against her.

"Within a week of my arrival in Boston I learned many strange things. The strangest of these was that the rebellious students were employing black arts to harass and destroy my mother.

"The longer I remained with mother, the clearer this became. Pursued by the evil influence of the students, we moved from house to house never at rest and always apprehensive. It was a maddening puzzle to me. We would move to a new house and our fellow lodgers would be all smiles and friendliness. Then, in an hour, the inevitable change would come; all friendliness would vanish under the spell of black magic, and we would be ordered to go. But mother made it all clear to me. . . . She told me that the great secrets of Christian Science when put to evil uses by designing men, were terrible in their power. She made me see that Daniel Spofford and Richard Kennedy in particular were using this mysterious power to crush and ruin and slay her.

". . . For some reason never explained to my satisfaction mother would not think of letting me return to my Western home. I had gone to her only prepared for a

short visit, but she sternly silenced every suggestion of my departure.

"There were imperative reasons why I should have been at home. My young wife was about to give birth to our first child, and my business affairs were also in need of attention. But mother would not permit me to leave her. So week after week and month after month, I stayed on in Boston moving from house to house, and learning to hate Spofford and Kennedy, the arch enemies of my mother's peace, with all my soul.

"It was Kennedy that mother talked of most. He was a master hand at the black arts as mother pictured him daily to me, until at last I made up my mind to cut him short in his evil work. But I kept my plan to myself. One morning I slipped my revolver into my overcoat pocket and left our boarding-house, ostensibly for a stroll. It was a beautiful, clear morning, and the streets of old Boston never looked brighter or busier. But there was no brightness in my heart—nothing but a stern, fixed purpose to end Kennedy's devilish work and save my mother.

"I had never seen this man, but I knew where he had offices, and I walked straight there. He was doing business as a healer, and his name, lettered on a brass plate, was on the door of his office. Every detail of that visit is as clear in my mind today as if it took place only a week ago.

"The girl who admitted me asked if I was a patient, and I answered 'yes,' I remember distinctly that I laughed aloud as I made this reply. A great load of trouble seemed lifted from my heart. I felt that in another moment I would have Kennedy in my power, where black arts could not save him.

"The unsuspecting girl led me straight to Kennedy's office on the second floor of the house, opened the door, bowed me into the room and hurried away. Kennedy was before me, seated at his desk.

"He looked at me smilingly and asked:

" 'Are you in need of a treatment?'

"Pulling out my revolver, I walked up to him, pressed the cold muzzle of the weapon to his head, and said:

" 'I have made up my mind that you are in need of a treatment.'

"Then while he shook like a jelly fish with terror, I gave him his one chance for life. I told him that my mother knew all of his black art tricks to ruin her, and that I had made up my mind to stop him or to kill him.

" 'You needn't tell me that you are not working your game of hypnotism to rob us of friends and to drive mother to madness,' said I. 'My one word to you is this: if we have to move from one other boarding-house I will search you out and shoot you like a mad dog.'

"I shall never forget how that man begged for his life at the end of my weapon and swore that the black art was false and that mother had deceived me.

"But it did the business alright," continued Glover. "We were not ordered out of another boarding-house that winter. Mother seemed very much surprised when I told her what I had done, but she did not scold me. Her spirits seemed to improve, and in a few days she consented to let me return home to my wife and the little son I had not yet seen." [2]

The reader of this remarkable interview is so astonished at this point that he is likely to read on through the next few carefully quiet paragraphs of the newspaper story in a state of daze, and so miss entirely the fact that those casual paragraphs have contained other less exciting but perhaps equally important references to the same visit.

The account of the visit seemed to have finished, and

[2] New York *World*, March 3, 1907.

the interview progressed to a later period, reverting then in the midst of a sentence to the visit of 1879, when "she had made me her confidant and taken me into the dark secrets of hypnotism."

> "She had instructed me in Christian Science healing, and when I had made a mess of it she laughingly said, 'I guess you'll make a better miner than a healer, George.'
>
> "During that first visit she had also loaned all her property in Lynn (Mass.) to me and later I had given it back to her when she asked for it. She never explained this transaction and I never questioned her." [3]

So the visit was not all demonology and gun play, and the few rays of light thus admitted to the picture create at least an effect of chiaroscuro instead of utter darkness as before.

Undoubtedly her son was a serious disappointment to Mrs. Eddy. She had hoped that in him she might find at last the strong disciple upon whom she could rely. That she took his failure with what grace she might is apparent from the son's own story. She was accustomed to the failures of students. And now she was again cast back upon herself.

Poor Mrs. Eddy! Between men of too much action, and men of no action at all, she seemed destined to little help.

[3] This is what is known as "newspaper work," clearly a branch of the mesmeric art, since it is practised "with manipulation" of the facts, and of two equally visible statements the innocent reader is made to believe that he has seen but one.

CHAPTER TWELVE

1

THE Boston lectures had brought in a few new recruits, and the Eddys returned to Lynn and the Broad Street house. But the Lynn days were numbered, and in the year that followed troubles came thick and fast.

Early in 1881, Edward J. Arens published a pamphlet entitled *Theology, or the Understanding of God as Applied to Healing the Sick.* It consisted of copious quotations from *Science and Health,* with substitutions, additions and variations of his own upon the general theme. In his preface he stated that he made no claim for the originality of the ideas and doctrine contained in the pamphlet, since it had been practised by Jesus and His apostles, by the secret association of priests known as the Gottesfreunde in the fourteenth century, and in the nineteenth century by P. P. Quimby of Belfast, Me. He added that he had also made use of "some thoughts contained in a work by Eddy."

Arens now took his place, transcending for the moment even Kennedy, among the demonologists.

The third edition of *Science and Health* presently appeared with an introduction signed by Asa G. Eddy in which he denounces Arens as a plagiarist in terms more reminiscent of his wife's vocabulary than his own.

> "It would require ages and God's mercy to make the ignorant hypocrite who published that pamphlet originate

its contents. His pratings are colored by his character, they cannot impart the hue of ethics, but leave his own impress on what he takes. He knows less of metaphysics than any decently honest man."

He pays tribute to his wife: "Mrs. Eddy's works are the outgrowths of her life. I never knew so unselfish an individual, or one so tireless in what she considers her duty."

Further arraigning Arens' perfidy, he says:

"If simply writing at the commencement of a work, 'I have made use of some thoughts of Emerson' gave one the right to walk over the author's copyrights and use page after page of his writings verbatim, publishing them as his own, any fool might aspire to authorship and any villain become the expounder of truth."

2

Included in this edition was the famous chapter entitled "Demonology." It is certainly one of the most extraordinary chapters in the history of religious literature, and although it appeared in several editions it is doubtful if many Christian Scientists today believe its existence to be anything more than a myth. All references to it are carefully expunged from the later writings of the church, and references to it by outsiders are somehow felt to be an unwarranted attack upon Mrs. Eddy and the truth. No amount of explanation and no interpretation can drown the resounding and terrified voice of a Leader in that chapter. No denial of its personalities can convert that chapter into a parable. Her fear so pressed upon her that her words rush out hysterically, like the words of a fright-

ened woman attempting to tell you in a single breath the details of some horrifying gossip.

"The husband of a lady who was the patient of this malpractitioner poured out his grief to us and said: 'Dr. K—— has destroyed the happiness of my home, ruined my wife, etc.'; and after that, he finished with a double crime by destroying the health of that wronged husband so that he died. We say that he did these things because we have as much evidence of it as ever we had of the existence of any sin. The symptoms and circumstances of the cases, and the diagnosis of their diseases, proved the unmistakable fact. His career of crime surpasses anything that minds in general can accept at this period. We advised him to marry a young lady whose affection he had won, but he refused; subsequently she was wedded to a nice young man, and then he alienated her affections from her husband." [1]

Edward Arens may have been the villain of Mr. Eddy's "Introduction," but Richard Kennedy was still the villain of Mrs. Eddy's life and book. George Glover's sensational interview in the New York *World* begins to assume a certain restraint as we read on.

"The Nero of today, regaling himself through a mental method with the tortures of individuals, is repeating history, and will fall upon his own sword, and it shall pierce him through. Let him remember this when, in the dark recesses of thought, he is robbing, committing adultery, and killing; when he is attempting to turn friend away from friend, ruthlessly stabbing the quivering heart when he is clipping the thread of life, and giving to the grave youth and its rainbow hues; when he is turning back the reviving sufferer to her bed of pain, clouding her first

[1] *Science and Health* (1881), p. 6, Chapter VI.

morning after years of night; and the Nemesis of that hour shall point to the tyrant's fate, who falls at length upon the sword of justice." [2]

Again and again she reverts to that "young student" whose "history diverged into a dark channel of its own"; the first and only "voluntary malpractitioner" who had made all the rest.

"Carefully veiling his character, through unsurpassed secretiveness, he wore the mask of innocence and youth. But he was young only in years; a marvelous plotter, dark and designing, he was constantly surprising us, and we half shut our eyes to avoid the pain of discovery, while we struggled with the gigantic evil of his character, but failed to destroy it. . . . When we discovered he was malpractising, and told him so, he avowed his intention to do whatever he chose with his mental power, spurning a Christian life, and exulting in the absence of moral restraint. . . . The habit of his misapplication of mental power grew on him until it became a secret passion of his to produce a state of mind destructive to health, happiness, or morals. . . . His mental malpractice has made him a moral leper that would be shunned as the most prolific cause of sickness and sin did the sick understand the cause of their relapses and protracted treatment, the husband the loss of his wife, and the mother the death of her child, etc." [3]

Certainly there can be no need to add the testimony of the "disaffected" students of that period for proof of Mrs. Eddy's obsession with the subject of Demonology. Here she furnishes the evidence herself. No phase of the evil escapes her pen. Since "it has no out-

[2] *Science and Health* (1881), p. 38, Chapter VI.
[3] *Science and Health* (1881), p. 2, Chapter VI.

ward signs such as ordinarily indicate mesmerism," she lists a few of the "indications" by which it may be known.

> "Its tendency is to sour the disposition, to occasion great fear of disease, dread, and discouragement, to cause a relapse of former diseases, to produce new ones, to create dislikes or indifference to friends, to produce sufferings in the head, in fine, every evil that demonology includes and that metaphysical destroys. If it be students of ours whom he attacks, the malpractitioner and aforesaid mesmerist tries to produce in their minds a hatred towards us, even as the assassin puts out the light before committing his deed." [4]

3

This edition of *Science and Health,* with the Demonology chapter that would have sold any book, probably did little to improve the reputation of the Christian Scientists in Lynn. But it must be said of Mrs. Eddy that fear had never stayed but always sped her pen.

For the past year, she had been further elaborating her theory of Malicious Animal Magnetism. She had discovered that the effect produced by each individual mesmerist was different, and that she could tell whose influence was at work by its effect upon her. The influence of the various demonologists, she maintained, was the same as the effect produced by various drugs. The victim would exhibit, for example, the physical symptoms of arsenical poisoning under the influence of a certain demonologist.

From a mountain retreat where she and Mr. Eddy spent a month's vacation in August she wrote a charac-

[4] *Science and Health* (1881), p. 35, Chapter VI.

teristic letter to a student, in which after expressing her happiness in being alone with her dear husband who "has time to take care of himself and me too now, and we are blest," she progresses as if by natural sequence to her favorite subject of "the different kinds of malpractice," and adds a cheering postscript announcing that she has "now mastered one part of this earth-problem. In *all* the different malpractices I *now* see first the individual that comes to me or my husband before they go farther. So one step follows another in this glorious path, if we walk in the light."

This is the true scientific delight in discovery. One step continued to follow upon another in the glorious path and the further discoveries furnished her with much new material for her lectures and the Sunday "discourses" which were now almost exclusively upon the subject of mesmerism. The students who had come to hear of the power of Divine Love now heard only of the evils possible to Malicious Animal Magnetism. It is hardly surprising that they at last rebelled.

4

In October of 1881, eight of the oldest and most valuable of the original Lynn students resigned in a group. The letter of resignation read:

> "We, the undersigned, while we acknowledge and appreciate the understanding of Truth imparted to us by our Teacher, Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy, led by Divine Intelligence to perceive with sorrow that departure from the straight and narrow road (which alone leads to growth of Christ-like virtues) made manifest by frequent ebullitions of temper, love of money, and the appearance of hypocrisy, *cannot* longer submit to such Leadership; therefore, with-

out aught of hatred, revenge, or petty spite in our hearts, from a sense of duty alone, to her, the Cause, and ourselves, do most respectfully withdraw our names from the Christian Science Association and Church of Christ (Scientist).

S. Louise Durant,
Margaret J. Dunshee,
Dorcas B. Rawson,
Elizabeth G. Stuart,
Jane L. Straw,
Anna B. Newman,
James C. Howard,
Miranda R. Rice.

21st October, 1881."

Mr. Howard and his family had occupied the ground floor of the Broad Street house for the previous six months, and had been devoted to Mrs. Eddy's interests. He had been in charge of the sale of the third edition of *Science and Health,* acted as secretary to Mrs. Eddy, and played the cornet at the Sunday services in Boston. Mrs. Rice and Miss Rawson, who were sisters, had withstood the buffetings of more than eleven years in Mrs. Eddy's service. They had loved her devotedly, and although their friendship had been often tried, they had remained steadfast in their loyalty to Mrs. Eddy, and believed sincerely in the Truth she taught. Mrs. Eddy had attended Mrs. Rice in childbirth years before, and although their ways now parted forever, Mrs. Rice always maintained that the birth of her child had been entirely painless, and the record of the case appeared for years in the succeeding editions of *Science and Health.* At the time of Mrs. Eddy's indictment, it was Mrs. Rice's husband who furnished bail for Mr. Eddy. Mrs. Rice had also been the practitioner most successful

in the treatment of Mrs. Eddy during her frequent illnesses, and was often summoned to the Broad Street house in the middle of the night to quiet the Leader in one of her acute attacks. Mrs. Eddy had depended upon her in many ways. The other resigning members included some of Mrs. Eddy's most intelligent and creditable women students.

Mrs. Eddy promptly announced that these students were under the influence of mesmerism, disregarded the resignations, notified them that they were liable to expulsion, and summoned them to appear before the Church on October 29th.

They in turn disregarded the summons to appear, and at the meeting of October 29th, two other important students, Mrs. F. A. Damon and Miss A. A. Draper, secretary of the Church, tendered their resignations, which stated that they "could no longer entertain the subject of mesmerism which had lately been made uppermost in the meetings and in Mrs. Eddy's talks."

5

This was the order for retreat. But, like all good generalship, it was a strategical retreat. The furniture was packed and left standing in crates and boxes in the dismantled rooms of the Broad Street house, the keys given into the hands of one of the still faithful students, arrangements made for the forwarding of letters through another student, and Mr. and Mrs. Eddy left quietly for Washington. They reached the Capital in mid-winter, and remained until the beginning of April.

If the word "retreat" suggests that the leader was dispirited or downcast, the idea is at once dispelled by

the letters written by Mrs. Eddy to her beloved and cherished student, Mrs. Clara Choate, during the Washington sojourn. The letters are filled with hope and vitality, and give us again a glimpse of that powerful and magnetic personality which exercised so great a charm upon men and women alike throughout the life of this amazing woman. If she feared the demons still, it was not the fear of weakness, and her spirit was unsubdued.

Although she cautions Mrs. Choate in each letter to tell no one where she is or what she writes, and gives her instructions as to sending the letters through another address and bids her "since it is as it is, please mail your letters to me in another's handwriting and put in different boxes," and tell the other loyal students to do the same,—these admonitions are given quite as a matter of fact, and in postscripts at the end of the long cheery letters. And although she writes that "the demons are at work here in some respects as hard as ever they worked, and in the old way," and later that the demons are "busier than ever," she says, "but they can't kill me or stop my labors," and, "I am above it all, my words go over the fury of the storm with their 'peace be still,'" and these things are merely interspersed among affectionate expressions of the warmest gratitude to her "darling student" who is so courageously carrying on the good work in Boston, spreading the good news, withstanding the efforts of those who would come between the students and their teacher, organizing classes against their Leader's return, selling the Precious Volume, and standing bravely as "a porter at the gate." [5]

[5] These letters are included in Mary B. Longyear's *Life and Genealogy of Asa G. Eddy.*

Mrs. Eddy is delighted with Washington,—"There is not in America so handsome a city as this, I do believe." She and "the Doctor" have rooms at 13 First Street, N. E., for which she says they pay $100 per month, "front and rear parlors, with board." "My front parlor commands the most magnificent view of the entire Capitol and grounds," and "at this hour of writing, I am sitting at a desk" with "only the width of a street between me and the grounds that surround the Capitol."

On February 6th, she writes, "I have awakened a *ripple* of interest in this beautiful grand old City." By February 28th she is writing:

> "I have worked harder here than ever. Fourteen consecutive evenings I have lectured three hours every night besides what else I am about. Get to bed at 12, rise at 6, and *work*. I have a goodly number already enlisted in the work. . . .
>
> "Good, good girl, how you are spreading the good news. I have been so absorbed in my work (and trying between times to *see* something here to carry back), that I forget I am getting empty in my portemonnaie, but I can hold out until I return. Then I hope to have a class and replenish my means. You can keep the account of the books you get and pay me when I get home."

In a schedule of work that would have tried the energy of the hardiest man, she yet finds time for visits to the Smithsonian Institute, the Botanical Gardens, and to receive at least two calls from "a lady who has presided at the White House and did the offices faithfully, one that our nation owns as highest in the world of fashion and festivity." [6]

[6] This was doubtless Fanny Pierce, sister of President Pierce, who

There are many intimate touches in the letters to throw light upon (or add confusion to) this many faceted character. Mrs. Choate and her husband had apparently been on the point of separation, and Mrs. Choate had confided her troubles to Mrs. Eddy, who wrote in return:

> "I know of no better way, under the circumstances, than to have him go from you, but would it not be better for him never to return, than to be absent only for an *interval*, giving a chance for news, and furnishing fuel for the fires they keep alive, and into which they would but cannot hurl you."

Not bad advice, when two people have come to the parting of the ways. Advising her pupil to "let the dead be buried out of our sight," and the past forgotten, she yet permits herself a sigh for the plight of women.

> "Still when I see the great advantage or disadvantage a partner is, it seems hard, hard, that some women who are formed to love must be so awfully situated, always with an open door into which the envious and malicious can press in to do their fell purposes with holy horror of what they themselves have brought about."

In each letter she sends "the doctor's" love and her own, "Give my love to all my dear students and take a Benjamin portion yourself." A further intimate touch is given in the messages she sends to Mrs. Choate's little son, never forgetting "love and a kiss to dear Warren," who seems to have been a great favorite with her, and who apparently sent her messages through his

acted as hostess because of the invalidism of the President's wife. It was during this Washington visit that Mrs. Eddy later said Fanny Pierce presented her with the McNeill family crest, the right to which was later denied to Mrs. Eddy by the McNeill descendants.

mother. "Tell him I know who the little boy in Boston is," and in another postscript, referring apparently to some enclosure, "The hand with an unseen heart is for Warren. Many thanks for the paper. Hanover had sent three. Yes, I like those resolutions."

The resolutions referred to had appeared in the Lynn *Union* of February 3rd, and in an earlier letter she had asked Mrs. Choate to send her a copy of the newspaper. The resolutions, evidence of the industry and loyalty of the remaining students, chiefly the Boston group, denounce the rebellious students, brand their charges as falsehoods and persecutions, proclaim steadfast faith in Mrs. Eddy, upon whose "Christlike example of meekness and charity we look with admiration and reverence,"—and declare, with a hint of the apotheosis to come:

> "We do understand her to be the chosen messenger of God to bear His truth to the nations, and unless we hear 'Her Voice,' we do not hear 'His Voice.' "

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

1

In April of 1882, a large silver plate bearing the inscription "Massachusetts Metaphysical College" appeared upon the door of the substantial graystone residence at 569 Columbus Avenue in Boston.[1] Mr. and Mrs. Eddy had returned from Washington, Mrs. Choate had given them a party of welcome, and now with the Eddys ensconced in the Columbus Avenue house, Christian Science had definitely adopted Boston as its home.

A fresh impetus had been given to the Cause by this move; the faithful rallied about the Leader and new students began to appear. Among Mrs. Eddy's

1 Mrs. Eddy had been granted a charter for the Massachusetts Metaphysical College in January, 1881. During the unfortunate publicity of the previous few years people had begun to ask by what authority the title of "Doctor" had been conferred upon the practitioners of the new cult. Mrs. Eddy had at once set about counteracting this criticism, and had applied for a charter for the purpose of teaching "pathology, ontology, therapeutics, moral science, metaphysics, and their application to the treatment of diseases." This charter was granted under a Massachusetts act of 1874 which permitted so wide a latitude in the granting of diplomas that in 1883 medical institutions chartered under this act were prohibited from conferring degrees.

The degrees conferred by Mrs. Eddy's college were Bachelor of Christian Science (C. S. B.) given to students of the Primary Class, and Doctor of Christian Science (C. S. D.) given to holders of the first degree who "continue for three years as practitioners" in good standing. In the middle eighties Christian Science practitioners dropped the use of the professional title. Mrs. Eddy was President of the College and (except for a few minor courses taught by special students) its sole instructor during the nine years of its existence.

staunchest supporters at this time were the Choates, Josephine Curtis Woodbury and her husband, Samuel P. Bancroft, Hanover P. Smith, Julia Bartlett, a new student brought in by the Choates, E. H. Hammond, Mrs. Whiting and Mrs. Fifield.

Among the students enrolled in Mrs. Eddy's opening class were Mrs. Delia S. Manley and her husband, and Calvin A. Frye, a machinist, then 37 years old, of Lawrence, Mass. The Woodburys and Calvin Frye were later to play important parts in the history of the Christian Science movement.

2

But Mrs. Eddy was to suffer another serious blow. With the students enrolled for the new class, her public lectures again begun in Hawthorne Hall, and everything ready for fresh success, Gilbert Eddy began to show signs of " a disturbed mental condition, which was manifested physically." Mrs. Eddy declared at once that it was the work of Arens, and that Mr. Eddy's symptoms were those of arsenical poisoning, arsenic being the particular drug by which she identified the influence of Arens. She was overwhelmed with work, and this new manifestation of evil seemed directly designed to interfere with her new activities. The ever patient Gilbert begged her to go on with her class, which she did. He, too, was as firmly convinced that he suffered from the "poison" directed toward him by the mesmerists and particularly by Arens.

Mr. Eddy's condition became alarming and Mrs. Eddy called in Dr. Rufus K. Noyes, a medical doctor of good standing. Dr. Noyes diagnosed the case as a

well-defined valvular disease of the heart, in an acute stage, and said that he might die at any moment.

Mrs. Eddy refused to accept this statement, and although Dr. Noyes saw the patient twice after his first visit, and prescribed the usual diet, hygiene, and heart tonics, Mrs. Eddy held to her belief that her husband's illness was due to no physical cause, and continued to treat him for "arsenical poison, mentally administered." "Doctor" C. J. Eastman,[2] was called, and corroborated Mrs. Eddy's diagnosis.

Mr. Eddy made several slight rallies, and Mrs. Eddy brought him through several attacks. She seems genuinely to have loved Gilbert Eddy, and when he was suffering she would lay her face close to his and murmur, "Gilbert, dear Gilbert, do not suffer so." The helpers who surrounded her did what they could to lift the burden, and Gilbert himself heroically treated himself daily against the mesmerists, and declared in the face of his illness and despair that he could "handle the belief."

On the night of June 2nd, hardly more than a month after their arrival in Boston, Mr. Eddy was stricken with an attack which proved fatal. He died a few hours before dawn on the morning of June 3rd. Mrs. Eddy, worn with anxiety and many duties, had retired for the night, and was not called by the students in attendance until after her husband had expired.

[2] Dr. Eastman was practising as a homeopathist. Mrs. Eddy recommended Dr. Eastman to her students as an authority to be consulted on "instrumental surgery" which was not taught in the Metaphysical College. He was dean of the "Bellevue Medical College" later closed as a fraudulent institution. Dr. Eastman seems to have merely appropriated his title of M. D. He was several times arrested, and served a five-year sentence for performing a criminal operation.

Mrs. Manley, who remained with Mrs. Eddy in the house for a week after Mr. Eddy's death, has told of Mrs. Eddy's grief. She says that Mrs. Eddy was almost crushed by this experience, and recalls how the next day Mrs. Eddy came downstairs and finding her alone in the hall, "put her head on my shoulder and wept," saying, "I feel there is something in your heart that understands what is in mine." Mrs. Manley had suffered a recent bereavement and Mrs. Eddy felt that she "would not dare to give way to grief before the other students." Again and again Mrs. Eddy said to her, "Dear Gilbert, I could be happy with him in a hut if I could only have the dear one back, but God means that I shall rely on Him alone."

Within a few hours after Mr. Eddy's death, Mrs. Eddy had summoned Dr. Noyes, and requested him to perform an autopsy. It was her belief that the autopsy would show traces of arsenic, or rather, the physical effects of arsenic which, although "mentally administered," would be the same as if produced by the actual drug. Dr. Noyes performed the autopsy and reported that Mr. Eddy had died from an organic disease of the heart. Mrs. Eddy was not convinced, and although Dr. Noyes exhibited the heart to her, pointing out and explaining its condition and defects, she still held to her original belief that mesmerism had caused the death.

3

Mr. Eddy had died early on Saturday morning, and on Sunday Mrs. Eddy gave out the following interview which appeared in the Boston *Post* on Monday, June 5th.

"My husband's death was caused by malicious mesmerism. Dr. C. J. Eastman, who attended the case after it had taken an alarming turn, declares the symptoms to be the same as those of arsenical poisoning. On the other hand, Dr. Rufus K. Noyes, late of the City Hospital, who held an autopsy over the body to-day, affirms that the corpse is free from all material poison, although Dr. Eastman still holds to his original belief. I know it was poison that killed him, no material poison, but mesmeric poison. My husband was in uniform health, and but seldom complained of any kind of ailment. During his brief illness, just preceding his death, his continual cry was, 'Only relieve me of this continual suggestion, through the mind, of poison, and I will recover.' It is well known that by constantly dwelling upon any subject in thought finally comes the poison of belief through the whole system. . . . I never saw a more self-possessed man than dear Dr. Eddy was. He said to Dr. Eastman, when he was finally called to attend him: 'My case is nothing that I cannot attend to myself, although to me it acts the same as poison and seems to pervade my whole system just as that would.'

"This is not the first case known of where death has occurred from what appeared to be poison, and was so declared by the attending physician, but in which the body, on being thoroughly examined by an autopsy, was shown to possess no signs of material poison. There was such a case in New York. Everyone at first declared poison to have been the cause of death, as the symptoms were all there; but an autopsy contradicted the belief, and it was shown that the victim had had no opportunity for procuring poison. I afterwards learned that she had been very active in advocating the merits of our college. Oh, isn't it terrible, that this fiend of malpractice is in the land! The only remedy that is effectual in meeting this terrible power possessed by the evil-minded is to counteract it by

the same method that I use in counteracting poison. They require the same remedy. Circumstances debarred me from taking hold of my husband's case. He declared himself perfectly capable of carrying himself through, and I was so entirely absorbed in business that I permitted him to try, and when I awakened to the danger it was too late. I have cured worse cases before, but took hold of them in time. I don't think that Dr. Carpenter had anything to do with my husband's death, but I do believe it was the rejected students—students who were turned away from our college because of their unworthiness and immorality. To-day I sent for one of the students whom my husband had helped liberally, and given money, not knowing how unworthy he was. I wished him to come, that I might prove to him how, by metaphysics, I could show the cause of my husband's death. He was as pale as a ghost when he came to the door, and refused to enter, or to believe that I knew what caused his death. Within half an hour after he left, I felt the same attack that my husband felt—the same that caused his death. I instantly gave myself the same treatment that I would use in a case of arsenical poisoning, and so I recovered, just the same as I could have caused my husband to recover had I taken the case in time. After a certain amount of mesmeric poison has been administered it cannot be averted. No power of mind can resist it. It must be met with resistive action of the mind at the start, which will counteract it. We all know that disease of any kind cannot reach the body except through the mind, and that if the mind is cured the disease is soon relieved. Only a few days ago I disposed of a tumour in twenty-four hours that the doctors had said must be removed by the knife. I changed the course of the mind to counteract the effect of the disease. This proves the myth of matter. Mesmerism will make an apple burn the hand so that the child will cry. My husband never spoke of death as something we were to meet, but only as a phase

of mortal belief. . . . I do believe in God's supremacy over error, and this gives me peace. I do believe, and have been told, that there is a price set upon my head. One of my students, a malpractitioner, has been heard to say that he would follow us to the grave. He has already reached my husband. While my husband and I were in Washington and Philadelphia last winter, we were obliged to guard against poison, the same symptoms apparently at my husband's death constantly attending us. And yet the one who was planning the evil against us was in Boston the whole time. To-day a lady, active in forwarding the good of our college, told me that she had been troubled almost constantly with arsenical poison symptoms, and is now treating them constantly as I directed her. Three days ago one of my patients died, and the doctor said he died from arsenic, and yet there were no material symptoms of poison." [3]

"It should be remembered," says Miss Wilbur in the Authorized Life, "that this happened in the early days of Christian Science practice and at a time when Mrs. Eddy was just awakening to the pernicious mental influence of hate." [4]

4

Of this phase of Mrs. Eddy's psychology, alienists, psycho-analysts, and all manner of theorists have had their say. The implications are plain even to the layman's eye; the phrases "defense mechanism" and "persecution complex" have a pale and academic look in the narrative of Mary Baker Eddy's life.

To all the explanations offered, this biographer has

[3] The Dr. Carpenter referred to was a well known hyponotist who often gave public exhibitions in Boston.

[4] Sibyl Wilbur, *The Life of Mary Baker Eddy*, p. 280.

but a single suggestion to add. The years in which the obsession of evil, and the delusion of persecution (for obsession and delusion they certainly were) fastened themselves upon Mrs. Eddy's mind, and became embedded in the doctrine of her church, comprised the climacteric of her physical life—a period known as the dangerous age to all women, and doubly so to a woman already neurotic and unstable of temperament and health, as Mrs. Eddy was. And although the delusions did not leave her in her later life (proving often as convenient as they were painful), it is to be noted here that it was not until she had reached her sixties that Mrs. Eddy cohered her forces, gathered about her a powerful organization, and built her church.

5

Immediately upon her husband's death, Mrs. Eddy had summoned her strongest supporters to confer upon what should be done. In Cincinnati, Arthur Buswell had received her telegram on the day of Mr. Eddy's death. "Come to 569 Columbus Ave. immediately." Leaving for Boston at once, he had arrived at the Columbus Avenue house in time for the funeral. There he had found Mrs. Eddy surrounded by her faithful women, but driving her pen with ruthless energy against her grief and fear, crying out that this was the end, that the demons had triumphed, and that she herself must presently succumb to the enemy. "The light of truth was to be put out and the world would begin again its dreary vigil of centuries." [5]

[5] In a letter of a later period written to her son, Mrs. Eddy reproaches him with the fact that she had sent for him at the time of her husband's death, and he had failed to come.

So near was Mrs. Eddy to the breaking point that Arthur Buswell counseled a change of scene and rest. He offered to take her to his old family home at Barton in the mountains of Vermont. This arrangement was carried out, and Mrs. Eddy, taking with her a young girl, Alice Sibley, as companion, and accompanied by Arthur Buswell, left Boston for Vermont where she spent the remainder of the summer in the Buswell family home.

"I have never found a kindlier people," she wrote to her cherished friend Clara Choate. "I am situated as pleasantly as I can be in the absence of the one true heart that has been so much to me. O, darling, I never shall master this point of missing him all the time, but I can try, and am trying as I must—to sever all the cords that bind me to person or things material."

Mr. Buswell recounts the story of Mrs. Eddy's trip to Vermont and of her condition after their arrival. She was, he said, in a highly nervous state, often bordering upon hysteria, and night after night he was called from his sleep to treat her for acute attacks. "But, however ill she might have been the night before, each day found her planning for the future of her church and college, arranging for lectures to be given by students, looking about for new practitioners, and tirelessly devising means to extend the movement." As Mrs. Longyear graphically puts it, "After a night of agony, she would emerge from her struggle with a radiant face and luminous eyes, and they would hesitate to speak to her for fear of disturbing the peace which enveloped her."

Contending with the Devil by night, she sang praises

to God all day. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

By the middle of July she was giving a public lecture in Barton, and writing to Clara Choate, "Hold the Fort, for I am coming. Be wise as a serpent and harmless as the doves that are cooing over my window. I hope my forty days in the wilderness are about over."

She returned to Boston early in October, and a letter written to an absent student after a few weeks of intense activity ends upon this triumphant note. "The ship of Science is again mounting the waves, rising above the billows, bidding defiance to the floodgates of error, for God is at the helm."

PART FIVE

CHAPTER ONE

1

FIVE years after Asa Gilbert Eddy's death, five years after the establishment of Christian Science in Boston and the opening of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College on Columbus Avenue, Mrs. Eddy paid $40,000 for a residence on fashionable Commonwealth Avenue, her name was known in every city of the United States and many cities abroad, and the *Christian Science Journal* carried advertisements of nineteen Christian Science institutes and academies. And this was only the beginning of the great organization and the powerful church that followed it.

If it be thought that this certainly brilliant achievement was the result of five years of clear sailing, with the enemy routed and vanquished, and all storms magically quelled, it would be to forget that from the beginning Mary Baker Eddy had seemed to go forward in exact ratio to the resistance offered her. If she had no resistance, she invented it. If she had no enemies, she invented them. But in those five years there was no necessity to invent.

If it be thought that Mrs. Eddy's sudden rise to financial success may have been due to the acquisition of counselors wiser than herself, that idea too may be abandoned. Mrs. Eddy had become a rich woman before she acquired a single counselor worthy of the name. It was only in her later years when her interests

had become too vast to permit of her single management, that she delegated power to other hands and surrounded herself with a group of effective business men.

The success of Christian Science has been attributed by its enemies to the vast gullibility of the human race; by its defenders to the fact that it is the true science of being, that it has brought healing and prosperity to the lives of untold thousands, and restored the lost religion of Jesus Christ. By the rest of the world the success of Christian Science is said to be due to the almost uncanny shrewdness of Mrs. Eddy as a business woman.

The superstition of big business is proverbial. One hears business men exhibit a kind of awe when speaking of Mrs. Eddy's shrewdness. And her enemies, sincerely but a little naively shocked to discover in the record of a successful leader discrepancies between profession and practice, motive and event, grew almost hysterical in the contemplation of her wealth. "Schemer!" they cried, "Swindler! Thief!" And so added to the legend of her shrewdness in business affairs.

The fact is that Mrs. Eddy had a message which she set out to deliver to the world. On the way, and as a mere subsidiary occupation, an avocation as it were, she was forced to become a business woman, an organizer, a strategist. She went at business with the simplicity and direction of a child. When she found herself in a tight place, she extricated herself by the natural wile and secret diplomacy of a child. In later years, she discovered that she had not been far wrong in her methods, and so with a few added devices, which she called "circuitous and novel ways," continued to build up her reputation as a business woman of genius and acumen.

Seeking, as ever Mrs. Eddy's own word upon the secret of her early financial success, we find it at once: "I wrote *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures,* and taught students for a tuition of three hundred dollars each."

After which, with a burst of pardonable pride not unmixed with excitement at the memory, she says:

> "It was thus that I earned the means with which to start a Christian Science Home for the poor worthy student, to establish a Metaphysical College, to plant our first magazine, to purchase the site for a church edifice, to give my church *The Christian Science Journal,* and to keep 'the wolves in sheep's clothing,' preying upon my pearls, from clogging the wheels of Christian Science." [1]

It was, as you see, perfectly simple after all.

2

When, in the fall of 1882, following the debacle of Mr. Eddy's death, Mrs. Eddy came down from her summer's rest and recuperation in the mountains to reopen her Metaphysical College and begin her work again, the iron had entered her soul. Hereafter nothing should stand in her way. Her plans were laid. She had come back into the very stronghold of the enemy. Richard Kennedy and Daniel Spofford were both intrenched in Boston, and within a stone's throw of Mrs. Eddy's house Edward Arens was carrying on a "college" of his own and building up his practice, or "malpractice" as Mrs. Eddy conceived it to be. But no one of these disaffected students, nor any of their followers, could compete with Mrs. Eddy in publicity. No one

[1] Miscellany, p. 215.

of them had her power of personal persuasion, her eloquence, or her effectiveness in public speech. Mental healing was new to the public. It furnished a topic of conversation in the Boston of those days. Elsewhere it had come to be known as "the Boston craze." Mary Baker Eddy had begun it. The book, *Science and Health,* was the work available for all those interested to know what the new craze was about; and the book bore Mary Baker Eddy's name. The men already practising in Boston were known to have been her students. Now that Mrs. Eddy herself had opened her college in Boston many new students sought the instruction at its source.

The Leader took no patients. Beginning with the second edition of 1878, *Science and Health* bore the announcement that the author "took no patients" and was not to be consulted on diseases, as she was "not now laboring in that department." [2]

The Sunday services of the Church of Christ (Scientist) were held in Chickering Hall on Tremont Street, and many who listened to the Reverend Mary B. G. Eddy preach on Sunday, came to receive the instruction of "Professor Eddy" at the college on Columbus Avenue.

3

Upon her return to Boston, Mrs. Eddy had moved from the house at 569 Columbus Avenue (probably to

[2] Mrs. Eddy's refusal to practise naturally resulted in much criticism, even among her own students. In a "Questions and Answers" department of the *Journal,* conducted under her own name, the April, 1885, issue has this query and her reply:

"Has Mrs. Eddy lost her power to heal?

"Has the sun forgotten to shine and the planets to revolve around it? Who was it discovered, demonstrated, and teaches Christian Science?"

escape the malicious animal magnetism directed toward it at the time of Mr. Eddy's death), and now occupied the house next door, No. 571, with a small group of students who made up the community household.

The new headquarters were plainly furnished, and each resident student contributed his share toward the expenses of the house. The parlors on the main floor were fitted as lecture and consultation rooms, and certain hours were set apart for each student practitioner to receive his patients.

Here Mrs. Eddy held her classes, carried on the business of her movement, and here she and her students were intrenched against the enemy, and the household practitioners met daily to treat against the diabolism of the mesmerists now felt to be more strongly than ever directed toward the Leader and the Cause.

Arthur Buswell was now Mrs. Eddy's chief male practitioner and advisor in business affairs. Calvin Frye, who had entered her employ never to leave it again while she lived, had charge of all the small practical affairs of the household.[3] He kept the books, did the marketing, ran errands for Mrs. Eddy, employed the servants, and devoted himself to the Leader and her cause with a singleness of purpose which continued through the years to follow, and won for him a place in the Leader's confidence and so powerful a position in her household and her life that it came to be said in her later years that their positions were reversed, that Mrs. Eddy came under the control of Calvin Frye and took orders from him as he had once taken them from her.

[3] On her way down from Vermont Mrs. Eddy had telegraphed her student Calvin Frye, then at Andover, to meet her. He joined her on the train at Andover, and went on to Boston to take his place as a member of the household.

Calvin Frye succeeded in becoming the most enigmatic figure in the history of the Christian Science Church. Whether his character was so simple as to be an enigma, or so complex that it was incomprehensible, no one will ever know. Soft-footed, silent, suave, he entered Mrs. Eddy's household in 1882, and soft-footed, silent, suave, he moved through the rooms of the vast mansion at Chestnut Hill on the day of Mrs. Eddy's death. It was said that for twenty-five years Calvin Frye had never been outside the call of Mrs. Eddy's voice. Coachman, footman, secretary, bodyguard, and errandboy,—no task and no position was too menial for him to assume. Dark powers have been attributed to him. It was said that he came to wield an evil, hypnotic control over Mrs. Eddy, that under his calm exterior he plotted to seize control of her fortune and her church. It has also been said that Mrs. Eddy held Calvin Frye under her hypnotic control. When two people exhibit the symptoms of being mutually hypnotized, we are certainly faced with the conclusion that each has hypnotized himself. But all these stories are out of the later years.

Calvin Frye was the son of a scholarly father who had graduated from Harvard in the same class with Emerson, Edward Loring and Francis Cabot, but later fell upon misfortune and an illness which left him lame and incapacitated for active life. He thereafter kept a small grocery store, and married Lydia Barnard, who bore him four children and presently became insane, remaining so, except for a few brief intervals, until her death at an advanced age. She pleaded to be cared for at home, and for twelve years was the charge of Calvin's widowed sister, Lydia Frye Roaf. Calvin was married at 21, but his wife died within the year.

It was through the mother's illness that Lydia Roaf and her brother Calvin came in contact with Christian Science. Mrs. Roaf had called in a practitioner and for a time the miracle of the mother's recovery seemed to have been accomplished. Both Lydia Roaf and Calvin became ardent students of Christian Science and later members of Mrs. Eddy's household.[4]

Calvin had learned the machinist's trade and was working in a machine shop in North Andover when Mrs. Eddy sent for him to permanently take his place in the house. He was then 37 years of age, a short broad-shouldered man with a grave non-committal face, and certainly at that time presented merely the appearance of a calm, inarticulate, not too intelligent but entirely devoted disciple.

Mrs. Eddy had much need of so faithful a servitor who asked no questions, but did as he was told, for those were dangerous days. Now that she had come boldly back to face the enemy the diabolism that had caused Gilbert Eddy's death was directed against her life, and in spite of her most heroic efforts there were times when it seemed that the enemy must prevail. The demons had but to direct the malevolent power of their murderous thoughts toward her as she lay asleep in the dark watches of the night, and she would wake screaming with agony and fear.

And now Calvin Frye, as Gilbert Eddy had done in Lynn, would scurry through the halls and summon the students to treat against the enemy. When the Leader was at her worst the practitioners did not relax their labors for a moment during the night. One at a time,

[4] Lydia Roaf acted as Mrs. Eddy's housekeeper for a short time, after which she returned to her home and practised Christian Science until her death a few years later.

in two-hour shifts, they kept the watch. This arrangement became an established custom, and existed during the Leader's illnesses until the end of her life. In her last years the "watches" were continually kept.

4

Whatever the cause, or however imaginary the illnesses of Mrs. Eddy were, her suffering and mental agony were both intense and real. From the descriptions, many of these attacks appear to have been of exactly the same nature as the attacks she had suffered in her youth,—sometimes cataleptic, sometimes convulsive, and always hysterical. (For the last ten years of her life she suffered from gall stones, which caused frequent acute seizures of devastating pain.)

The reports that Mrs. Eddy resorted to the use of morphine to quiet the pain in these attacks, and that, in fact, she never ceased to rely upon the drug when her pain was more than she could bear, were in constant circulation during her life. These reports were heatedly denied by Mrs. Eddy, and have continued to be denied by the spokesmen of her church. But within the last few years the facts have become so well known that denial is no longer possible, and through the efforts of Mr. John V. Dittemore, who was at one time a member of the Board of Directors of the Mother Church but later organized with Mrs. Annie C. Bill the schism known as "The Christian Science Parent Church of the New Generation," [5] an admission has been forced from the

[5] This church, originally acknowledging Mrs. Eddy as source, and *Science and Health* as authority, held that metaphysical healing should cooperate with the medical profession. In 1929 the organization disavowed Mrs. Eddy, and in April, 1930, discarded even the name Christian Science. It is now "The Church of The Universal Design."

Directors of the Mother Church. In the *Christian Science Journal* of March, 1929, the Board of Directors issued the following reluctant and carefully worded statement:

> "As we are informed, Mrs. Eddy did not, at any time after 1866, believe in the use of any drug as a curative agent in connection with the practice of Christian Science. Nor did she, at any time after she became a Christian Scientist, either use a drug or allow one to be used for her, except as she employed, in a few instances, an anaesthetic for the purpose of temporary relief from extreme pain."

It is said that Mrs. Eddy, having had the drug prescribed for her in her early illnesses, now often found herself unable to cope with the pain without it, and that although none but her closest students knew of its use, there was always one of her household sufficiently at her command to procure it for her when she demanded it. In the later years of her life Mrs. Eddy ordered that certain members of her household be professionally instructed in the giving of hypodermic injections.

Portions of a diary kept by Calvin Frye came into the possession of Mr. Dittemore when he was a director of the Mother Church, and many entries from this diary have been made public by Mr. Dittemore within the last two years.[6] Calvin Frye repeatedly noted in his diary the illness of Mrs. Eddy, the calling of various physicians, and the giving of hypodermic injections. On May 9th, 1910, Calvin Frye wrote:

> "Mr. Dickey last night told Mrs. Eddy that she shall not have any more morphine! She had for several days

[6] Certain entries thought to be too revealing for preservation in the archives of the church were removed from the diary at Calvin Frye's request just before his death. These portions of the diary were given by the executor of Frye's estate to John V. Dittemore, then a director of the church.

been suffering . . . but yesterday seemed normal and so having had hypodermic injections twice within a few days he believed she did not need it but that it was the old morphine habit reasserting itself and would not allow her to have it."

The suggestion contained in this entry is of great importance, since it lends weight to the many stories current during Mrs. Eddy's life that her use of the drug was not confined to necessity.

There is no disposition on the part of this biographer to repeat such tales with their highly colored implications merely for the sake of repetition. And certainly they are not needed to add color to a record already overloaded with melodramatic themes. The evidence of Mrs. Eddy's use of morphine is not offered as evidence against her. It is offered in her defense. Although the tales of her drug taking have been continually repeated, no one has suggested that it might explain or at least serve to palliate much that has been merely held against her as a personality.

It is clear that in her youth Mrs. Eddy's malady was not understood by the doctors who attended her. At that time in New England doctors resorted to morphine for quieting a patient's pain with what now seems to us appalling frequency. It was also used freely in patent medicines, and even the "soothing syrups," in popular use for children, were no more than disguised narcotics. Many innocent drug addicts were made in those days. If it were true that Mrs. Eddy struggled all her life against the habit, established in her youth, of taking morphine to combat the pain she feared, it would lift her temperamental instabilities into the realm of tragedy. Her sudden rages, her hysterias, delusions,

irrational accusations against her most valued friends, might thus be in some measure at least explained.

In the New York *World,* October 30, 1906, a childhood acquaintance of Mrs. Eddy's,—Mrs. Philbrook, wife of a Methodist clergyman, is quoted as saying:

> "I knew Mary Baker from the time she was fourteen. I knew of John Varney's being sent for to keep her from harming herself during her hysteria after taking morphine. It made her crazy. I myself have gone to get the Lang boy to rock Mary Baker."

The same issue of the *World* quotes Mrs. Miranda Rice, Mrs. Eddy's student and intimate friend for ten years in Lynn:

> "I was one of Mrs. Eddy's first converts and associates. I have treated her hundreds of times. Finally we could not support Mrs. Eddy's pretensions to evil powers. We resigned in a body. I was not able to subscribe to Mrs. Eddy's practices. When she received my resignation she came to my house and pounded on all three of the doors with a stone. She was wild. She sent me word she intended to have me arrested for deserting her.
>
> "I know that Mrs. Eddy was addicted to morphine in the seventies. She begged me to get some for her. She sent her husband Mr. Eddy for some, and when he failed to get it went herself and got it. She locked herself into her room and for two days excluded everyone. She was a slave to morphine."

It is quite true that many of these reports have come from disaffected students of Mrs. Eddy's, or from sources that cannot be said to be entirely friendly. But it is only by disaffected students or non-Christian Scientists that such stories could be told, since no Christian

Scientist would be permitted to tell them and remain within the fold.

Upon this point, as upon all others in her history, Mrs. Eddy's published writings may be called upon for evidence.

When in 1885 the reports of her use of morphine had gained currency, she published this statement in the *Journal:*

> "The opium falsehood has only this to it: Many years ago my regular physician prescribed morphine, which I took, when he could do no more for me. Afterwards, the glorious revelations of Christian Science saved me from that necessity and made me well, since which time I have not taken drugs, with the following exception: When the mental malpractice of poisoning people was first undertaken by a mesmerist, to test that malpractice I experimented by taking some large doses of morphine, to see if Christian Science could not obviate its effect; and I say with tearful thanks, 'The drug had no effect upon me whatever.' The hour has struck,—'If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them.' . . . I have neither purchased nor ordered a drug since my residence in Boston; and to my knowledge, not one has been sent to my house, unless it was something to remove stains or vermin." (*Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 248.)

A few years later in a general disclaimer of accusations brought against her by revolting students, she wrote:

> "To quench the growing flames of falsehood, once in about seven years I have to repeat this,—that I use no drugs whatever, not even coffea (coffee), thea (tea), capsicum (red pepper); though every day, and especially at dinner, I indulge in homeopathic doses of Natrum muriaticum (common salt).

"When I found myself under this new *régime* of medicine, the medicine of Mind, I wanted to satisfy my curiosity as to the effect of drugs on one who had lost all faith in them. Hence I tried several doses of medicine, and so proved to myself that drugs have no beneficial effect on an individual in a proper state of mind." (*Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 348.)

This can hardly be called evidence for the defense. Try as we may to be serious, Mrs. Eddy insists upon the comic relief.

Many references to opiates and to "morphia" in her works reveal a curious tendency to speak more gently of it than of other devices of mortal mind. For example, on page 415 of the current edition of *Science and Health:*

"Opiates do not remove the pain in any scientific sense. They only render mortal mind temporarily less fearful, till it can master an erroneous belief."

There are many such passages, and on the same page as the above quotation, Mrs. Eddy gives a description of the sensation of "etherization" that can hardly be improved upon.

"Etherization will apparently cause the body to disappear. Before the thoughts are fully at rest, the limbs will vanish from consciousness. Indeed, the whole frame will sink from sight along with surrounding objects, leaving the pain standing forth as distinctly as a mountain-peak, as if it were a separate bodily member. At last the agony also vanishes."

When she wrote of an actual experience, her style invariably improved. Evasion will disrupt the best of

styles. Mrs. Eddy's evasions are easily to be traced by those familiar with her written works.

In the later editions of *Science and Health* Mrs. Eddy gave her followers explicit permission for the use of opiates.

> "If from an injury or from any cause, a Christian Scientist were seized with pain so violent that he could not treat himself mentally,—and the Scientists had failed to relieve him,—the sufferer could call a surgeon, who would give him a hypodermic injection, then, when the belief of pain was lulled, he could handle his own case mentally. Thus it is that we 'prove all things; (and) hold fast that which is good.' " [7]

Again she writes:

> "If Christian Scientists ever fail to receive aid from other Scientists,—their brethren upon whom they may call,—God will guide them into the right use of temporary and eternal means."

The subject of Mrs. Eddy's use of morphine is brought into the narrative at this point with the same intent that prompts one to set a candle in the center of a room, in order that its light may be cast equally in all directions. Certainly these facts will sharply illumine the stories told of the hysterias and tempers of the young Mrs. Glover in her first widowhood, as well as many stories of her later life which, without this light, have seemed to lack some element of verisimilitude. It casts a tragic ray upon those nights of agony when she wrestled with the demons for her life.

[7] Current edition, p. 464.

CHAPTER TWO

1

In April of 1883, exactly a year after the opening of Mrs. Eddy's college in Boston, two major forces were added to the Christian Science movement. Both of these were of powerful and far-reaching effect. They would seem almost of equal importance in the history of Christian Science and Mary Baker Eddy. The first was the launching of the *Christian Science Journal,* the beginning of that tremendous tide of publicity for Christian Science that was later to flow out from Boston to the remotest ends of the earth. The second was literally carried by the first, for the little eight-page monthly, bearing hope and the message of healing to far-away sick rooms and despairing homes, bore also the unmistakable news that on the Western shore of the Atlantic a wonder and a miracle had appeared. The divine revelation had once more been vouchsafed to a mortal. Christian Science, by which the sick were healed, the dead revived, and sin cast out, was a revelation from God.

Although the first issue of the *Journal* carried a "prospectus" in which Mrs. Eddy averred that "we shall claim no especial gifts from our divine origin, or any supernatural power," the gifts and powers were readily claimed for her by her followers, and the succeeding

issues of the *Journal* are filled with contributions apostrophizing her as "God's messenger to this age," and drawing the parallel between her mission and that of Jesus Christ.

In that year the apotheosis of Mary Baker Eddy had begun.

2

The elements of this apotheosis which came to its completion within the next few years may be put down as follows:

First,—That Christian Science was a direct revelation from God to Mary Baker Eddy, and that the revelation took place in Swampscott, a suburb of Lynn, Mass., in February, 1866. This claim is directly and explicitly made by Mrs. Eddy, by all canonical writers, and accepted by all loyal Christian Scientists.

Second,—That Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science were foretold in the Scriptures. This declaration is also directly made and believed by all loyal Christian Scientists. In 1885 Mrs. Eddy herself pointed out to her followers the chapter and verses of the prophecy. The first verse of the twelfth chapter of Revelation had, she announced, "special reference to the present age."

> "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

The effect of this revelation upon the faithful, and especially upon those who had never seen the Leader in the flesh, may easily be imagined. She was the Woman Clothed with the Sun, the Woman of the Apocalypse. Heretofore there had been only allusion,

suggestions, hints. Already the *Journal* had given them the suggestion in these words:

> "What a triumphant career is this for a woman! Can it be anything less than the 'tabernacle of God with men'—the fulfilment of the vision of the lonely seer on the Isle of Patmos—the 'wonder in heaven,' delivering the child which shall rule all nations? How dare we say to the contrary, that she is God-sent to the world, as much as any character of Sacred writ?" [1]

But now they could be sure. Her own hand had written it. In that year the "Key to the Scriptures" was added to *Science and Health,* with the chapter called "The Apocalypse" containing the prophecies in full. Even the Book was foretold.

> "And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire: and he had in his hand a little book open: and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth."

This from the tenth chapter of Revelation. "This angel or message which comes from God, clothed with a cloud, prefigures divine Science," writes Mrs. Eddy.

> "This angel had in his hand 'a little book,' open for all to read and understand. Did this same book contain the revelation of divine Science, the 'right foot' or dominant power of which was upon the sea,—upon elementary, latent error, the source of all errors, visible forms?"

But it is the twelfth chapter that "has a special

[1] *Christian Science Journal,* Nov., 1885.

suggestiveness in connection with the nineteenth century,"—the chapter foretelling the "great wonder in heaven," the Woman clothed with the Sun. This chapter is rich in prophecy.

As Jesus manifested the fatherhood of God, "so the Revelator completed this figure with woman, typifying the spiritual idea of God's motherhood." This idea of Christian Science as the manifestation of the feminine principle or "Motherhood of God" is strongly embedded in the doctrine of Mrs. Eddy's church. She was called and called herself "The Mother," and often "The Mother in Israel."

The feminine idea of God as given to the world by Mrs. Eddy in Christian Science was higher than the masculine idea as brought to the world by Jesus. This superiority came through the different "births" of the two ideas.

In the first appearance of "Christ or Truth" the corporeal birth of Jesus the man had somewhat dimmed the glory of the event.

> "When Christ, the incorporeal idea of God, was nameless, and a Mary knew not how to declare its spiritual origin, the idea of man was not understood." [2]

Many passages in Mrs. Eddy's works suggest that because of the Virgin Mary's inability to demonstrate the entirely spiritual Christ, Jesus "partook partly of Mary's earthly condition" and therefore his mission to the world in some measure failed.

To "The Mary of today" had been vouchsafed the only truly "immaculate birth." In Christian Science,

[2] *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 166.

Christ had been born into the world for the first time in purely spiritual form. Christian Science was Mrs. Eddy's spiritual child. This affirmation is met with many times in the canonical literature. In the more esoteric phases of Christian Science, the textbook *Science and Health* is held to be the seventeenth (though the number varies) incarnation of King David on this plane.

In the *Journal* of November, 1888 (the same month in which Mrs. Eddy adopted E. J. Foster), an article entitled "Immaculate Conception" appears which elaborates the idea of Christian Science as Mrs. Eddy's immaculate child:

> "Let us come in thought to another day, a day when woman shall commune with God, the eternal Principle and only Creator, and bring forth the spiritual idea. And what of *her* child? Man is spiritual, man is mental. Woman was the first in this day to recognize this and the other facts it includes. As a result of her communion we have Christian Science.
>
> "You may ask why this child did not come in human form, as did the child of old. Because that was not necessary. . . . As this age is more mental than former ages, so the appearance of the idea of Truth is more mental."

These ideas have been subject to some strange interpretations,—according to the light of the interpreters.[3]

[3] *Christ's Offspring or Spiritual Generation,* by Sibyl Marvin Huse (1921), written apparently to prove that Augusta Stetson is the second generation or Mrs. Eddy's spiritual heir, contains some remarkable expositions of the theory. "On and on the ceaseless, tireless Christ operated on the false conception, the material universe including mortals, until, the generative, *conceiving* organ of *Adam* which he called *Eve,* responded and,

It is always to be remembered that everything in Christian Science is subject to the interpretion of the "new tongue," but to this new tongue Mrs. Eddy herself, as well as her followers, often seemed to have lost the key. In her later years Mrs. Eddy, under criticism, often inveighed against "self-deification"; she even professed herself shocked by it, and wrote that she "considered it blasphemous." And, to be sure, she had never claimed that she was God. She had only claimed to be His messenger, and the Revelator of His word. She was so accustomed to God's voice that she could write quite naturally in the midst of a busy day, "God has just told me who to recommend as editor of the *Journal,*" as if merely transmitting orders from above. But here, too, we may recall that as she tells us, "God is the Anglo-Saxon word for Good," and therefore she may merely have meant that she had a "good" idea for the choice of editors. But in this particular instance she regretted her recommendation, and hurried a second letter after the first. "It is a mistake—he is not fit. It was not God evidently that suggested that thought but the person who suggests many things mentally but I have before been able to discriminate. I wrote too soon after it came to my thought."

Whatever was meant by the use of the words, whatever was meant by the prophecies, the Revelation and

to human sense, a woman, known as Mary Baker Eddy, being the point of least resistance to divine Mind, yielded to the universal solvent, divine Love, and became the scribe of the Spirit. . . ."

"The first born of Christ the beginning of the spiritual generation would naturally, necessarily, be a student of Mary Baker Eddy. And the first born would as logically be one student only. . . . As the Mother Church symbolized the divine motherhood of Christ, its first branch must evidence the true child, and must be of like nature, a building." (This is apparently Mrs. Stetson's New York church.)

the prophecies provided in those early days the most powerful of all stimulants for her Cause.

3

The claim of divine revelation was forced upon Mrs. Eddy by her denial of Phineas P. Quimby. It was forced upon her by the exigencies of her own strange logic which compelled her to complete a syllogism once she had assumed a premise from which she could proceed. She had not derived it from Quimby. She had not derived it from any mortal. Therefore it had come from God.

The first edition of *Science and Health* had made no claim to revelation. In her preface she had merely said, "We made our first discovery that science mentally applied would heal the sick, in 1864, and since then have tested it on ourselves and hundreds of others, and never found it fail to prove the statement herein made of it." She did not offer any explanation of the circumstances of that "first discovery" in 1864, but since it was in 1864 that she took up her "pupilage" under Quimby in Portland, and in that year made her first attempt at healing, and gave her first lectures on Quimby's theories, the implication of the date is clear.

But in the first year of her establishment in Boston, when she seemed at last on the road to success, the ghost of the long-dead Quimby rose up to confound her again.

4

In the Fall of 1882 Mr. Julius Dresser, Quimby's former patient, student, and close friend, had returned

to the East after some twelve years spent in California. Here he found Mrs. Eddy with her Metaphysical College established on Columbus Avenue claiming to be the "founder and discoverer" of the system of healing practised by Quimby many years before, and teaching that system now strangely overlaid and infused with her extraordinary doctrine of evil or malicious animal magnetism. Mr. Dresser had arrived in Boston only a few months after the death of Asa Gilbert Eddy and the publicity attendant upon Mrs. Eddy's claim that her husband's death was caused by "arsenical poisoning mentally administered" by the demonologists, who were no other than her own students now practising mental healing without the aid of the new doctrine of terror propounded by their teacher.

It will be remembered that it was Mr. Julius Dresser who had received Mrs. Eddy (then Mrs. Patterson) on her arrival at Quimby's office in Portland; that it was he who had given her the copy of the *Questions and Answers* manuscript, and that it was Mr. Dresser to whom Mrs. Patterson wrote two weeks after the fall on the ice in Lynn, asking his aid, and enclosing a copy of her poem "Lines on the Death of Dr. P. P. Quimby, Who Healed with the Truth that Christ Taught in Contradistinction to All Isms."

Early in February a letter signed "A. O." appeared in the Boston *Post,* entitled "The Founder of the Mental Method of Treating Disease," in which facts concerning Quimby acquired from "a gentleman who owed his life to the wisdom of that good man," obviously Mr. Dresser, were set forth, the existence of Quimby's writings referred to, and the suggestion made without naming Mrs. Eddy that the system of mental healing now

being taught in Boston was derived directly from Quimby, although the "wheat thus obtained is now mixed with a great quantity of chaff."

On February 19th a letter signed "E. G." and purporting to be written by a former patient of Quimby's but bearing a startling likeness to Mrs. Eddy's style, appeared in the *Post* with the assertion that Quimby had been a mesmerist and "magnetic doctor" whose treatment consisted solely of manipulation and rubbing, that he was "very successful in many cases of lameness"; that he had no theory of healing, always evaded the subject of how he healed, had never had any pupils and had never been heard to say that he healed by a mental method. The writer then states that Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, the founder and discoverer of Christian Science and president of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College had discovered mental healing in Massachusetts in 1866.

On February 23rd, Julius Dresser himself, roused by the tone of this communication, published in the same paper a refutation of the assertions concerning Quimby's practice, branded them as deliberate falsehoods, and "called as witness the Mrs. Eddy referred to" by printing in full her letter written to him two weeks after the fall on the ice in Lynn.

The "Quimby controversy" had begun.

Exactly two weeks elapsed before Mrs. Eddy, always so ready with her statements to the press, could determine upon her reply. The publication of the letter to Julius Dresser, in the light of the claims she had made, was a serious embarrassment. Silence as a method of defense did not occur to her. She was a woman of action and something must be done. What went on in

her mind during those two weeks we can but guess. We have only her letter of March 7th to the Boston *Post* as evidence of her state of mind. With a brave show of indifference she begins: "We give our first leisure to reply to the false allegements appearing in a letter of J. A. Dresser in your issue of the 24th ult.," and continues with a long statement in her characteristic vein as to the difficulties encountered in founding "what is new and abstract such as Christian Science," when "ignorance and malice have thrown in our way implements of their own calculated to retard our work."

The letter occupies a column and a half of close print:

> "We had laid the foundations of mental healing before we ever saw Dr. Quimby; were an homeopathist without a diploma, owing to our aversion to the dissecting room. We made our first experiments in mental healing about 1853, when we were convinced that mind had a science, which, if understood, would heal all diseases; we were then investigating that science, but never saw Dr. Q. until 1862. . . . We never were a student of Dr. Quimby's, and Mr. Dresser knows that Dr. Q never had students to our knowledge. He was a humanitarian, but a very unlearned man; he never published a work in his life; was not a lecturer or teacher. He was somewhat of a remarkable healer, and at the time we knew him he was known as a mesmerist. We were one of his patients. He manipulated his patients, but possibly back of his practice he had a theory in advance of his method and, as we now understand it, and have since discovered, he mingled that theory with mesmerism. We knew him about 20 years ago, and aimed to help him. We saw he was looking in our direction and asked him to write his thoughts out. He did so, and then we would take that copy to correct, and, sometimes,

so transform it that he would say it was our composition, which it virtually was, but we always gave him back the copy and, sometimes, wrote his name on the back of it. We defended Dr. Q. from unmerited scorn, asserted in public that his practice was not mesmerism, for we so believed it, then, being utterly ignorant of the nature, theory or practice of mesmerism. . . . We have no doubt that Dr. Q's motives were good, for we understood him to be a moral man.

"The malpractitioners, whose hidden crimes we have endeavored to expose, may put the burden of introducing plagiarisms to stop the circulation of our books on the shoulders of the new party, viz.: J. A. Dresser, but they cannot hide the malice aforethought through which they are seeking to wrest from us the public confidence and so disarm our ability to warn and forearm the people against what we have seen of their crimes, the danger of mesmerism and its power to kill some individuals. Nor can they silence many witnesses to some of their mental murders, which the general ignorance of this subject has hitherto prevented being duly investigated. It is not many years since one of these malpractitioners prosecuted another one for attempting, through mesmerism, to destroy the life of a lady in Ipswich. But the plaintiff in that case, since accused of the same crime, now avoids the question of mesmerism and malpractice. . . . The private letter from a lady which the gentleman (?), Mr. Dresser, has on exhibition, was written under the following circumstances:

"At Swampscott, Mass., in 1866, we recovered in a moment of time from a severe accident, considered fatal by the regular physicians, and regained the internal action that had stopped, and the use of our limbs that were palsied. To us this demonstration was the opening of the new era of Christian Science. We then gained a proof that the principle or life of man is a divine intelligence and power which, understood, can heal all diseases, and reveals

the basis of man's immortality. The falling state referred to was a state of mind, and there are living witnesses to our health at that time—we were never as well before in our life; it was but a timid hope that we referred to; a trembling explorer in the great realm of mental causation, where evil is more apparent, and good more divine. We sought for once the encouragement of one we believed friendly, also with whom we had conversed on Dr. Q's method of healing, and when we said to him, 'it is a mystery,' he replied to the effect that he believed no one but the Doctor himself knew how he healed. But lo! after we have founded mental healing, and nearly 20 years have elapsed, during which we have taught some 600 students and published five or six thousand volumes on this subject, already circulated in the United States and Europe, the aforesaid gentleman announces to the public, Dr. Quimby, the founder of mental healing. . . .

"We shall not descend to notice any further falsehoods through the press, since there is so much good we can do, we cannot afford to sacrifice our time."

The controversy thus begun continued through many years, with the Quimby supporters reiterating calmly their statements concerning Quimby's practice and his theories (for which the reader is referred to the earlier chapters of this book), and with Mrs. Eddy attempting to counteract these statements with increasingly desperate denials, repudiations and contradictory assertions in print.

In 1887, four years after the controversy had begun in the Boston *Post,* Julius Dresser published a pamphlet entitled "The True History of Mental Science," in which he set forth in detail the history of Mrs. Eddy's connection with Quimby, and reprinted her contributions to the Portland *Courier* at the time she was

Quimby's patient. Those contributions from her own pen were a sad blow to Mrs. Eddy's claims, for in them she had stoutly maintained all of the positions now held by the Quimby defenders, and more.[4]

But she had carried her denials so far that retreat was impossible. The *Christian Science Journal* for June, 1887, appeared with its leading article ten pages long called "Mind-Healing History" by Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, in which she reaffirms all of her claims, denounces Mr. Dresser who, she says, "has loosed from the leash his pet poodle, to alternately bark and whine at my heels"; denounces Quimby as a mesmerist, whose "healing was never considered or called anything but mesmerism," dcelaring that she had "never heard him intimate that he healed disease mentally," or make any explanation at all of his method of healing. "Mr. Quimby never, to my knowledge, taught that matter was mind; and he never intimated to me that he healed mentally, or by the aid of Mind." Referring to a former student of her own, now apparently gone over to the Quimby supporters, she calls him "that suckling litterateur, Mr. Marston, whom I taught, and whose life I saved three years ago, but who now squeaks out an echo of Mr. Dresser's abuse."

Fortified by this last stunning denunciation of a subsdiary character in the drama, she is ready for her own ingenious and extraordinary defense of her Portland *Courier* articles.

> "Did I write those articles in Mr. Dresser's pamphlet purporting to be mine? I might have written them, twenty or thirty years ago, for I was under the mesmeric treat-

[4] See Chapter I, Part III, for these articles in full.

ment of Dr. Quimby from 1862 until his death, in 1865. He was illiterate, and I knew nothing then of the Science of Mind healing; and I was as ignorant of mesmerism as Eve, before she was taught by the serpent. Mind-science was unknown to me; and my head was so turned by Animal Magnetism and will-power, under his treatment, that I might have written something as hopelessly incorrect as the articles now published in the Dresser pamphlet."

5

This highly fanciful explanation was received without question by those of Mrs. Eddy's followers who were not, in their turn, under the influence of mesmerism. Nor did the faithful perceive in the further statements of the same article the slightest inconsistency.

Having said that she "knew nothing then of the science of Mind-healing," and "Mind-science was unknown to me," Mrs. Eddy followed a few pages further on with this statement:

"As long ago as 1844 I was convinced that mortal mind produced all disease, and that the various medical systems were in no proper sense Scientific. In 1862, when I first visited Mr. Quimby, I was proclaiming—to druggists, spiritualists, and mesmerists—that Science must govern all healing."

She had made various shifts in the date of her discovery, having said in the Boston *Post,* '83, "We made our first experiments in mental healing about 1853." In order to prove that her discovery of Christian Science by revelation had taken place after Quimby's death, it was necessary for her to declare that she knew nothing of it at the time of her contact with Quimby, and so was

deceived by him. But in order to prove that she was superior to Quimby, and that he was in effect her pupil and not she his, it was necessary to declare that she knew about Mind-science and had practised it many years before. The shifting of dates is really unimportant, since the fact of her derivation from and debt to Quimby is clear to any mind not already so practised in denials that no evidence can be received.

Disregarding all of the evidence in the controversy, disregarding even the authenticity of the Quimby manuscripts, there are still the extensive articles printed in New England newspapers prior to Mrs. Eddy's contact with Quimby to be accounted for. Surely there can be no claim here of Mrs. Eddy's authorship. Yet these articles alone concerning Quimby's theory and practice are sufficient to establish the debt.[5]

6

In the first year of the controversy, 1883, Mrs. Eddy brought suit for infringement of copyright against Edward J. Arens, who was still distributing his pamphlet *"Theology or the Understanding of God as Applied to Healing the Sick,"* with its copious extracts from *Science and Health.* Arens had seized upon the Quimby controversy with avidity, and hearing of the Quimby writings claimed as his defense that *Science and Health* was itself a plagiarism of Quimby's manuscripts. No such claim had been made by the Quimby supporters, their contention being simply that Mrs.

[5] The reader is referred to Chapter Two, Part II, for excerpts from the articles. Other newspaper articles of the same period are reprinted in Annetta G. Dresser's *The Philosophy of P. P. Quimby.*

Eddy had derived her theory of spiritual healing and her essential phraseology from Quimby.

But Edward Arens rushed with his usual precipitation into court. He had sought to persuade George Quimby, Quimby's son, to allow him to produce the Quimby manuscripts at the trial. This George Quimby very sensibly refused to do. His father's manuscripts had never been copyrighted, while *Science and Health* was, of course, covered by copyright in Mrs. Eddy's name. Arens naturally lost his case, and was restrained from further distribution of his pamphlet. This was afterward held by Mrs. Eddy to have "legally settled" once and for all her debt to the Quimby manuscripts.

In preparation for this suit against Arens, Mrs. Eddy, fearing perhaps that Arens might produce the Quimby manuscripts in court, made an effort to secure an affidavit from her old friend of the Quimby period, Mrs. Sarah Crosby. She sent an attorney to Waterville, Me., with a letter to Mrs. Crosby, couched in the most affectionate terms. Addressing her as "My dear Sister Sarah," and explaining that she had wanted to see her personally but that it was impossible for her to leave home and so she was sending the bearer of the note, she says:

> "Two nights ago I had a sweet dream of *Albert* and the dear face was so familiar, Oh how I loved him! and in the morning a thought popped into my head to ask Sarah to help me in this very trying hour."

This at once recalls to the reader, as it was meant to recall to Mrs. Crosby, the spirit friendship between Albert Baker and Mrs. Crosby and the messages delivered through Mrs. Patterson. After explaining that

she had been compelled to sue a student for infringement of copyright and that the student had "published the falsehood that I stole my works from the late Dr. Quimby, when everything I ever have published has been written or edited by me as spontaneously as I teach or lecture," she comes to her request:

> "Now dear one, I want you to tell this man, the bearer of this note, that you know that Dr. Quimby and I were friends and that I used to take his scribblings and fix them over for him and give him my thoughts and language which as I understood it, were far in advance of his.
>
> "Will you do this and give an affidavit to this effect and greatly oblige your Affectionate Sister Mary."

This letter failed to have the desired effect. In an affidavit secured many years later by Georgine Milmine, Mrs. Crosby said:

> "I read the foregoing appeal for help from said Mrs. Patterson, then Eddy, and as it was clearly a request that I should make oath to what was not true, I informed the attorney that I should not make the affidavit asked by his client, as it would not be a true statement. He then threatened to summon me to the trial, but I think I made him understand that I would not be a desirable witness on his side of the case. He thereupon departed, and I was not summoned to testify. And since that interview, I have only a public knowledge of said Mrs. Patterson Eddy." [6]

One hardly knows whether to pity, censure or cheer

[6] Milmine, *Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy,* pp. 99, 100, 101. The letter quoted above is given in full in Mrs. Crosby's affidavit, which also contains the statement of the theories taught by Quimby as understood by Mrs. Crosby during her stay in Portland; "The same teaching about Truth and Error and matter and disease, the same method of curing disease by Truth casting out Error, the same claim that it was the method adopted by Jesus."

Mrs. Eddy at this point. It is plain to be seen by what difficult means the "originality" of Christian Science has been established. It seems a pity that she took her derivation so seriously. Her denial of Quimby would appear to be the great mistake of her life. Yet without it, without the claim of revelation, without the uniquely inspired religion, she might never have built her church.

> "Even the Scriptures gave no direct interpretation of the scientific basis for demonstrating the Spiritual Principle of healing, until our heavenly Father saw fit, through the Key to the Scriptures in Science and Health, to unlock this 'mystery of godliness.' " [7]

7

Throughout the whole controversy George Quimby exhibited the utmost temperance and dignity, steadily refusing to allow the manuscripts in his possession to go out of his hands, and asserting that he would not allow them to be published until after Mrs. Eddy's death. Mrs. Eddy had not published her book until after Quimby's death, and now with her repeated claim that there were no Quimby manuscripts other than those she herself had written and left with Quimby many years before, George Quimby knew only too well what her charge would be. He remained quietly in the background, allowing others to carry on the controversy, issuing statements only occasionally, indulging in much good-natured but quietly scathing Yankee humor at Mrs. Eddy's expense, and only now and then permitting his indignation to come through when Mrs. Eddy's charges about his father carried her too far. Some of

[7] *Retrospection and Introspection*, p. 57.

her statements regarding Quimby were condescending in the extreme. She repeatedly asserted that she had been Quimby's "only defender," and that he had said to her, "You have made me all I am in Portland."

When Mrs. Eddy published a notice in a Boston newspaper offering to "pay the cost of printing and publishing the first edition of those manuscripts with the author's name," with the proviso that "I be allowed first to examine said manuscripts and do find that they were his (Quimby's) own composition, and not mine, that were left with him many years ago, or that they have not since his death, in 1865, been stolen from my published works," George Quimby ignored the offer, and allowed Mrs. Eddy to make what capital she might of his silence.

Julius Dresser repeatedly urged George Quimby to allow the publication of his father's manuscripts, but he stood firm in his decision, allowing only a few excerpts to be published during the years that the controversy raged. Although much was written, and several books published on Quimby's work and theories, the complete Quimby manuscripts were not issued in book form until after the death of both George Quimby and Julius Dresser, when in 1921 the manuscripts, then in the possession of George Quimby's widow, were edited and published by Mr. Horatio W. Dresser, son of Julius Dresser.[8]

The evidence in the Quimby controversy is voluminous. It has been set forth at length by Georgine

[8] For statements by George Quimby, see Appendix to *The Quimby Manuscripts*. George Quimby wished it understood that "Eddyism was not Quimbyism." "The religion which she teaches is certainly *hers*," he wrote, "for which I cannot be too thankful. . . . That she got her inspiration and ideas from father is beyond question. . . . Had there been no Dr. Quimby there would have been no Mrs. Eddy."

Milmine in her *Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy and History of Christian Science,* and in Horatio W. Dresser's *The Quimby Manuscripts,* and any most cursory examination of the records will produce a dozen additional bits of testimony as to the facts. Enough only has been given here to establish the basis and outline of the controversy, and to give the tone and temper of Mrs. Eddy's response to the clearly unanswerable charge.

From the time when Mrs. Eddy first saw that a denial of Quimby would be necessary to support her claim as discoverer she had begun to advance the date of her recovery from the fall on the ice in Lynn two weeks after Quimby's death to first place in her chronology. In the first edition of *Science and Health* (1875, nine years after the date now claimed as that of her "revelation"), she mentions the occasion of the fall and her subsequent recovery quite casually on page 343, referring to it with no more emphasis than is placed upon a number of such incidents; indeed the emphasis is less than that placed upon her recovery from chronic dyspepsia. Yet today one may read the most stirring accounts of the revelation in Lynn. They are included in all the canonical works, in *Science and Health,* in Mrs. Eddy's autobiography, and she states and restates the circumstances of her revelation in many of her other works.

The version given in the Authorized Life is that "the skilled physicians declared that there was absolutely no hope for her, and pronounced the verdict that she had but three days to live"; that on the third day after the fall she asked her attendants to leave the room, whereupon she opened her Bible and lifted her heart to God. In that moment "all pain evanesced into bliss, all discord in her physical body was translated into rapture. She

recognized this state as her rightful condition of a child of God. Love invaded her, life lifted her, truth irradiated her. God said to her 'Daughter, arise!'" Mrs. Patterson arose, dressed, and walked into the parlor where a clergyman and her friends were gathered for their "last words on earth with the sufferer who they believed was dying. They arose in consternation at her appearance, almost believing they beheld an apparition. She quietly reassured them and explained the manner of her recovery, calling upon them to witness it." They were, says Miss Wilbur, the first doubters. "She in that hour received a revelation for which she had been preparing her heart in every event of her life." [9]

8

The fact that Mrs. Eddy derived her basic theory from Phineas P. Quimby does nothing to invalidate what is of value in Christian Science. So much importance is given to the subject of the derivation here solely for the reason that Mrs. Eddy herself conceived it to be of supreme importance and that she allowed it to exercise an influence over her life hardly to be estimated in its effect. It is this writer's belief that Mrs. Eddy's denial of Quimby delivered a wound to her emotional body from which she did not recover, and from which she suffered all the days of her life.

If this be thought fantastic, it should be remembered that Mrs. Eddy was the victim of fantasies. She had been truly grateful to Quimby, and now she must extend her doctrine of evil very far indeed to include the

[9] For the affidavit of Dr. Cushing who attended Mrs. Eddy at the time of the accident, see Chapter Two, Part III, p. 135.

For Mrs. Eddy's account of the revelation, see *Retrospection and Introspection*, p. 23–29.

kindly figure of her benefactor. She believed in the law of retribution. She believed in demons. She had sat in spiritualistic seances and heard the voices of the dead. The ghost of Phineas P. Quimby haunted her all her life.

In a pamphlet published by the Christian Science Parent Church in 1929, there appears the following extract from the diary kept by Calvin Frye. It is dated April 14, 1897, and reads:

> "This morning she told me the mental threat urged upon her was 'you have got to confess, that is, go tell that you got it from Quimby or you will be damned.' "

It is true that even Mrs. Eddy's enemies, in their effort to show the inferiority and the irrationality of her mental processes, have held that she really did progress by stages to the literal belief that she had received nothing of her theory from Quimby. But her healing at Quimby's hands and her adoption of his doctrines, were the turning point in her life. The details of that experience were part of her deeply emotional memory. She may have forgotten and rationalized away many other episodes and relationships of her life, but she never forgot or succeeded in rationalizing to herself the fact that she had repudiated the man from whom she had received the ideas and the impetus upon which she had built her success.

Now, when her own pupils, having received the same ideas and impetus from her, deserted and disavowed her, proceeding to successes of their own, her fears and her uneasy conscience could be plainly heard in her impassioned and hysterical denunciations. To deny her became the cardinal sin.

CHAPTER THREE

1

But Mary Baker Eddy's star was in the ascendency. Let the Quimby controversy rage in Boston, let her students desert her, let the demons do their worst,—nothing could stop the spread of the gospel to the outer world. Since the days in Lynn students had carried the work into the field. Already the "Precious Volume" had captured far away outposts, and now the *Journal,* that "white winged messenger of love," was speeding after it. If there was to be war in Boston, the front should be extended to north and south and west.

In 1884 the Leader herself left Boston for the few weeks necessary to teach a class in Chicago. She had not wished to go, but because of the refusal of Mrs. Clara Choate to abandon her practice and home in Boston and establish the work in the Chicago field, there was no one else to send. Her "darling student" Clara Choate had thus become the most dangerous of mesmerists; indeed so evilly had she worked upon the Leader's mind that for several weeks she had been too ill to attempt the Western trip.[1]

[1] It was against Mrs. Choate that the first of the "P. M." or Private Meetings, about which there was such a furore, were instituted. At these meetings, the mesmerists were taken up by name and treated against, with the object of turning their destructive arts back upon themselves. Repeated denials that Mrs. Eddy herself ever engaged in or authorized the practice of the mesmeric art have been issued. But there is no doubt that her students believed that she held the power for good or evil over

But if she had lost Clara Choate, she had gained Ursula Gestafeld in Chicago, and Ursula Gestafeld was worth two Clara Choates. She had left her in charge of the Chicago field. If one student deserted, another promptly appeared. Arthur Buswell, who had been editing the *Journal,* had gone over to the mesmerists, but Mrs. Emma Hopkins, wife of an Andover professor, had come to fill his place.[2] And in that year Mrs. Eddy gained her most valuable recruit, Mrs. Augusta Stetson, at that time about 40, and just entering upon her career in Boston as an elocutionist. Within a few months Augusta Stetson was practising Christian Science with great success, and valiantly forwarding the Cause.[3]

God was shepherding His flock. Students of educa-

their lives. They feared as they worshipped her. On page 244, Vol. I. of the 1885 edition of *Science and Health,* Mrs. Eddy says. "It is morally impossible for science to produce sickness, *but science makes sin punish itself. They should have fear for their own lives* in their attempts to kill us. God is Supreme, and the penalties of their sins they cannot escape. Turning the attention of the sick to us for the benefit they may receive from us, is another milder species of malpractice *that is not safe,* for if we feel their sufferings, not knowing the individual, we shall defend ourself, and *the result is dangerous to the intruder.*

[2] Mrs. Eddy was Editor in Chief of the *Journal,* with an acting editor in charge. "The Journal's history," says Miss Wilbur in the Authorized Life, "is singular in that it has had a series of editors who fell away into strange apostasy." Mrs. Hopkins, Rev. Frank Mason, Joshua Bailey, and William G. Nixon, all served short terms as editor and "fell into apostasy" within a period of five years. Mrs. Hopkins, joining other dissatisfied students, led an independent Christian Science movement in the West, published periodicals, and operated a C. S. Institute in Chicago. The teaching was Christian Science without the doctrine of Malicous Animal Magnetism, or Demonology.

[3] Mrs. Eddy often lectured to invited audiences in private homes, and it was at one of these afternoon lectures that she met Mrs. Stetson, and sensing at once in her commanding presence and vitality the qualities so valuable in a propagandist for the Cause, invited Mrs. Stetson to join her class. For the full and extraordinary account of this association in the early years, the reader is referred to Mrs. Stetson's book, *Reminiscences, Sermons and Correspondence.*

tion and ability were coming in. Mrs. Josephine Curtis Woodbury, ardent convert and practitioner since 1881, had brought to the movement her strong personal following, and was now sent lecturing through the West. She carried the Word as far west as Denver, and since she was both eloquent and beautiful, left many converts in her wake.

2

Here and there, all over America, small groups of Christian Scientists who had until then been meeting in private houses, were hiring halls, and holding public meetings. Church organizations or "Christian Scientist Associations" were formed and incorporated, with pastors chosen from the flock. From the Massachusetts Metaphysical College in Boston practitioners were being sent out by the dozens. They went in all directions, appeared in towns and villages, and everywhere they went they were the objects of wonder and curiosity. News of their miraculous healings at once spread through the community, and however passionately the reactionaries cried charlatan, the sick and despairing flocked to their doors. The curious came with their minor ailments, and were astonished to find themselves healed. The superstitious, the believers in miracles, found their beliefs now suddenly justified and become respectable. Boston, the very center of culture and learning had placed its seal upon it. Massachusetts Metaphysical College,—resounding and impressive name.

No church has ever had a gospel so appealing. No church has ever had a force of missionaries so effective. They came armed to prove the gospel by their works.

Every healing made a convert and created enthusiastic publicity.

Every practitioner's office was stocked with copies of *Science and Health* for sale, and took subscriptions for the *Journal.* Salesman, healer, preacher, and missionary,—all these functions were combined in the Christian Science practitioner.

The majority of these practitioners were women, women often of intelligence and charm, many of whom had been left alone in the world and dependent upon their own resources. Unfitted for any profession, they now found themselves magically, after a few weeks course at one of the various "academies" or three weeks at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College in Boston, equipped with a profession, a living, and a respectable position in society. This in itself was a "demonstration" which might have assured Christian Science its success. Other women, with this object lesson before them,—women who had resigned themselves to a life of compromise and dependence upon the charity of relatives, rose from their rocking chairs, abandoned their knitting and their complaints, and with their last few hundred dollars carefully saved against disaster, bade good-bye to their skeptical if hopeful families, and took the train to Boston. In no time at all they were back again, had set up an office, and before the year was out were lending money to the head of the family, who in turn, converted by this miracle, was presently demonstrating abundance for himself.

At the very period when Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and their friends were waging their battles for women's rights,—at the time when women were only beginning to venture into the business world,

—Mary Baker Eddy had, without so much as a by-your-leave, and as a mere unpremeditated by-product of her activity, provided a new and lucrative profession for her sex. Mrs. Eddy seems never to have been particularly interested in the cause of suffrage, although she expressed herself upon it, as upon all other subjects, such as war, peace and politics, in her usual flowery vein, even writing one of her worst poems on it, called "Women's Rights." What need had she, indeed, to fight for such a cause? For her, it was already won.

3

By 1886 Mrs. Eddy was able to form "The National Christian Scientist Association," which held its first meeting in New York. That same year she had sent Augusta Stetson to New York and Mrs. Stetson had gone at her bidding into the new field where she was entirely unknown, although she had given up an established practice in Boston and its suburbs to do so. "If," said Mrs. Eddy as Mrs. Stetson hesitated, "the Astors or the Vanderbilts should send for you to work for them, would you be afraid that they would not supply your needs?" "Certainly not," said Mrs. Stetson. "Well," said Mrs. Eddy, "this is God's work. Is He not more powerful than the Vanderbilts?" There was no answer to this argument, and Mrs. Stetson, accepting the implied rebuke, at once left for New York. And God did prove more powerful than the Vanderbilts in supplying Mrs. Stetson's needs.

Augusta Stetson proved to be Mrs. Eddy's most powerful aide, and in the end as Mrs. Eddy's death drew near, the most powerful contender for Mrs. Eddy's

place as head of the Christian Science Church. For this she suffered excommunication. Mrs. Eddy is still the Leader of her Church.

To do justice to Augusta Stetson would require a volume in itself. More than any of Mrs. Eddy's followers, she understood the "new tongue," and became an adept in its use.

Reading Mrs. Stetson, one is immediately impressed by the likeness to Mrs. Eddy's style, by the tenacious attempt to be clear that does somehow come through in spite of the obstacle of the style.

It is an extraordinary evidence of Mrs. Eddy's influence over her followers that they acquired from her not only her ideas but, as nearly as it was possible to them, her literary style. And like all imitation, the works of Mrs. Eddy's lesser students exhibit the faults of her style rather than its virtues. It is a witness to the power of Christian Science that it withstood, penetrated, and was carried by this literature.

4

It was in 1885, when Christian Science was at the beginning of its nation-wide success and *Science and Health* beginning to be read by laymen outside the Church, and Mrs. Eddy's style much ridiculed and criticized, that she determined to silence this criticism by employing the services of the best literary advisor available in Boston. The Rev. James Henry Wiggin had retired from the ministry in the Unitarian Church, and was acting as a professional critic and literary advisor to authors. When Mrs. Eddy sought professional aid, now that she could afford it, she sought the best. Mr.

Wiggin's reputation was excellent. He became Mrs. Eddy's literary advisor in August of 1885 and acted in that capacity for four years. This association was one of the oddest and most amiable of Mrs. Eddy's career, as it may be said to have been of Mr. Wiggin's as well.

Mr. Wiggin was a theologian of the old school, a lover of life and the arts. A man of enormous bulk and gusto, he loved good food, the theater, leisure, wit and the companionship of his friends. He displayed more equanimity in his attitude toward Mrs. Eddy than any of her more worshipful associates, and Mrs. Eddy's respect for his scholarship prevented her from the exercise of her usual tyranny. They seem, in fact, to have enjoyed each other very much.

The importance and extent of Mr. Wiggin's contribution to *Science and Health,* as to other volumes of Mrs. Eddy's works, have been variously estimated. It has been claimed that Mr. Wiggin entirely rewrote *Science and Health,* and made it for the first time readable. Mr. Wiggin himself however made no such claim. His own story is available in the New York *World* of November 4, 1906. It is entirely good-humored and free of the partisanship displayed by other critics. He tells of his attempt to bring order and clarification to Mrs. Eddy's bulky hand-written manuscript,—an attempt that presently reduced itself to merely "trying to keep her from making herself ridiculous." In addition to his work on *Science and Health* Mr. Wiggin acted as general literary aid to Mrs. Eddy, helped in the editing of *The Christian Science Journal,* wrote articles for it under the pseudonym Phare Pleigh, and published a pamphlet *"Christian Science and the Bible"* under the same name.

The first issue of *Science and Health* bearing his revisions appeared in 1886. Mrs. Eddy did not always accept his editing of her manuscripts, and often argued and won her point. On one occasion she wrote to her publisher, Mr. Nixon, that the proofs, just come from Mr. Wiggin's hands, had "the most shocking flippancy in notations." She adds: "I have corrected them, also made fewer of them, which will involve another delay caused by Mr. Wiggin." In the same letter she says:

> "I had not changed the marginal references in the copy because I had before written to Mr. Wiggin to make fewer notations and more appropriate ones. When he returned the first proofs *a belief* (*but don't name this to anyone*) prevented my examining them as I should otherwise have done, and, to prevent delay, the proof was sent to the printer."

But this was in the last year of Mr. Wiggin's service, and Mrs. Eddy's power had then grown so great that her self-confidence was completely established, and even Mr. Wiggin could take a little blame. A few months later she was writing again to her publisher that Mr. Wiggin was delaying the proofs,—"This is M. A. M. and it governs Wiggin as it has done once before to prevent the publishing of my work. . . . I will take the proof reading out of Wiggin's hands."

Although Mr. Wiggin performed an enormous labor in revising *Science and Health,* and perhaps provided many of the philosophical and historical allusions which so oddly appear in it, and deleted many absurdities of the earlier editions, a comparison of the editions appearing before and after his revisions will hardly show that he managed to contribute much to the clarification of

the fundamental theory. As a matter of fact there are evidences that in his attempt to "keep her from making herself ridiculous" and to modify some of her extravagant statements, he influenced her to inject into her book many of those very reasonable explanations and modifications which give the reader so strange a sense of contradictory claims.

One invaluable service he did render her. He persuaded her to omit from *Science and Health* the chapter on mesmerism which appeared in the first manuscript she submitted to him. This chapter contained the same old diatribe and accusations of demonology against Kennedy, Arens, Spofford and other recalcitrant students, and added the charge that they, with the attending physicians, had directly caused Asa G. Eddy's death. These assertions Mr. Wiggin insisted were libelous, and argued against their inclusion in the book. Mrs. Eddy held out against his admonitions until the plates of the book were cast, when suddenly she capitulated, and hurriedly cut down a sermon she had delivered some time before so that it filled the same number of pages as those on mesmerism. This chapter, which she entitled "Wayside Hints (Supplementary)," ran through several editions of *Science and Health.*

It was this chapter which probably gave rise to the story that Mr. Wiggin was in reality the author of those editions bearing his revisions. For the sermon that Mrs. Eddy had used was prepared for her by Mr. Wiggin. Among his other duties he often drew up and prepared for her the outlines of her sermons, and he has himself amusingly described her delivery of this particular one. Its subject was "The City that Lieth Foursquare," and although he says that Mrs. Eddy got a little tangled

now and then in the attempt to follow the argument of his outline, she worked into her text with her usual verve, and her adoring audience crowded to the platform with the usual enthusiastic eulogies when the sermon was done. Mr. Wiggin made his way through the crowd and when he reached the platform Mrs. Eddy, who was "distributing the blessed smiles to her flock," suddenly covered her mouth with her hand and with a twinkle in her eye, "shot the side whisper" to him, "How did it go?"

He replied in an undertone that it had gone very well indeed. Later, when Mrs. Eddy decided to omit the chapter on mesmerism, Mr. Wiggin wrote out the sermon in full for its inclusion in the book. "I do not think it will greatly edify you, the chapter," Mr. Wiggin wrote to a friend. "As for clearness, many Christian Science people thought her early editions much better because they sounded more *like* Mrs. Eddy."

The fact is that all editions of *Science and Health* sound "like" Mrs. Eddy. It was her book from first to last. She spent eight years of writing on it before its publication in 1875; and constantly revised, rewrote, and shifted sentences for every edition until the last before her death, since when it has not been touched. Mr. Wiggin's "notations" have probably long since vanished, along with his chapter "Wayside Hints." [4]

Writing to an old college friend in 1889, Mr. Wiggin had many interesting things to say of Mrs. Eddy and her cause:

[4] In the preface to the final edition (speaking of herself as author in the third person) Mrs. Eddy says: "Until June 10, 1907, she had never read this book throughout consecutively in order to elucidate her idealism." She was ever a writer, not a reader; and one wonders how she came to read it through on that tenth day of June, when she was 86. The last revision had been made. It was to stand. Does the note in the preface mean that she was still not quite satisfied?

"Christian Science, on its theological side, is an ignorant revival of one form of ancient gnosticism, that Jesus is to be distinguished from the Christ, and that his earthly appearance was phantasmal, not real and fleshly. . . .

"Religiously, Christian Science is a revolt from orthodoxy, but unphilosophically conducted, endeavouring to ride two horses. . . .

"As for the High Priestess of it, . . . she is—I could *tell* you, but not write. An awfully (I use the word advisedly) smart woman, acute, shrewd, but not well read, nor in any way learned. What she has, as documents clearly show, she got from P. P. Quimby of Portland, Maine, whom she eulogized after death as the great leader and her special teacher.

". . . She tried to answer the charge of the adoption of Quimby's ideas, and called me in to counsel her about it; but her only answer (in print!) was that if she said such things twenty years ago, she must have been under the influence of *animal magnetism*, which is *her* devil. No church can long get on without a devil, you know. Much more I could say if you were here. . . .

"One of Mrs. Eddy's followers went so far as to say that if she *saw* Mrs. Eddy commit a crime she should believe her own sight at fault, *not* Mrs. Eddy's conduct. An intelligent man told me in reference to lies he *knew* about, that the wrong was in *us*. 'Was not Jesus accused of wrong-doing, yet guiltless?'

"Only experience can teach these fanatics, *i. e.*, the real believers, not the charlatans who go into it for money. . . .

"There is nothing really to understand in 'Science and Health' except that *God is all*, and yet there is no God in matter! What they fail to explain is, the origin of the *idea* of matter, or sin. They say it comes from *mortal mind*, and that mortal mind is not divinely created, in fact, has no existence; in fact, that nothing comes of nothing, and that matter and disease are like dreams, hav-

ing no existence.[5] Quimby had definite ideas, but Mrs. Eddy has not understood them.

"As in her book, and in her class (which I went through), she says, 'Call a surgeon in surgical cases.'

" 'What if I find a breech presentation in childbirth?' " asked a pupil.

" 'You will *not*, if you are in Christian Science,' replied Mrs. Eddy.

" 'But if I *do*?'

" 'Then send for the nearest regular practitioner!' "

"You see, Mrs. Eddy is nobody's fool."

[5] In the 1886 edition of *Science and Health*, p. 135, Mrs. Eddy says: "Mortal existence is a dream without a dreamer." This is the only edition in which the present writer has found this statement. It is the first edition bearing Mr. Wiggin's revisions. All other editions liken mortal existence to a dream, "mortal existence is a dream, it has no real entity, but saith, 'It is I.' " The "dream without a dreamer" sounds very much as if it had come out of some discussion between Mrs. Eddy and Mr. Wiggin. Since she had always said that mortal existence was a dream, Mr. Wiggin may have asked who was dreaming it, to which she replied with a finality that closed the argument that nobody was dreaming it. "A dream without a dreamer,"—a statement so poetically satisfying—or terrifying—that Mr Wiggin, musician and lover of poetry, hastened to write it down.

CHAPTER FOUR

1

ALTHOUGH Mr. Wiggin had persuaded Mrs. Eddy to remove from her textbook the personal diatribes against the mesmerists, it was not because she had ceased to believe in their power. She had her *Christian Science Journal* in which she could still say what she wished. In answer to her critics within the fold who had suggested that she might be saying too much on the subject of animal magnetism, she writes in the *Journal* for October, 1885:

> "In my public works I lay bare the capacity, in belief, of animal magnetism, to break the Decalogue, to murder, steal, commit adultery, etc.
>
> "Those who deny my right or wisdom to expose its crimes, are either participants in this evil, afraid of its supposed power or ignorant of it."

And so in her *Journal,* interspersed with eulogies of her friends and supporters, bits of news from the ever widening Christian Science front, cards of thanks for gifts received—a turkey for Thanksgiving, sofa pillows, antimacassars, photographs, everything that an adoring public could think of sending her—Mrs. Eddy continued her denunciations of and warnings against the black arts of the mesmerists. In 1887, she instituted a regular department in the *Journal* devoted to Malicious

Animal Magnetism. Under its caption every month there stood this verse from Nehemiah: "*Also have they dominion over our bodies, and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.*"

In this department, carried for several years, and devoted to letters from Christian Scientists, one may see how the doctrine of Malicious Animal Magnetism had taken hold upon the imaginations of Mrs. Eddy's followers. If the Healing Department featured on one page the successes of Divine Mind, under headings that ranged from "Dog and Rattlesnake," through every imaginable disease to "Cured of both Paralysis and Mormonism,"—the department devoted to Animal Magnetism featured the successes of the enemy, with a range as wide. For this doctrine had thrown as strong a light upon the lives of these people as had its opposite doctrine of healing and good. It provided them with an explanation of their failures and their troubles, great and small. It provided them with an explanation of the distrust that often came to them of Mrs. Eddy, the envy they sometimes felt when they read of her great financial success. One correspondent was tempted by the desire to write, and the treasonable thought that she could "write as good a book as Mrs. Eddy's." But under the treatment of the local healers, these distrusts and temptations were splendidly overcome.

2

A special course in Obstetrics had been added to the instruction given at the Metaphysical College. The *Journal* for 1885 reveals the following announcement featured in first place under "Professional Cards":

MARY B. G. EDDY
PROFESSOR OF
OBSTETRICS
Metaphysics and Christian Science

Receives calls Tuesdays and Fridays from 3 to 5 P. M.

571 COLUMBUS AVE.
(MASS. MET. COLL.)
BOSTON

Prof. Eddy takes no patients at present, has no time for consultation on disease, and reads no letters containing inquiries in that department; all such should be addressed to those whose names appear below.

There were now four courses offered by Mrs. Eddy's college:

Primary Class, twelve lessons (afterward seven lessons)	$300
Normal Class, six lessons	200
Class in Metaphysical Obstetrics, six lessons	100
Class in Theology, six lessons	200

If a student took all of the courses, tuition would be a total of $800. The normal course consisted of a review of the primary course, and many graduates of the outlying Christian Science "academies" came to Boston for the normal course. Later, no students were allowed in the normal course who had not received Mrs. Eddy's personal instruction in the primary course. This

brought many students to Boston for the primary course who would otherwise have gone to the smaller academies.

By 1887 there were waiting lists for the courses at the Metaphysical College, and Mrs. Eddy no sooner finished one course of lectures (which took three weeks) than another was begun. From thirty to fifty pupils were taught at a time. At the lowest estimate, thirty in a class, and taking only the primary course, Mrs. Eddy's income for the three weeks' instruction would be $9000, or $3000 a week,—an income not despised today by the most popular of the motion picture stars. Her book *Science and Health* was now running through edition after edition, with William G. Nixon acting as her publisher, and Mrs. Eddy received a royalty of $1 on every copy. This, with the sale of four smaller works in pamphlet form, greatly augmented the income from her teaching.

3

Despite this affluence, Mrs. Eddy was feeling far from safe. That year the Quimby controversy had reached its climax with her final denial and repudiation of her own earlier statements in the Portland *Press*. The echoes of it were everywhere. Julius Dresser's pamphlet was published with her extravagant eulogies of Quimby for all to read. None but the most infatuated of her students could still believe that she was "the Lily of Israel," the "revelator" of the only Truth, the "star-crowned woman of the Apocalypse," as now more strongly than ever the *Journal* asserted her to be.

The Boston Association was rent with dissension. Arthur Buswell had already left, and many of the faithful had followed him. The Quimby supporters, aug-

mented by the deserters from Mrs. Eddy's ranks, now constituted a formidable rival to her power in Boston. And sedition was spreading to the field, the field that had been so safe. Only that year the first Christian Science Church building, a small frame structure, had been dedicated at Oconto, Wisconsin,—but her power was threatened in the West. A strong rival movement was under way in Chicago, headed by Mrs. Emma Hopkins, apostate editor of the *Journal;* another by the apostate "worldling," Mary Plunkett, in Detroit.

All these independents, east and west, were lecturing, teaching, healing, publishing periodicals and books. Truly the "precious volume" had been "leavening the nation's thought." These were the forerunners of the movement, widespread but never organized under a single head, which came to be known as the New Thought movement in America. With the example of Mrs. Eddy before them they had eschewed specific organization, announcing that they would thus avoid both "the evils of organization and the tyranny of personal leadership." But these announcements only filled Mrs. Eddy with fear. Any day they might coalesce under a single banner, seize the field, and topple her from her throne. Harried and overwhelmed with work, the Leader grew more exacting than ever under the pressure of events. She increased and reasserted her claims, denounced the recalcitrant students as mesmerists, denounced their books and teaching as "hypnotism" disguised as truth, a wicked and subtle adulteration of the true science of being contained in *Science and Health.*

But in spite of the students' murmurings, in spite of the criticism now openly leveled at her college with its

course on "Metaphysical Obstetrics," Mrs. Eddy's classroom was crowded, and the waiting list continued to grow. Money was power, as she well knew. She was teaching class after class. She had demonstrated abundance with such astonishing success that it is not to be wondered at that in the struggle about to ensue her methods were high-handed and ruthless in the extreme, though carried off with a kind of irresponsible magnificence.

4

It may have been the news of her prosperity that decided George Glover to write to his mother that he was bringing his family to Boston to visit her. In the midst of her many troubles, this prospect seemed more than she could bear, and she replied to her son's suggestion in a letter dated Oct. 31, 1887:

> "I am surprised that you think of coming to visit me when I live in a schoolhouse and it will not be pleasant for you in Boston—the Choates are doing all they can by falsehood, and public shames, such as advertising a college of her own within a few doors of mine when she is a disgraceful woman and known to be."

She explains that she is about to give up her lease on the Columbus Avenue house "when this class is over, and cannot pay your board nor give you a single dollar now." She wants, she says, "a quiet and Christian life alone with God" when she finds "intervals for a little rest. You are not what I had hoped to find you, and I am changed."

> "The world, the flesh and evil I am at war with and if anyone comes to me it must be to help me and not to hinder me in this warfare. If you will stay away from

me until I get through with my public labor then I will send for you and hope to then have a home to take you to. . . .

". . . I asked you to come to me when my husband died and I so much needed someone to help me. You refused to come then in my great need, and I then gave up ever thinking of you in that line. Now I have a clerk who is a pure-minded Christian, and two girls to assist me in the college. These are all I can have under this roof.

"If you come after getting this letter I shall feel you have no regard for my interest or feelings, which I hope not to be obliged to feel. . . . I say this to you, not to anyone else. I would not injure you any more than myself."

Nevertheless, George Glover, exhibiting some of his mother's tenacity of purpose, arrived in Boston in December with his family, took a house in Chelsea, and remained through the winter months. It is not surprising that thus having disobeyed her injunctions, George Glover and his family were received with some degree of coolness by his mother. Report has it that a lasting antagonism grew up between George Glover's wife and Mrs. Eddy during that visit. But there was no public break, and the Glovers were graciously received by the Christian Scientists and introduced to Mrs. Eddy's friends at one of the fairs that were being held that winter for the purpose of raising funds to build a church. Many comments were made upon the resemblance young Mary Glover bore to her illustrious grandmother. According to the report in the *Journal,* Mrs. Eddy came late to the fair, and upon her entrance the orchestra began to play Mendelssohn's Wedding March to symbolize the Leader's "indissoluble union with Truth."

On Christmas Day of that year, Mrs. Eddy moved into the new $40,000 residence on Commonwealth Avenue, described glowingly in the *Journal* as containing twenty rooms, "finished and furnished under the advice of a professional decorator," with a description of the grounds, and a reference to "the massive residence of his Excellency, Oliver Ames, the present governor of Massachusetts" within a few yards of "Mrs. Eddy's mansion." "To name the dwellers on this avenue," says the *Journal,* "would be to name scores of Boston's wealthy and influential men."

Remembering Mrs. Eddy's letter to her son, it is easy to understand how an antagonism might have sprung up between George Glover's wife and her extraordinary mother-in-law, so absorbed in her warfare with "the world, the flesh, and evil" that she had no time for her own son's family.

Well, she had told them not to come. Disobedience, in her son as in her followers, brought its own reward. What had she to do with this strange family out of the West? She had taken the world for her family, her true children called her "Mother,"—"Mother-in-God." Yet she may have seen her son more often than was thought, for she had a curious yearning fondness for him, mixed with disappointment and regret. She may even have given him money, slyly, as she did afterward, but not enough to please his wife, who could not understand that God's money must be used for the saving of God's cause.[1]

But her daughter-in-law was only one of many who

[1] The breach between Mrs. Eddy and her son's wife was never healed. George Glover visited his mother several times later, but his wife and mother did not meet again. Neither George Glover nor his family became Christian Scientists.

looked with critical eyes upon Mrs. Eddy's affluence. They criticized her house; they criticized her dress.

"How can a Christian Scientist afford to wear diamonds and be clad in purple velvet?" she read one Sunday from a slip sent up to the pulpit after her sermon when questions were being asked. According to her own account in the *Journal,* she stepped forward and replied:

> "This ring that I wear was given me several years ago as a thank-offering from one I had brought from death back to life; for a long time I could not wear it, but my husband induced me to accustom myself by putting it on in the night, and finally I came to see it only as a sign of recognition and gratitude of my master, and to love it as such; this purple velvet is 'purple,' but it is velveteen that I paid one dollar and fifty cents for, and I have worn it for several years, but it seems to be perpetually renewed, like the widow's cruse."

Though she had taken the world for her family, she found that it exhibited the same tendency to pry into her affairs, to question her goings in and comings out, to carp and criticize.

CHAPTER FIVE

1

In the spring of 1888 a new trouble sprang up to confound the Leader and the Cause. Coming upon the accumulated troubles of the last few years, it proved to be the debacle that disrupted the Boston Church and all but destroyed the Leader's power forever in the East.

Mrs. Abby H. Corner of West Medford, Mass., a student of Mrs. Eddy's and member of the Christian Scientists' Association, attended her own daughter in childbirth, and both the mother and the child died. This tragedy was widely published, and resulted in heated condemnations of Christian Scientists and of Mrs. Eddy's college where "Metaphysical Obstetrics" was a featured course. Mrs. Corner was arrested and prosecuted. Christian Scientists had often been in the courts before but this was the first time that one so prominent and so near to Mrs. Eddy had been accused on so grave a charge. From all parts of the country Christian Scientists rallied to Mrs. Corner's support. They considered that the fundamental tenets of their cause were on trial.

But Mrs. Eddy remained strangely silent in her big house on Commonwealth Avenue. Soldiers had fallen on the battlefield before. Was she to be defeated now?

In the Boston *Herald* of April 29, 1888, the following notice appeared:

"To the Editor of the *Herald*: The lamentable case reported from West Medford of the death of a mother and

her infant at childbirth should forever put a stop to quackery. There has been but one side of this case presented by the newspapers. We wait to hear from the other side, trusting that attenuating circumstances will be brought to light. Mrs. Abby H. Corner never entered the obstetrics class at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College. She was not fitted at this institution for an accoucheur, had attended but one term, and four terms, including three years of successful practice by the student, are required to complete the college course."

This notice was signed "*Committee on Publication, Christian Scientists' Association.*" It was, however, a complete surprise to all the members of the Association with the exception of Mrs. Eddy herself and perhaps a few others directly under her control.

Charles A. Troupe, the secretary of the Association, resigned, claiming that an attempt had been made to persuade him to change the records. A furore broke out among the members, amazed and incensed by Mrs. Eddy's repudiation of Mrs. Corner, her erstwhile friend and pupil. Mrs. Corner had taken the original course given by Mrs. Eddy before she had added the special course in Metaphysical Obstetrics. That course added nothing in fact to the original instruction on obstetrics, consisting only of the usual arguments and denials employed for all cases. Mrs. Corner had been practising in accordance with Mrs. Eddy's instructions as given for many years, and as many Christian Scientists were practising throughout the field.

On June 6th a meeting of the Christian Scientists' Association was held in the old Tremont Temple. A new secretary, William B. Johnson, was elected, and the storm of dissatisfaction and criticism which had been

accumulating during the preceding days now broke with full force over Mrs. Eddy's head. Accusations were hurled at her, "We stand the brunt of Christian Science and Mrs. Eddy gets the money and the glory." She took care to protect herself by refusing to take patients or even to be consulted on the treatment of disease. She had been a traitor to her practitioners. Mrs. Eddy defended herself. The meeting descended to personalities.[1] Many of the members had felt that not only should they personally support Mrs. Corner, but that the expense of her defense should be paid out of the Association funds. Mrs. Eddy ruled against the use of the Association funds, and announced that if the members cared to aid Mrs. Corner financially, they might do so personally.

The effect of this meeting was to decide some thirty-

1 A member announced that in a fit of temper Mrs. Eddy had pulled a handful of hair out of Calvin Frye's head. "There is Calvin Frye," said Mrs. Eddy, "let him speak for himself." But Calvin Frye had no talent for public speech, and sent out a stylograph letter some weeks later which said:

"A student and a Free Mason gives out this report of the widow of a Free Mason and his hitherto much honoured Teacher, Rev. B. G. Eddy, that in a fit of temper she pulled a handful of hair out of my head.

"About two years ago, I was having much to contend with from the attacks of malicious mesmerism, by which the attempt was made to demoralise me and through me to afflict Mrs. Eddy. While under one of these attacks, my mind became almost a total blank. Mrs. Eddy was alone with me at the time, and, calling to me loudly without a response, she saw the necessity for prompt action and lifted my head by the forelock, and called aloud to rouse me from the paralysed state into which I had fallen, this had the desired effect, and I wakened to a sense of where I was, my mind wandering, but I saw the danger from which she had delivered me and which can never be produced again. This malpractice, alias demonology, I have found out, and know that God is my refuge. 'When ye shall see the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place, (whoso readeth, let him understand) then let them which be in Judea, flee to the mountain,' where I have found my refuge."

six of the most respected and valuable members to leave the Association and the Church. They were equally determined to force Mrs. Eddy to give them letters of honorable dismissal. This they knew would be difficult.

Not once, but many times before, had members wished to quietly withdraw and Mrs. Eddy had "expelled" them for "immorality."

Yet Mrs. Eddy feared to expel so powerful a group. With that action taken she could hardly prevent them from adding their statements to the publicity of the Corner case, and such publicity as would turn directly upon herself.

Now, in a state resembling panic, Mrs. Eddy ordered the new Secretary to send out a general call for the members of the Association to meet her at the College on June 14th. She hurriedly telegraphed her staunchest out-of-town supporters to meet her privately on June 9th. "I have a message from God that will do you good," one such message read. News of this private meeting spread abroad, and second telegrams immediately followed upon the heels of the first. "The message will be delivered in Chicago. Go there."

2

The second annual meeting of the National Association was to convene in Chicago on June 13th, and Mrs. Eddy, disregarding the call she had sent out to the Boston Association to meet her on the 14th, had suddenly decided to go to Chicago instead. Abruptly she abandoned the Boston group, leaving them to their own troubles, and with Calvin Frye, the new Secretary Mr.

Johnson, and a few of her intimate and still faithful students, took the train for Chicago.

Her unexpected appearance at the annual convention proved to be a tour de force. An audience of more than three thousand people were assembled on the morning of June 13th. When the slight figure of Mrs. Eddy, the Leader they had waited so long to see, appeared upon the stage, the audience rose as a body and cheered her as a single mighty voice.

She waited while the tide of sounds rose up about her, and its power came into her. All her fears, her small misgivings, were drowned and borne away upon that tide. The address delivered by Mrs. Eddy on that day was the greatest personal triumph of her career. The full power of her magnetism and her voice—the voice that had always "stirred her audience as a wind stirs a field of wheat"—now swept her hearers to a fever of excitement and emotional ecstasy. The speech itself seen later in cold print (although it was said that the reporters themselves were writing through a mist of tears and so missed many of her words) shows how little the Leader's power as a public speaker lay in the words she chose, and how much in the exaltation of her mood.

At the close of her speech the crowds pressed forward en masse to the platform. They sobbed out their gratitude and thanks. They strove to touch the hem of her dress. Mothers lifted their children for her blessing. Many sick and crippled were healed. When at last she left them, the crowds blocked the passage of her carriage through the streets. At the hotel throngs were there before her filling the reception rooms and corridors. Her own rooms were banked with flowers. Her power was from that day established in the West.

3

Returning to Boston from this triumph, with her spirit renewed and confidence restored, it must have been a sad depressant to Mrs. Eddy to discover that the dissenters in her flock had not been idle in her absence. They had seized the books of the Association, placed them in the hands of an attorney, and now announced to Mrs. Eddy that the books would not be returned until she had delivered to them letters of honorable dismissal. Mrs. Eddy, fortified by her Chicago success, sent out a letter entreating them to meet with her "in Christian love and adjust this great wrong done to one who has given all the best of her years to heal and bless the whole human family." To this appeal the rebels made no response, absented themselves from the Association and the Church, and continued to hold the books. Mrs. Eddy held out against them for several months, but in the end was forced to yield and signed their letters of dismissal in exchange for the Association books.

In the meantime she had also compromised so far as to allow Mrs. Corner's counsel fee of $200 to be paid from the Association funds. Mrs. Corner had been acquitted on the ground that her daughter's death had resulted from a hemorrhage which might have proved fatal even if a physician had been in charge.

The membership of the Boston Church was then less than two hundred. The withdrawal of thirty-six of its most intelligent and influential members left approximately one hundred and sixty members within the fold, —and these none too secure.[2]

2 Remembering the triumphant entry into Chicago, the Christian Science *Journal* rhetorically asked, "Is there no similarity between the past and present records of Christ, Truth, entering into Jerusalem, and the be-

The reverberations of the Corner case had not died down. Conservative Boston, heretofore indifferent or amused, now regarded with hostility the Massachusetts Metaphysical College and its activities.

Mrs. Eddy must act, and act at once.

From his home in Waterbury Center, Vermont, she summoned Dr. Ebenezer J. Foster, a homeopathic physician who had taken her course in Boston the previous autumn, and installed him as assistant professor of Obstetrics in the College. "Dr. Foster," she announced, "will teach the anatomy and surgery of obstetrics, and I, its metaphysics." [3]

To forestall the fomentation of further sedition in her flock, she executed a by-law that no two members of the Association should meet to discuss Christian Science or mental healing without inviting all other members of the Association to be present.

To prevent the reading of "adulterated" works, she published a ruling that all teachers of Christian Science throughout the field should require that their students read no works on the subject of mind cure but her own.

"Burn every scrap of 'Christian Science literature,' so-called," commanded the *Journal,* "except *Science and Health,* and the publications bearing the imprint of the Christian Science Publishing Society of Boston."

Even in England, where Christian Science was flourishing, Frances Lord, editor of *The Woman's Journal,* had published her independent work on *Christian Science Healing.*

tray al? Is the bloodthirsty tyranny of animal magnetism the Veil of the Temple, which is to be rent from top to bottom?"

[3] In 1902 Mrs. Eddy ordered the teaching and practice of obstetrics dropped.

"Obstetrics is not Science, and will not be taught," she wrote.

In Chicago, Ursula Gestafeld had just published an excellent volume entitled "A Statement of Christian Science." Mrs. Eddy denounced the book,—"Its metaphysics crawls on its belly," she said in her *Journal*—and promptly ordered Mrs. Gestafeld expelled from the Chicago church. Mrs. Gestafeld as promptly went over to the independents, and published a pamphlet called "Jesuitism in Christian Science." And so dissension grew until the Leader was distraught.

4

Once more Mary Baker Eddy needed a strong captain to stand by her side; a man whom she could trust, whose interests would be her own, who would be with her in her hours of need. Her choice fell upon the new favorite in the household, Dr. Ebenezer Foster,—"Bennie," as she was calling him now. She told him that she "foresaw that their relationship was to be a very close one,"—that she had "grown to love him as a son."

On November 5th, 1888, exactly four months after he had entered her household, Mrs. Eddy legally adopted Ebenezer J. Foster, and he added Eddy to his name. Mrs. Eddy was then 67, and Dr. Foster, 41. The petition for adoption read that "said Foster is now associated with your petitioner in business, home life, and life work, and she needs such interested care and relationship."

And now, as when in Lynn ten years before she had suddenly exalted the new favorite Gilbert Eddy, there was consternation not in the ranks, but in the inner council itself. Among those close to her, there were several who had cherished hopes of succession to the throne.

They had labored long in her service, defended her in storm and strife, but what had Ebenezer Foster done? He played the piano, to be sure, was amiable to strangers, and came at the Leader's beck and call. "That young puppy," said Augusta Stetson, "she should have adopted *me!*"

Amid all these murmurings, these growing jealousies, amid the silent inimical looks upon the faces of her counselors, Mrs. Eddy remembered the gossip she had heard that during her absence in Chicago the Boston church had been tempted by a plan to expel her as its head. Was this the evil thought in the minds of those about her now? Who was the channel for this mesmerism? Malicious animal magnetism was everywhere. Her mail was guarded. Letters were taken by night to be posted in mail-boxes far across the city, so that their sending should not be known. Her midnight attacks returned. It was good to have a doctor for a son.

5

In the Spring of 1889 Mrs. Eddy precipitately left Boston, never again to make it her home until the last three years of her life. She took with her Calvin Frye, two or three women of her household, and her adopted son.

And now, from Concord, where she presently established her household, there issued forth the news of the boldest and most inspired strategic move of Mrs. Eddy's life.

In a series of smashing pronunciamentos she abolished the "visible organization" of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, the Boston Association, the National Association, and the Boston Church.

Throughout the land the other churches stood, detached but flourishing.

> "*As our dear mother in God withdraws herself from our midst,*" (announced the *Journal*), "and goes up into the Mount for higher communings, to show us and the generations to come the way to our true consciousness in God, let us honor Him and keep silence; let us keep from her and settle among ourselves or with God for ourselves, the small concerns for which we have looked to her."

Smashing in effect, and smashing in intent, this "loosening of the bonds" was gently, subtly carried out. The faithful hardly knew it was being done. She cooed them as softly as any dove. It was all in the name of spiritual unity and Love.

Announcing the dissolution of the College and the Boston Association, the *Journal* said:

> "What was embraced under the name of 'business' was thus dispensed with. Nothing valuable of the purposes of the organization had been lost and a new realization that all is mind and of union in love had been gained."

Of the dissolution of the Boston Church:

> "The dissolution of the visible organization of the church is the sequence and complement of that of the college corporation and association. The college disappeared that the spirit of Christ might have freer course among its students and all who come into the understanding of Divine Science, the bonds of the church were thrown away so that its members might assemble themselves together to 'provoke one another to good works' in the bond only of love."

They would, said the *Journal,* "meet in the future as a voluntary association of Christians to promote

growth in spirituality," and the disorganization would "lift them from the material sensual plane to that of voluntary association of love," and eliminate "rivalry, jealousy, envy, and the stir of personality."

Her letter to the National Association meeting in annual convention, informed them of the dissolution thus:

> "I greatly rejoice over the growth of my students within the last few years. It was kind of you to part so gently with the protecting wings of the mother-bird, and to spread your own so bravely. Now dear ones, if you take my advice again, you will do—what?
>
> "Even this: Disorganize the National Christian Scientist Association! and each one return to his place of labor, to work out individually and alone, for himself and for others, the sublime ends of human life.
>
> ". . . My students can now organize their students into associations, form churches, and hold these organizations of their own,—until, in turn, their students will sustain themselves and work for others."

The things she had accomplished were these: she had averted the danger of downfall, cut off criticism at its source, silenced the charges of tyranny and greed, recaptured the imagination of the field, and awed into renewed belief all those yearning and uncertain ones who had been so sorely tempted to disbelieve.

She no longer came down to Boston to preach, no longer was seen among her followers. On Sundays a pastor chosen from the flock preached to the "invisible" Boston church.

The Mother, alone on the mount, communed with God.

PART SIX

CHAPTER ONE

1

For three years Mrs. Eddy lived with her retinue in a furnished house on State Street in Concord before she retired to the now famous Pleasant View, just outside the limits of that city. In that time she accomplished the most effective work of her career. Seen in perspective, every move was masterly.

In those three years, building directly upon the still smoldering ashes of the old organization, Mrs. Eddy launched the present Boston church, named it the Mother Church, and invited all of the hitherto autonomous Christian Science churches to become "Branch Churches" of the Mother Church. Individual members of branch churches were eligible to membership in the Mother Church as well. With officers chosen by herself (her son Foster-Eddy as President), and subject to her dismissal without cause, with twelve First Members constituting a committee to ballot upon candidates for admission to the Mother Church, with a Manual of by-laws vesting Mrs. Eddy, or the "Pastor Emeritus" as she was now installed, with absolute authority in every question that might arise, she had established herself in autocratic control of the Boston Church, which in turn became the head of all branch churches under it.

2

The means employed by Mrs. Eddy in the accomplishment of these ends have been severely criticized. The details of the organization, and of the transactions concerning the building fund and the purchase of the land on which the church now stands, present indeed so striking a similarity to the methods of big business in like transactions that, in addition to being difficult to follow, they are almost dull.[1]

It was Mrs. Eddy's good fortune that in these things

[1] In 1886 the original Boston church had purchased a lot on Falmouth Street (the site of the present Mother Church), paying $2000 cash and assuming a mortgage for $8,763.50. By December, 1888, the members by donations, fairs, etc., had paid $5,800 on the purchase price, reducing the mortgage to $4,963.50. This was the period of dissension in the church. On December 6, 1888, the mortgage was assigned to Mrs. Eddy's lawyer, Baxter E. Perry (who, Georgine Milmine notes, was later disbarred) upon payment of the sum due, the supposition being that Mrs. Eddy furnished the money. This assignment was not recorded until August 6, 1889, upon which date is also recorded the foreclosure of the mortgage on Aug. 3, 1889. At the foreclosure sale the Falmouth Street lot was deeded by Baxter E. Perry to his brother and partner, George H. Perry, for the sum of $5000. George Perry then deeded the lot to Ira O. Knapp (Mrs. Eddy's faithful student and later a Director of the Mother Church), for the sum of $5,100. (In *Retrospection and Introspection*, p. 51, Mrs. Eddy says: "In December, 1889, I gave a lot of land in Boston to my student, Mr. Ira O. Knapp of Roslindale,—valued in 1892 at about twenty thousand dollars, and rising in value,—to be appropriated for the erection . . . of a church edifice.")

Mr. Knapp conveyed the property to three trustees, Alfred Lang, Marcellus Munroe, and Wm. G. Nixon, to hold for the building of a church. This was after the "dissolution" of the original church, and at the time of the organization of the Mother Church, when Mrs. Eddy had sent out a call for donations toward a church building. The trust deed was so unusual that Mr. Nixon (who was also Mrs. Eddy's publisher) insisted that the title be examined. Upon examination, the Mass. Title Insurance Co. refused to insure the title, and the trustees (notwithstanding Mrs. Eddy's argument that "the title was from God") returned all donations, and resigned. (This is referred to by Sybil Wilbur in the Authorized Life as Mr. Nixon's "apostasy.")

The property was now conveyed by Mr. Knapp to Mrs. Eddy for the sum of one dollar.

she had the counsel of lawyers who, she tells us, were "guided by Divine Love." When the inevitable criticisms were made, Mrs. Eddy explained the real estate transactions in the pages of the *Christian Science Journal:*

> "I had this desirable site transferred in a circuitous, novel way, at the wisdom whereof a few persons have since scrupled. . . . I knew that to God's gift, foundation and superstructure, no one could hold a wholly material title. The land and the church standing on it must be conveyed through a type representing the true nature of the gift; a type morally and spiritually inalienable, but materially questionable even after the manner that all spiritual good comes to Christian Scientists to the end of taxing their faith in God and their adherence to the superiority of the claims of spirit over matter or merely legal titles. . . . Unity prevailed,—till mortal man sought to know who owned God's temple, and adopted and urged only the material side of this question. . . . Our title to God's acres here will be safe and sound 'when we can read our titles clear' to heavenly mansions." [2]

By these "circuitous and novel ways," which included the payment of $5000 on her own part, Mrs. Eddy had come into personal possession of the lot on Falmouth Street which the original Boston Church had been paying for since 1886.

When a charter was sought for the new church it was refused by the Commissioner of Corporations on the ground that the charter of the old church had never been annulled and was still in existence. This difficulty was turned to excellent account. Mrs. Eddy's lawyers discovered a law by which trustees appointed "accord-

[2] *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 139–140.

ing to the discipline and usages" of church or religious societies might "be deemed bodies corporate" for the purpose of taking and holding all grants and donations, whether of real or personal estate, made either to them or their successors, or to their respective churches.

On September 1, 1892, Mrs. Eddy conveyed the Falmouth Street lot to four trustees: Ira O. Knapp, William B. Johnson, Joseph E. Eastaman, and Stephen A. Chase, who were also constituted the Board of Directors and sole corporation body of the Mother Church.[3]

By the terms of the trust deed they were pledged to erect upon the site within five years a church building to cost not less than $50,000, in which no services should ever be held "which shall not be in strict harmony with the doctrines and practice of Christian Science as taught and explained by Mary Baker G. Eddy in the seventy-first edition of her book, entitled *Science and Health,* which is soon to be issued, *and in any subsequent edition thereof.*"

The terms of the trust deed secured to Mrs. Eddy forever the absolute control of the properties and government of the Church.

> "The omission or neglect on the part of said directors to comply with any of the conditions herein named, shall constitute a breach thereof, and the title shall revert to the grantor, Mary Baker G. Eddy, her heirs and assigns," etc.
>
> "Whenever said directors shall determine that it is inexpedient to maintain preaching, reading or speaking in

[3] The Board of Directors is a self-perpetuating body, vacancies being filled by its own election. Members of the Christian Science Church have no voice in its management, or in the election of its officers.

said church in accordance with the terms of this deed, they are authorized and required to reconvey forthwith said lot of land *with the building thereon*, to Mary Baker G. Eddy, her heirs and assigns forever, by a proper deed of conveyance."

The business organization of the new church was completed in closed sessions, September 23, 1892.

Donations for the building, and applications for membership from individual members of branch churches had steadily flowed in. No mention of the official organization or legal holding corporation was made in the *Journal,* which carried the appeal for funds, until a year after after organization was complete, or October 3, 1893, when the first annual meeting of the new church was held in Chickering Hall, Boston. The clerk's report announced that:

"Since the meeting in which the church was formed, there have been held seven special and four quarterly meetings. It is in the records of those meetings that the history of the church is contained, but its doings could not be profitably set forth in a report of this kind."

Members of the original Boston Church who had expected their membership to be automatically continued in the new church discovered that they must now apply to the membership committee for admission. Thus the Mother Church was freed of trouble makers and undesirables.

Over 1,500 members had been received into the church by the date of the first annual meeting, and new branch churches were organizing everywhere.

In that same year, the first year of Mrs. Eddy's occupancy of Pleasant View, the cornerstone of the

$200,000 "Mother Church" was laid. Forty prominent Christian Scientists gave $1,000 each to the building fund.

3

Mrs. Eddy was "Pastor Emeritus" now. Her preaching days were over. There was more important work to do. Having conquered her kingdom, she must rule it, and the kingdom was growing by leaps and bounds. She must guard it on every front. Not a sentry at the farthest outpost must be allowed to stray, or hold converse, however idle, with the enemy. Every day some new danger would present itself to her. And every day there came from her hand a by-law by which some danger was averted, some offender rebuked and warned. Not a point was too trivial for a by-law of that famous ever-changing Manual by which she ruled her Church,—the Manual that Mark Twain called "that little brown volcano with hell in its bowels," but of which the author herself wrote that the Rules and By-laws contained therein "originated not in solemn conclave as in ancient Sanhedrim," they were "not arbitrary opinions nor dictatorial commands," but "were impelled by a power not one's own," and "sprang from necessity, the logic of events."

The "Manual" first published in book form in 1895, was continually amended and revised during Mrs. Eddy's life. It is this Manual, with Mrs. Eddy's last revisions, which governs the Church today. By its own provisions the Manual may not be amended except by the written consent of Mrs. Eddy, and the Christian Science Church (with the Board of Directors in supreme control) still functions under the inflexible Rules

and By-laws set down by Mrs. Eddy more than twenty years ago.

A Manual of by-laws is hardly the kind of book to beguile a reader in search of human interest. But as always with Mrs. Eddy, the more formal the work, the more personal she succeeded in making it. In her Manual may be traced her fears, her personal dislikes, her petty aversions, battles won and battles lost.

Not long after Mrs. Eddy's adoption of Ebenezer Foster, Mrs. Stetson took into her New York home a young man, Carol Norton, who, although not legally adopted, occupied in her household the position of a son. This news was said to have greatly annoyed Mrs. Eddy. "See how Stetson apes me!" she was heard to say. A new by-law, headed "Illegal Adoption" promptly appeared in the Manual:

> "No person shall be an officer or a member of this Church, who claims a spiritually adopted child; or a spiritually adopted husband, or wife; except they have been legally adopted, or legally married, and can verify this according to the laws of our land.
>
> "Any member who is found living with a child improperly, or claiming a child not legally adopted, or claiming, or living with a husband, or a wife, to whom they have not been legally married, shall immediately be excommunicated, on the grounds of moral unfitness to be a teacher of Christian Science, or a member of this Church."

There are so many things for which a Christian Scientist may be excommunicated that it is surprising that the Church has any membership. Yet when all is said, the Manual demanded only unquestioning obedience and an undivided allegiance to Mrs. Eddy and her cause. And these her followers freely granted her,—

out of love, expediency, or fear. If so much as suspicion of disloyalty fell upon a member, and no by-law could be made to cover his case, the suspect suffered dismissal from the church under the by-law providing for the excommunication of mesmerists or mental malpractitioners. The proof of the malpractice was Mrs. Eddy's word. "If the author of *Science and Health* shall bear witness to the offense of mental malpractice, it shall be considered sufficient evidence thereof."

By-laws springing "from the logic of events" between editions of the Manual were published in the *Journal* to take immediate effect. Unless a close watch was kept upon the *Journal,* a member often found himself acting in violation of a by-law of which he was unaware. The merest "request" or "it is suggested" or "the Mother wishes you" in the *Journal* had the effect of a command.

A Christian Scientist may read no books on metaphysics except *Science and Health* and the Bible. He may not write books on mental healing or metaphysics. He may not speak publicly upon the subject of Christian Science without permission of the Church. He may, in short, neither think, read, speak, nor act in any way that could be construed as inimical to the Church.

4

Mrs. Eddy had written many things besides her by-laws since she had come up to Concord and cleared her desk for action by her "Seven Fixed Rules" (published in the *Journal*) prohibiting her followers from consulting her or writing her letters on personal matters or upon any one of the seven points specified. In 1891 she

had published a new and entirely revised edition of *Science and Health* and was fast revising it again for publication in '94. She had published her small autobiography, *Retrospection and Introspection,* and in 1893 brought out her long illustrated poem, *Christ and Christmas,* with herself as author, and "Mary Baker G. Eddy and James G. Gilman, Artists." Of this remarkable volume Mrs. Eddy wrote that it was "as hopelessly original as *Science and Health,*" a statement few would dispute.

Her adopted son was now her publisher. She had lost the allegiance and services of William G. Nixon, her former publisher, in the maze of those "circuitous and novel ways" employed in the transference of the property on which the church was now being built, and of which he was one of the original trustees. And in 1892 Mrs. Eddy had given the publication of her books, the most lucrative post within her bestowal, into the hands of Dr. Foster Eddy. Mrs. Eddy's royalty was increased from $1 to $1.50 on every copy of *Science and Health,* the price of the book was $3.18 (18c for postage), the cost of manufacture was 47½c per copy, and the rest went to Dr. Foster Eddy. All of the Leader's works were having an enormous sale.[4] *Science and Health* had reached its eightieth edition of a thousand copies each. Not that there were eighty thousand Christian Scientists—they numbered in reality only a few thousand at that time—; nor even that there had been eighty thousand buyers of the book. The secret of its sale was a very simple one. Every new edition

[4] The editions of *Science and Health* are no longer numbered. With Mrs. Eddy's death the revisions ceased, and the sale has proportionately decreased. The volume, is, however, issued in various sizes and bindings from $3 to $11.50, and in Braille for $12.50.

was a revised edition, and however slight the change, Christian Scientists were expected to buy the latest edition bearing the latest Word. And Christian Scientists did what they were expected to do.

5

Foster-Eddy stayed in the Commonwealth Avenue house when business kept him in Boston for several days at a time. And his mother wrote him letters there,—hurried notes addressing him as "Dearest" or "My dearest One," and giving him instructions, most specifically worded, as to the handling of the mesmerism that was interfering with the printer's work. Various students were assigned the treatment for the bindery, the press, and department heads. Bennie was to keep Mr. Wilson, the proprietor, under his care alone. "When the book goes to the bindery then stop the press aid and turn all their force there. . . . If I or Mr. Frye write or telegraph to you then you must stop at once the students' argument. You understand this, do you not?" When the students had overstepped the instructions, she wrote that she had "just found out what did (but did not) produce a temporary tempest here. It was the help you procured on the Press! Never, never put 'new wine into old bottles.' Those persons named are utterly incapable of handling the Red Dragon. They can command serpents but not the last species." And ordering him to dismiss the help at once, and confine his treatment to the proprietor, she ends, "All is God, Good there is no evil."

All these multitudinous details she carried on her shoulders in addition to the weighty problems of the

organization of the Mother Church. While her son guarded the interests of the publishing business in Boston, Mrs. Eddy sent out her orders from Concord, issued her communiques, summoned her captains and her generals who daily journeyed up from Boston to consult with her. Never had she worked with so much concentrated energy.

CHAPTER TWO

1

In the very midst of those strenuous times, and as if to save the period from an effect of too much worldliness and material activity, the rumor spread through Boston that Mrs. Josephine Curtis Woodbury, the Leader's staunch supporter for many years, had given birth to "the Prince of Peace," a son immaculately conceived.

The child had been born on June 11, 1890, and baptized in a pool which Mrs. Woodbury called "Bethesda" at Ocean Point, Maine, surrounded by an adoring group of personal followers. Mrs. Woodbury had "laid him three times prayerfully in the pool, his baby eyes remained open and smiling upward beneath the surface of the crystal water, and when he was lifted therefrom they joined in a spontaneously appropriate hymn." [1]

Since the earliest days in Boston, Josephine Curtis Woodbury, with her strong personal following, had been both a rose and a thorn in Mrs. Eddy's side. An extravagant believer as may be seen, Mrs. Woodbury had been of enormous service to her teacher in the spreading of the Word. She had lectured and taught in the West, contributed many articles to the *Journal,* and forwarded the cause of Christian Science in a thousand enthusiastic ways.

[1] From *War in Heaven,* by Josephine Curtis Woodbury, published in 1897.

Successful for the cause, she was also successful for herself. She was the priestess of the Romantic School,—the aesthetes, the poets and musicians, the dilettantes of Christian Science, the seekers for the wonderful. In the Berkshire Hotel she held the sessions and taught the classes of the "Woodbury Academy" in a wealth of luxury unknown to the businesslike surroundings of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College in Columbus Avenue. In the fine house which she and her husband bought with the money earned from their teaching, Mrs. Woodbury held her court. Candles and perfume and feasting,—and suddenly all these, *anathemata;* bare white cells to sleep in, monklike robes and fasting for the purification of the soul. She led her students to Europe where they feasted on ancient cultures; she led them to retreats on the rockbound coast of Maine. She ruled her petty principality with a more fantastic scepter than ever touched the hand of that stern and fearsome little leader who exacted obedience from them all.

When in 1889 Mrs. Eddy had closed the Massachusetts Metaphysical College and returned its charter to the state with thanks, she had requested kindly but firmly that Mrs. Woodbury disband her academy as well, "albeit," said Mrs. Woodbury, "no other school or associations were given up seemed peculiar, as we had never even dreamed of being the Teacher's sole imitators." Nevertheless, Mrs. Woodbury's academy was closed and its charter surrendered without a murmur on her part. Perhaps her followers murmured for her when their "beloved academy" was closed.

Perhaps it was her followers, whose adoration never ceased, who first rang out the tidings within a year that

the "Prince of Peace" was born; that their beloved teacher had by "mental generation" brought into the world an immaculate son. It was, nevertheless, Mrs. Woodbury herself who made the claim, named the child the Prince of Peace, and officiated at the baptismal ceremony at the pool. And there is evidence that the child *had* come as something of a surprise.

When the word was brought to Mrs. Eddy (herself engaged in the "mental generation" of the organization of her church) that Mrs. Woodbury had been delivered of the Child of Light, the "little Immanuel," she indignantly exclaimed, "Child of Light! She knows it is an imp of Satan!"

2

Now it is a fact that both Mrs. Woodbury and Mrs. Eddy had some authority in the teaching of Christian Science for these divergent points of view. *Science and Health* bears many references to spiritual birth, to "mental generation," and to "propagation without the male element." Many stories have been told of marriages brought to grief by the attempt on the part of husband or wife to follow Mrs. Eddy's strictures on the subject of "carnal love" and the marriage relationship.[2]

[2] Such passages as the following are scattered through all editions of *Science and Health*:

"The time cometh of which Jesus spake, when he declared that in the resurrection there should be no more marrying or giving in marriage, but man would be as the angels. Then shall Soul rejoice in its own, in which passion has no part. Then white-robed purity will unite in one person masculine wisdom and feminine love, spiritual understanding and perpetual peace." (*Science and Health*, current ed., p. 64.) Psychoanalysts have made much of Mrs. Eddy's many statements concerning the masculine and feminine principles combined in one, the "Father-Mother God," and her statements on the "propagation of the species without the male element." These ideas have been

Christian Scientists of today are all familiar with Mrs. Eddy's "suffer it to be so now" quotation in regard to marriage and the propagation of the race. Nevertheless there are still many passages in *Science and Health* to furnish prophecy and authority for any immaculate conception that might occur.

> "Natural history is richly endowed by the labors and genius of great men. Modern discoveries have brought to light important facts in regard to so-called embryonic life. Agassiz declares ('Methods of Study in Natural History,' p. 275): Certain animals, besides the ordinary process of generation, also increase their numbers naturally and constantly by self-division. This discovery is corroborative of the science of Mind, for this discovery shows that the multiplication of certain animals takes place apart from sexual conditions. The supposition that life germinates in eggs and must decay after it has grown to maturity, if not before, is shown by divine metaphysics to be a mistake,—a blunder which will finally give place to higher theories and demonstrations." (*Science and Health*, current ed., p. 548.)

Such excerpts as this may be multiplied ad infinitum, and appear in all editions of *Science and Health.*

Searching the pages of the early editions for the authority upon which Mrs. Woodbury may have based her claim, we come promptly upon a passage which must certainly have come under her eye and which furnished her fanciful mind no doubt with authority for the baptismal service as well.

held as proof of "secret shames," homosexual tendencies, and insanity. Mrs. Eddy's works will furnish symbolism enough to "prove all things to all men"; there are as many statements to prove that she did not believe these things as that she did. She knew the value of a shocking statement, and was often led into absurdity by her necessity to support the most abstract of her theories as immediately capable of proof.

"Adam being created before Eve, proves the maternal egg never propagated him, and Eve being formed of Adam's rib, shows her origin was not that; 'knowledge' defined man falsely then, even as at present, although physiology has since been grafted onto the forbidden 'tree.' An infant a few hours old was said to be immersed in water, to test the possibility of making him amphibious; and this daily ablution continued until the infant could remain under water, and the ordinary functions of lungs be suspended twenty minutes at one time, playing the while and enjoying the bath." [3]

In her own description of the child's immersion in the pool, Mrs. Woodbury wrote: "While lying beneath the surface his baby eyes were open, and smiling upward; and this composure under water continues unto this day, for he loves it as his native element."

3

For Mrs. Eddy's "imp of Satan" explanation, there was even more authority in the early editions of *Science and Health.*

"Evil thoughts reach farther, and do more harm than individual crimes, for they impregnate other minds and fashion your body. The atmosphere of impure desires, like the atmosphere of earth, is restless, ever in motion, and calling on some object; . . . When malicious purposes, evil thoughts, or lusts, go forth from one mind, they seek others, and will lodge in them unless repelled by virtue and a higher motive for being." [4]

The famous Demonology chapter, it will be remem-

[3] *Science and Health,* First Ed., p. 279.
[4] *Science and Health,* First Ed., p. 193.

bered, is replete with hints and direct accusations as to the dark powers of the demonologists in this respect.

Mrs. Woodbury herself much later wrote that Mrs. Eddy's instruction given in private was:

> "If Jesus was divinely conceived by the Holy Ghost, or Spirit, without a human father, Mary not having known her husband,—then women may become mothers by a supreme effort of their own minds, or through the influence upon them of an Unholy Ghost, a malign spirit.
>
> "Women of unquestioned integrity, who have been Mrs. Eddy's students, testify that she has so taught, and that by this teaching families have been broken up; that thus maidens have been terrified out of their wits, and stimulated into a frenzy resembling that of deluded French nuns, who believed themselves brought into marital relations with the glorified Jesus, as veritably the bridegroom of his church. Whatever her denials may be, such was Mrs. Eddy's teaching while in her college; to which she added the oracular declaration that it lay within her power to dissolve such motherhood by a wave of her celestial rod." [5]

Mrs. Woodbury had visited Mrs. Eddy in Concord six months before the birth of her child and Mrs. Eddy had enigmatically said to her these words, "though they were not at the moment received in their deeper import" by Mrs. Woodbury: "Go home and be happy. Commit thy ways unto the Lord. Trust him, and he will bring it to pass."

Mrs. Woodbury suggested later that these words of the Leader were the words of that other Mary to Elizabeth, and her followers made much of Mrs. Eddy's oracular statement as a prophecy.

[5] From an article in the *Arena*, May, 1899.

4

To Mrs. Eddy, engrossed in the strenuous business of the organization of the Mother Church, all these interpretations, and the publicity attending them, came as mere irritations and a disturbance of her labors, and she let her irritation be known. But she did not add to the publicity achieved by Mrs. Woodbury by any open statement at the time. Mrs. Woodbury had been a valuable student, and she did not wish any new breaks in the church. She probably regretted now the disbanding of Mrs. Woodbury's school, since her idleness had produced so extraordinary a result.

When Mrs. Woodbury presented her application for membership in the new church, she was received "on probation" for two years. "I have made a rule," Mrs. Eddy wrote to her, "which has been published in our *Journal* that I shall not be consulted on applications for membership to the church or dismissals from it. This responsibility must rest on the First Members according to the rule of the church."

Mrs. Woodbury held off applying for admission, fearing refusal no doubt, until 1895 when the Mother Church building was complete. Although on probation, she bought a pew in the new church and appeared there regularly with her husband, her daughter Gwendolyn, and the little Prince. During that year Mrs. Woodbury was once suspended entirely from the church rolls, and again admitted "on probation."

In 1896, Fred D. Chamberlain of Augusta, Me., where Mrs. Eddy had a large summer following, brought suit against Mrs. Woodbury for alienation of

his wife's affections. The Boston *Traveler* ran a sensational story of this suit which involved the claims made in regard to the birth of Mrs. Woodbury's son and published interviews with George Macomber and H. E. Jones of Augusta, who declared that their wives had believed in the immaculate conception of Mrs. Woodbury's child, and wishing to make gifts to the little Prince, had urged their husbands to buy stock in an "air-engine" which Mr. Woodbury was exploiting. The *Traveler* also stated that Evelyn I. Rowe of Augusta had brought suit for divorce against her husband upon the ground of non-support, claiming that all of his earnings went toward the education and support of Mrs. Woodbury's son, Prince, whom Mr. Rowe believed to have been immaculately conceived. Mrs. Woodbury promptly sued the *Traveler* for criminal libel, but lost her case.

Although Mrs. Woodbury had been on the very verge of achieving full membership in the church and many letters [6] had passed between her and Mrs. Eddy in that year, this last notoriety was too much. In March

[6] "Those awful reports about you," wrote Mrs. Eddy, "namely that your last child was illegitimate, etc. I again and again tried to suppress that report; also for what you tried to make people believe; namely, that that child was an immaculate conception, . . . and you replied that it was incarnated with the Devil."

In another letter Mrs. Eddy wrote: "Now, dear student, try one year not to tell a single falsehood, or to practice one cheat, or to break the decalogue. . . ."

And again: "Now mark what I say. This is your last chance, and you will succeed in getting back, and should. But this I warn you, to stop falsifying, and living unpurely in thought, in vile schemes, in fraudulent money-getting, etc. I speak plainly even as the need is.

"I am not ignorant of your sins, and I am trying to have you in the church for protection from those temptations. . . . Remember, the M. A. M. which you say in your letter causes you to sin, is not idle, and will cause you to repeat them, and so turn you again from the church, unless you pray God to keep you from falling into the foul snare."

of 1896 she was "forever excommunicated" from the Mother Church.

During the period of Mrs. Woodbury's suspension from the rolls the previous year, she had continued to occupy the pew she had paid for at the Sunday services. But the congregation turned a cold shoulder upon her and the story goes that so much were the members annoyed by the sight of the little "Prince of Peace" in the Sunday School that he was finally forcibly led from the church by the collar of his royal blue velvet suit.

Mrs. Woodbury, who still apparently believed in miracles, published the following year a small book entitled *War in Heaven,* by which she must have hoped to reinstate herself in the good graces of the Leader, since it is filled with protestations of her allegiance to Christian Science and her long obedience to and continued love for Mrs. Eddy. Her motives are a little difficult to follow. But the book bears one illuminating thought sufficiently candid in statement for us to grasp.

> "Here this narrative approaches a crucial point. On the morning of June 11, 1890, there was born to me a baby boy; though, till his sharp birth-cry saluted my ears, I had not realized that prospective maternity was the interpretation of preceding months of poignant physical discomfort, not unreasonably attributed to other physiological causes and changes,—growing out of my age, and former reliance upon medical opinion,—pointing in the direction of some fungoid formation.
>
> "Even the doctor, contemplating our unpreparedness, could not help an exclamation of surprise; though not the mother absorbed his attention, but the child with its wholesome beauty and serene atmosphere.
>
> "An hour after the birth I rose and bathed." Etc. Etc.

5

Josephine Curtis Woodbury became the bitterest of Mrs. Eddy's enemies. In 1899 she published an article in the *Arena* denouncing Mrs. Eddy and bringing against her all of the charges against which she had for many years so valiantly defended her. She was as extravagant in her attack as she had been in her defense. The article appeared in the May *Arena,* and in that same month Mrs. Woodbury's husband died. Thus, according to Mrs. Eddy's followers, had the evil returned upon her.

Mrs. Eddy's annual message to her church which was read at the June communion services the following month contained references so strongly in point, and so generally understood to refer to Mrs. Woodbury that she instituted a suit for criminal libel against Mrs. Eddy.

The tone of the message sued upon is suggested in the following passages:

> "The doom of the Babylonish woman, referred to in Revelation, is being fulfilled. This woman, 'drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus,' 'drunk with the wine of her fornication,' would enter even the church,—the body of Christ, Truth; and, retaining the heart of the harlot and the purpose of the destroying angel, would pour wormwood into the waters. . . . And a voice was heard, saying, 'Come out of her, my people' (hearken not to her lies) 'that ye receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities . . . double unto her double according to her works: in the cup which she hath filled fill to her double . . . for she saith in her

heart, I . . . am no widow, . . . Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death and mourning and famine; . . . for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her.' That which the Revelator saw in spiritual vision will be accomplished. The Babylonish woman is fallen, and who should mourn over the widowhood of lust, of her that 'is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean . . . bird'?" [7]

When the libel suit came to trial the following year, the strongest Christian Scientists had been summoned from the field and remained for days in Boston. Mrs. Stetson brought her best practitioners from New York, and all these "mental workers" treated constantly for the outcome of the trial. So well did they do their work that only one of the many witnesses, William G. Nixon, Mrs. Eddy's former publisher, dared to state on the stand that he had understood that Mrs. Eddy had meant her denunciation to refer to Mrs. Woodbury.

Mrs. Woodbury, who had relied upon the former statements of many of the witnesses, firmly believed that both the failure of the witnesses and the judge's verdict were the result of the powerful adverse treatments of the practitioners. Naturally she lost her case, and thereafter retired to private life to bring up the Prince of Peace, who grew to manhood quite like other boys and, it is to be hoped for his sake, without too many reminders of his divine mission to the world.

Josephine Curtis Woodbury's public denunciations and open enmity had won for her a high place among the demonologists. For years Christian Scientists feared Mrs. Woodbury, and any blight that fell upon them was attributed to her. But Mrs. Woodbury

[7] *Miscellany*, p. 125–126.

feared Mrs. Eddy's evil power no less than Mrs. Eddy feared Mrs. Woodbury's. It is said that to the last year of Mrs. Eddy's life the "Woodbury influence" was specifically worked against by the household practitioners.[8]

[8] Mrs. Woodbury died in Nice early in 1930. She was more than 80 years of age.

CHAPTER THREE

1

On January 6, 1895, the Mother Church at the corner of Falmouth and Norway Streets, was dedicated.

> "With simple ceremonies, four times repeated, in the presence of four different congregations, aggregating nearly six thousand persons, the unique and costly edifice erected in Boston at Norway and Falmouth Streets as a home for The First Church of Christ, Scientist, and a testimonial to the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, was yesterday dedicated to the worship of God.
>
> "The structure came forth from the hands of the artisans with every stone paid for—with an appeal, not for more money, but for a cessation of the tide of contributions which continued to flow in after the full amount needed was received."

So began the long account in the Boston *Herald* of the following day. Newspapers in every city of the United States carried announcements and descriptions of the new Christian Science church which had appeared in Boston, sprung up almost overnight, "a miracle in stone," as many writers said.[1]

[1] In a small volume, *Pulpit and Press,* many clippings of these accounts were collected by Mrs. Eddy, and the book is now among her published works. The book, which includes as well her dedicatory message to the Church, was published in the same year, and dedicated to "The Dear Two Thousand and Six Hundred Children whose contributions of $4,460 were devoted to the Mother's Room."

The world, so ready to smile and scoff before, was now duly impressed. Astonishment, and not a little of that deference approaching awe which is always to be evoked by the miracle made so substantially manifest, were present in the press reports. Christian Science was no longer a little band of fanatics to furnish amusement to the outside world; it was now "a new religion in our midst" which "whether we accept its tenets in their entirety or not, must be taken into serious account."

Descriptions of the exterior and the interior of the church were carried in all reports.

On the front of the church was a marble tablet with the following inscription carved in bold relief:

> "The First Church of Christ, Scientist, erected Anno Domini 1894. A testimonial to our beloved teacher, the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science; author of 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures"; president of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, and the first pastor of this denomination."

The distinctive features of the church were the stained glass windows, and the Mother's Room. The stained glass windows were "symbolical of the mission of Jesus and the mission of Christian Science and its founder"; four panels depicting the story of the four Marys,—the mother of Jesus, Mary anointing the head of Jesus; Mary washing the feet of Jesus; Mary at the resurrection; and the woman spoken of in the Apocalypse, God-crowned with the twelve stars.

The "Mother's Room," designed for Mrs. Eddy's exclusive use, and furnished by donations of money

from the children's society, "the Busy Bees," was an apartment of the utmost richness and elegance. The floor was of mosaic with a border of fig-leaves bearing fruit; the furniture upholstered in white and gold, a superb mantel of onyx, and before the hearth "a large rug composed entirely of the skins of the eider-down duck, brought from the arctic regions." A large bay window of three separate panels depicted the life work of Mrs. Eddy, the central one representing her seated at her table in the old skylight room at Lynn, engaged in searching the Scriptures. Through the open skylight the Star of Bethlehem shed its rays upon her. Before this window hung an Athenian votive lamp, to be kept always burning. Two alcoves gave off the room, one a retiring room, and one a lavatory. The plumbing was of heavily plated gold.[2]

2

Mrs. Eddy was not present at the dedication of her church, but sent instead the first of those "dedicatory messages," which were later to be read at the dedication of Christian Science churches throughout the world. The reason given for her absence was that she wished to avoid the personal adulation of her followers. Rumor said that Mrs. Eddy, now 74, was suffering one of her illnesses, and unable to attend.

Her absence, duly noted by the newspapers, centered the attention of the public upon her as it had not been centered before. At the very moment of the appearance of the "visible church," the Leader disappeared

[2] In the last year of her life, Mrs. Eddy ordered the "Mother's Room" dismantled. It had been for years a shrine for visiting Christian Scientists, but is no longer open to visitors.

from the public view. From that time on she was, so far as the outer world was concerned, a woman of mystery.

Her dedicatory sermon was read at each of the four services. "Being with you in spirit," she asked, "what need that I should be present in *propria persona?*"

> "Were I present, methinks I should be much like the Queen of Sheba, when she saw the house Solomon had erected. In the expressive language of Holy Writ, 'There was no more spirit in her'; and she said, 'Behold, the half was not told me: thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I have heard.' "

The message was familiar, loving, proud, humble, and oratorical, and in it Mrs. Eddy may be seen more truly than if she had been present in *propria persona.* "No longer'" said she, "are we of the church militant, but of the church triumphant; and with Job of old we exclaim, 'Yet in my flesh shall I see God.' " She paid her respects to prominent persons who had given her encouragement, quoting their words, and the circumstances in detail; expressed her love for Boston, "and especially the laws of the State whereof this city is the capital," and gave praise to God for the demonstration of this "prayer in stone."

On that day the service now used in all Christian Science churches was instituted in the Mother Church. Alternate passages were read from *Science and Health* and the Bible by Judge Septimus J. Hanna and Dr. Foster-Eddy, the President of the Mother Church.

> *"The dragon is at last stung to death by his own malice: but how many periods of torture it may take to remove all sin, must depend upon sin's obduracy."*

read Judge Hanna from *Science and Health.* And Foster-Eddy responded from Revelation:

> "*And when the dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth, he persecuted the woman which brought forth the man child.*"

And again from *Science and Health,* and again from Revelation:

> "*And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood, after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away by the flood. And the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the flood which the dragon had cast out of his mouth.*"

Great was the effect of these sonorous prophecies, now so plainly fulfilled.[3]

3

If it be true that "The Mother," as she was henceforth to be called,[4] lay ill at Pleasant View during the

[3] In a "Note" published with the Dedicatory Sermon in *Pulpit and Press,* p. 20, Mrs. Eddy says: "This church was dedicated on January 6, anciently one of the many dates selected and observed in the East as the day of the birth and baptism of our master Metaphysician, Jesus of Nazareth."

In her Dedicatory Message to the Chicago Church (181, *Miscellany*) she wrote: "It is authentically said that one expositor of Daniel's dates fixed the year 1866 or 1867 for the return of Christ—the return of the spiritual idea to the material earth or antipode of Heaven. It is a marked coincidence that those dates were the first two years of my discovery of Christian Science."

[4] Under the heading *"The Title of Mother"* a by-law presently appeared in the Manual (Art. XXII, Sec. 1), which suggests that the title had been somewhere applied to some woman leader in the church besides Mrs. Eddy. It reads: "In the year 1895 loyal Scientists had given to the author of their textbook, the Founder of Christian Science, the individual, endearing term of Mother. Therefore, if a student of Christian Science shall apply this title, either to herself or to others except as the term for kinship according to the flesh, it shall be regarded by the church as an indication

reading of that service, she could visualize the scene, and hear in imagination the sound of her own words read. Her own, and the Word of God,—no other—the Scriptures of her Church. If she lay ill, it may be that as she often told her household, she was suffering in her body the birth of a new idea for the guidance of her Church.

For now there issued forth from Pleasant View a pronunciamento so sweeping in its purport that it startled every member of her wide-flung Church. It was the most effective single By-law that ever came from her pen. By it she saved her Church forever from the "adulteration" of independent thought. It *"ordained the Bible and Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, as the Pastor, on this planet, of all the churches of the Christian Science denomination."* A First and Second Reader to read corresponding passages from the texts, the fixed service to be the same each Sunday in every Christian Science Church. No comments, and no "explanatory remarks." No Reader shall be a *leader* in the church.

Never from that day was an independent sermon preached in a Christian Science Church.

In New York Augusta Stetson, who had been preaching to great congregations, and about to dedicate her newly finished Forty-eighth Street Church, stepped down from her pulpit without a word. In Chicago the pastor of the enormous congregation there, also about

of disrespect for their Pastor Emeritus, and unfitness to be a member of the Mother Church."—Mrs. Eddy signed her communications "Mother" and was always so addressed by her household. Mark Twain's ridicule of "old Mother Eddy" in the *North American Review* some years later brought a new by-law into the Manual, which ruled that "owing to the public misunderstanding of this name, it is the duty of Christian Scientists to drop the word *mother,* and to substitute Leader."

to take possession of their new Church, yielded up *her* pulpit without a word. In Denver it was the same. In every local church however small, it was the voice of a Reader *not a leader* that the congregation thenceforth heard. And the words they heard intoned were the words of the one Leader, Mary Baker Eddy, in *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures,* which, with "correlating passages" from the Bible, *"constitute a sermon undivorced from truth, uncontaminated or fettered by human hypotheses, and authorized by Christ."*

In an "open letter" in the *Journal* which bore the announcements of this new ruling,—the Mother wrote that her students would find in that number "the completion, as I now think, of the Divine directions sent out to the churches."

Many other Divine directions were to come from her pen, but this was the greatest one, and she may well have felt the sense of climax and completion when it was done.[5]

[5] Readers were later limited to a 3-year term. This guarded against a Reader becoming a leader in spite of the edict that he should not be one. Human nature must be taken into account. So strong was the rumor that this last by-law was the result of the increasing popularity of Judge Hanna, First Reader of The Mother Church, that Mrs. Eddy published a denial of the report. Judge Hanna became an official lecturer of the church. Christian Science lectures were under close control. All lectures must be submitted in writing to the Educational Board, of which Mrs. Eddy was president. No censorship has ever been so efficient and so complete.

PART SEVEN

CHAPTER ONE

1

In the rose and gilt parlor at Pleasant View there lay upon a marble topped table a twenty-eight inch scroll of solid gold in a jeweler's plush-lined case. Engraved in script upon the golden scroll a letter addressed *"Dear Mother"* and bearing the date of the dedication of the church, informed Mrs. Eddy of the completion of the edifice, *"built as a testimonial to Truth, as revealed by divine Love through you to this age,"* and most lovingly invited her *"to visit and formally accept this testimonial on the twentieth day of February, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, at high noon.* Attached by a white ribbon to the scroll was a gold key to the church.

But she had not gone. A driving snow storm on the day of the dedication in January. Bitter weather on February 20th. They should have thought of that. All her life she had dreaded the winter storms. None of the students had ever been able to handle the weather properly.

Not until April had she seen her church. Then, on the first day of the month she had come unannounced to Boston, accompanied by Calvin Frye and two women of her household, and for the first and last time passed the night in the "Mother's Room." So it stands in the canonical writings,—"passed the night in the Mother's

Room." And no word from her pen of the thoughts that came to her in that richly furnished ornate room with its stained glass window of that other room, the little sky-light room in Lynn, and her own shadow seated there, with the votive lamp before it that neither flickered nor went out. 1875 to 1895. Twenty years between those rooms. Yet no word to tell us if she slept well or ill that night.

2

On Sunday, the 26th of May, she as unexpectedly appeared, this time before her congregation, and spoke for twenty minutes from the pulpit of her church.

Twice only after that did Mrs. Eddy, the "Pastor Emeritus," come to Boston and appear before her people; both times briefly, both times unexpectedly.

In February of the following year, when the rumors of her sickness were abroad, she appeared again in her pulpit, spoke a few words and retired immediately, returning to Concord that same afternoon. It was her last appearance in the Mother Church.

In June of 1899, when Boston was thronged with the June communicants all agog with Josephine Woodbury's denunciatory *Arena* article of the month before, Mrs. Eddy came with her attendants to Boston, spent the night at her Commonwealth Avenue house, then occupied by Judge Hanna, First Reader of the Mother Church, and the following day when her "harlot of Babylon" message was read at the annual meeting of the church in Tremont Temple, Mrs. Eddy appeared for a moment on the platform, escorted by Judge Hanna and a second dignitary of the church. She was greeted, by pre-arrangement, with a silent waving of

handkerchiefs, spoke a few words, and immediately retired. Was this fragile little woman, leaning on the arm of Judge Hanna, she who had "trafficked in the temple"?[1] It was of tremendous effect.

But it was the last. She did not come to Boston again.

3

With the building of the Mother Church, the Leader's retirement had begun. She was now 74. Never again (how little she knew what fate had in store for her at the last!)—never again should she be forced to submit herself to the gaze of scoffing eyes.

> "With tender tread," (she wrote in the preface to her *Miscellaneous Writings*, brought out the following year)[2] "thought sometimes walks in memory, through the dim corridors of years, on to old battle-grounds, there sadly to survey the fields of the slain and the enemy's losses. . . .

[1] Mrs. Woodbury had declared in her article that Mrs. Eddy had never healed a case in her life, and that her followers were the dupes of her avarice and greed. Mrs. Eddy's message set all such fears at rest with these words: "I deliberately declare that when I was in practice, out of one hundred cases I healed ninety-nine to the ten of *materia medica*."

[2] *Miscellaneous Writings* was published in 1897. In the Christian Science *Journal* for March of that year, Mrs. Eddy issued the following notice: "Christian Scientists are hereby enjoined not to teach a student of Christian Science for one year, commencing March 14, 1897. 'Miscellaneous Writings,' is calculated to prepare the minds of all true thinkers to understand the Christian Science text book more correctly than a student can. The Bible, 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures,' and my other published works are the only proper instructors for this hour. It shall be the duty of all Christian Scientists to circulate and to sell as many of these books as they can.

"If a member of the First Church of Christ Scientist shall fail to obey this injunction it shall render him liable to lose his membership in this church.

MARY BAKER EDDY."

Christian Science academies and institutes were accordingly closed for one year.

"With armor on, I continue the march, command and countermand; meantime interluding with loving thought this afterpiece of battle. Supported, cheered, I take my pen and pruning-hook, to 'learn war no more,' and with strong wing to lift my readers above the smoke of conflict into light and liberty."

Her victory had been complete.

Only one thing more remained to be done before she could rest secure. "Benny," her foster son,—"Benny" of whom she had hoped so much,—had had to go. The enemy, M. A. M., had seen to that. Was it true, the things they said about him? Had he wanted her place and power while she was yet alive? "Brutus said he was ambitious!" Shakespeare wrote many useful things. He would have made a wonderful Christian Scientist. Comparisons,—what was it he had said about comparisons? It would go very well indeed as the heading for that article she had written yesterday. . . . Oh yes, she had it now . . . she wrote it down, *"Comparisons are odorous.*—SHAKESPEARE."[3]

Benny knew many things. But Benny would never tell. Whether the stories that had come to her from Boston,—the scandal about the woman in his office, the stories about the falsified accounts—were true or not she would never know. Perhaps it was all as Benny said; but Benny was not a business man. Some men were made for power, and some were not. She must trust the strong counsellors who had brought her through. Joseph Armstrong, the banker from Kansas City, who had managed the building of the Church, was her publisher now. Benny had made enough in those few years

[3] It stands today, p. 267, *Miscellaneous Writings.*

to keep him in comfort all his life. She had done her best for him, but no one must be kept who was not wholly for the Cause. Perhaps some day when she was really old—but she must not think of that.

And there was always Calvin Frye,—a little stupid perhaps, and often disagreeable,—but faithful and honest, honest or she was lost. It was true that by a By-law of the Manual she could summon any member of the Church, however far away, to come to Pleasant View "within ten days" and serve her for twelve months in whatever capacity she might name. It was true that this was an honor coveted by every Christian Scientist. But out of all the willing thousands, what one might she trust? Laura Sargent had been the last to come. Good Laura. Yes, she would ask her to stay. Others would come and go, but there would always be Laura Sargent and Calvin Frye. Unless, of course,—the enemy should prove too much for them. Who was the channel for what had happened last night? Would she never have a night of peace? All her life it had been the nights. Was it Benny, as they said? Or was it—no, whatever came or went, she must keep her trust in Calvin Frye.

4

Pleasant View,—she had named it that. And a pleasant view it was. From her tower rooms she had but to step out upon her little balcony to see, across the gardens blooming along the winding drives, across the farther blue of the Merrimac, the distant hills of Bow where she was born. A long circle she had come since then, back to the sight of those hills of Bow,—a thought to make her proud, and yet a little frightening. It was

to be lonely here on "the mount," with no one she dared really love to bear her company.

"I am alone," she wrote her son, "as alone as a solitary star."

If only George had been different. Yet she had really enjoyed him that afternoon when he had brought only the baby, little George, the year she came to Pleasant View. She often laughed at the memory of how she had let little George push her electric bell that connected with the alarm in the lower hall, and how Calvin Frye and all the servants had rushed upstairs in a panic and burst into the room.

If only George had been different. Yet it was nice to hear from him, even if it was sometimes a little difficult to make him understand. Even in Lead, South Dakota, he heard all the rumors, good and bad,—and never seemed to know which ones to believe. She had had to write him just how everything really was.[4]

[4] In a letter dated April 27, 1898, Mrs. Eddy wrote to her son: "That which you cannot write I understand, and will say, I am reported as dying, wholly decrepid and useless, etc. Now one of these reports is just as true as the others are. My life is as pure as that of the angels. God has lifted me up to my work, and if it was not pure it would not bring forth good fruits. The Bible says the tree is known by its fruit.

"But I need not say this to a Christian Scientist, who knows it. I thank you for any interest you may feel in your mother. I am alone in the world, more alone than a solitary star. Although it is duly estimated by business characters and learned scholars that I lead and am obeyed by 300,000 people at this date. The most distinguished newspapers ask me to write on the most important subjects. Lords and ladies, earls, princes and marquises and marchionesses from abroad write to me in the most complimentary manner. Hoke Smith declares I am the most illustrious woman on the continent—those are his exact words. Our senators and members of Congress call on me for counsel. But what of all this? I am not made the least bit proud by it or a particle happier for it. I am working for a higher purpose.

"Now what of my circumstances? I name first my home, which of all places on earth is the one in which to find peace and enjoyment. But my home is simply a house and a beautiful landscape. There is not one

George was often as stupid as Calvin Frye. Long ago she had given him up as part of her life, and now she knew it had been the will of God.

in it that I love only as I love everybody. I have no congeniality with my help inside of my house; they are no companions and scarcely fit to be my help.

"I adopted a son hoping he would take Mr. Frye's place as my book-keeper and man of all work that belongs to man. But my trial of him has proved another disappointment. His books could not be audited they were so incorrect, etc., etc. Mr. Frye is the most disagreeable man that can be found, but this he is, namely (if there is one on earth), an honest man, as all will tell you who deal with him. At first mesmerism swayed him, but he learned through my forbearance to govern himself. He is a man that would not steal, commit adultery, fornication, or break one of the Ten Commandments. I have now done, but I could write a volume on what I have touched upon.

"One thing is the severest wound of all, namely, the want of education among those nearest to me in kin. I would gladly give every dollar I possess to have one or two and three that are nearest to me on earth possess a thorough education. If you had been educated as I intend to have you, to-day you could, would, be made President of the United States. Mary's letters to me are so misspelled that I blush to read them.

"You pronounce your words so wrongly and then she spells them accordingly. I am even yet too proud to have you come among my society and alas! mispronounce your words as you do; but for this thing I should be honoured by your good manners and I love you."

CHAPTER TWO

I

For ten years now, and only ten,—from 1896, past the turn of the century till 1906—Mary Baker Eddy was granted respite from the world. From the year she was 75 to the year she was 85, surrounded only by her devoted household, and such guests and counselors as she chose to see, she lived in honored peace at Pleasant View. It was the only period of peace that she had ever known,—if peace, indeed, can be said to ever have been hers.

They were not years of idleness. The Leader was never idle to the last day of her life. Her vigilance over her Church was never once relaxed. Her desk was never cleared; she kept a corps of secretaries occupied, and her indefatigable pen was never idle in her hand.

For during those ten years, as if she had but to lift her hand to perform the miracle, her visible churches began to rise. In marble, in brick, in stone, they rose in cities and towns throughout America. From Concord the Leader sent her "Dedicatory Message" to each church. The "Dedicatory Messages to Branch Churches" march through the pages of the volume known as "Miscellany" like a processional:

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Chicago, Ill.
First Church of Christ, Scientist, Brooklyn, N. Y.
First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York, N. Y.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Detroit, Mich.
First Church of Christ, Scientist, Toronto, Can.
First Church of Christ, Scientist, Duluth, Minn.
First Church of Christ, Scientist, Salt Lake City, Utah.
First Church of Christ, Scientist, Atlanta, Ga.
Second Church of Christ, Scientist, Chicago, Ill.
First Church of Christ, Scientist, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Second Church of Christ, Scientist, Minneapolis, Minn.
First Church of Christ, Scientist, Cleveland, O.
First Church of Christ, Scientist, St. Louis, Mo.
First Church of Christ Scientist, Wilmington, N. C.
First Church of Christ, Scientist, Washington, D. C.

And many more besides; Philadelphia, Los Angeles; the church at Concord, the Leader's gift to the local church; and in 1906, the great $2,000,000 "Excelsior Extension" to the Boston Mother Church.

Delusion of grandeur? This *was* grandeur, was it not? She ruled as no queen ever ruled. No queen has ever been so reverenced. And surely none has ever been the recipient of so much loving gratitude.

"Heal the sick, cast out demons, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead,"—these were her commands. And her subjects answered, "It is done."

As the Church emerged in glory and power she, the Founder, the Mother in Israel, slowly receded from the view. Flashes of the old fire were seen above the spires of the Church; now and then her anger shook the columns until they trembled and were all but toppling, but they righted themselves and stood. Rebuke and denunciation came forth occasionally to illumine the windows; but the Personality "according to the flesh" receded further and further into the mist, and the legend had appeared. The Figure "our Beloved Leader, Mary

Baker G. Eddy," whose only actuality was a name upon the breath of the worshipers in a hundred churches.

2

To the profane world she was as sacrosanct as the Living God of Thibet, safe in his alcove, guarded by the temple priests. Even the people of Concord had no view of her except the glimpse upon her daily drive. Promptly at two o'clock in the afternoon, every day since she had come to Pleasant View, her carriage issued from the driveway of the estate with Calvin Frye in footman's uniform of olive green, sitting beside the coachman on the box. From the window of the old-fashioned carriage Mrs. Eddy, sitting in lonely state, now and then bowed graciously to one of the faithful or an old acquaintance saluting her from the street. The drive was always the same, and the sleek fat horses hardly needed the coachman's guiding hand to follow the route through the quiet streets of Concord and back again. It was a daily ritual.

She had battled the world for many years; she was growing old; the mortal body was taking its toll; she often "suffered severely in belief"; there was much work to do. She rarely granted an interview, and then only by careful arrangement through Calvin Frye, and when she felt that the granting of the interview would be for the good of her cause.

There was the weekly *Sentinel* now, and in its pages she answered her critics from week to week, writing freely in the "new tongue," but her people understood. "A million Christian Scientists," she wrote. Well, perhaps there were not so many, but let it go. Where were

the lists? Were there really so few? . . . But they were a million *strong*. She would make a by-law that the numbers must not be given out.

Was she often tired, and a little weary of the writing of Messages to First or Second or Third Church of Christ, Scientist, in more cities than she could name,—and turning to her book of *Philosophic Nuggets,* copy out a page or two which, if not perfect, would nevertheless serve. Was it with a bitter little smile that she reads the gibes of the "suckling litterateurs" who did not know they were laughing at the very masters they compared her to,—Emerson, Ruskin, Amiel, Carlyle?

Or was it Calvin Frye, entrusted with the work, who discovered God's ever present help in the quotation books?[1]

Did she still resort to the "circuitous and novel ways"? Why forsake them now, the ways that had brought her to success?

Was she slow in giving alms? She had helped others to help themselves. It was her creed. The reality of this gift to many lives is not to be denied. Are we to cavil at this consistency?

Did she sometimes secretly smile when she heard them disputing whether the teachings of Edward A.

[1] In 1929 the Christian Science Parent Church (led by Mrs. Annie C. Bill of London with John V. Dittermore) announced the discovery of many plagiarisms in Mrs. Eddy's works, particularly in the writings of her later years. Many phrases, and often whole passages, were copied directly from the authors named, as well as from Charles Kingsley, and Dr. Hugh Blair; and all such passages were contained in two books owned and marked by Mrs. Eddy. They were *Philosophic Nuggets,* and Lindley Murray's "English Reader," with which last author Mrs. Eddy had long before announced her familiarity. "At ten years of age I was as familiar with Lindley Murray's Grammar as with the Westminster Catechism; and the latter I had to repeat every Sunday."

Kimball, her favorite student and lecturer, were the true doctrine or not? Edward Kimball, they said, did not deny the existence of the body; admitting even in his classes that the heart, the stomach, the lungs exist. Exist? Well, what did he mean by the word "exist"? Let them argue. Edward Kimball was the best teacher she had ever had. And he had learned what he knew from her. What had she meant herself by the word "exist"? (There is no body. There is no death. Did she sometimes half believe, on the days when the demons had drawn off, that it might be really true,—that the miracle might come to pass?)

All was possible in Science. What was needed was demonstration, not this quibbling over words. Was her church to go the way of other churches,—splitting hairs about the meaning of a word? Her church that was built upon demonstration, upon the healing of the sick. Already the healing was falling off; the best practitioners turning to teaching,—enough teaching had been done. It needed but the stroke of her pen. For three years, from 1903 to 1906, all Christian Science teaching was suspended. Let the talkers demonstrate.

3

On the few memorable occasions that the Leader appeared in public during those ten years, it was before her own following of the faithful in whose hearts she was secure, whose love and adoration revived and strengthened her, and never before the scoffing and curious gaze of the unbelievers and profane. These were the occasions of the famous "pilgrimages" tc Pleasant View.

In 1895, the year of the dedication of the Mother Church, the Leader had sent an invitation to the members attending the June communion service in Boston to visit her at Pleasant View. One hundred and fifty communicants journeyed to Concord, and Mrs. Eddy received them with open house. She was at her best that day, and so pleasant had it seemed to receive again the warm and personal adulation of the faithful gathered together that she may have promised herself and them the meeting every year. But the following year the communicants crowding into Boston on every train from north and south and west waited in vain for an invitation to Pleasant View.

In June of '97, she issued her invitation again. Twenty-five hundred communicants arrived in Concord, and filling every carriage, hundreds went on foot to Pleasant View. For many of these pilgrims, who had never dared hope to see the Mother in the flesh, the visit was the greatest event of their lives. Again the Leader was at her best, received them with the utmost graciousness, and made a long address.

She wore a dress of purple silk, her diamond cross and the badge of the Daughters of the Revolution in rubies and diamonds. Upon that occasion she also wore that little lavender bonnet which established the memorable fashion of lavender bonnets among the elderly ladies of the Church.

In June of 1901 the invitation was issued again, and three thousand communicants were carried from Boston to Concord on three special trains. This time they were not admitted to the house, but assembled in the grounds, and Mrs. Eddy appeared upon the upper balcony that led from her study, held out her hands to them, and

addressed a brief greeting to the silent throng. When she had stepped back through the door of her study and disappeared from their sight, "many began to write down the words they remembered, and as they compared their notes, each one seemed to have caught a special and personal message."[2]

In 1904 the pilgrims came, not to Pleasant View, but to the new Christian Science Church in Concord. Mrs. Eddy's carriage stopped before the great throng assembled about the Church, she summoned the president of the Mother Church to her side, and to him as the representative of the members she spoke her few words of greeting. She had sadly aged, and the once sonorous and magnetic voice could no longer be trusted to carry over such an audience. The carriage had merely paused. The signal was given, and the coachman drove on along the accustomed route of the daily drive, and back to Pleasant View.

4

It was the last pilgrimage. The invitation was not issued again. Mrs. Eddy was 83. She requested her followers no longer to come to Concord. Her labors must not be disturbed.

But still the over-zealous ones who had lived for years in the hope of seeing the Mother face to face, continued to come to Concord and linger near Pleasant View or along the route of her daily drive in the hope of catching a glimpse of her.

Those ardent, anxious faces . . . were they ardent, or inquisitive? Friend or foe, the danger was the same. Even the members of her own household had often

[2] Sibyl Wilbur in the *Authorized Life,* p. 349.

proved unwitting channels for the forces that sought her life.

A new By-law appeared:

"*Thou Shalt not Steal.* Sec. 15. Neither a Christian Scientist, his student or his patient, nor a member of the Mother Church shall daily and continuously haunt Mrs. Eddy's drive by meeting her once or more every day when she goes out—on penalty of being disciplined and dealt with justly by her church."

If only she might have so commanded all the world!

The faithful obeyed in silent awe. The Mother was no longer to be seen. What new revelation might they soon expect? She was working now, they heard it whispered, "on a plane that would mean instantaneous death to any one of them."

Entries in the diary of Calvin Frye, lately made public, show the frequency and severity of Mrs. Eddy's illnesses during this period. The entry of May 3, 1902, reads:

"Mrs. E. was suddenly attack(ed) with severe pain at 11:30 to-night and the 4 C. S. in the house proved unable to relieve her. She sent for Rev. I. C. Tomlinson neither did he help her. She then sent for Dr. E. Morrill & he was out of town; she then sent for Dr. S. Morrill he was sick and could not come. She then sent for Dr. Conn and he remained with her from 2.15 until 4 Monday morning. But the pain was so intense & slow to respond that he called in Dr. Stillings for consultation who was here from 3 to 4."

The entry of the following day notes that Mrs. Eddy was "given a hypodermic by Dr. E. Morrill."

Mrs. Eddy suffered from gall-stones, which would account for the acute attacks.

CHAPTER THREE

1

Of the Leader's personal life in those later years and what went on within the walls of Pleasant View, there was only conjecture and surmise. Her household had no contact with the outer world. All rumors were persistently denied.

If amid her labors, amid the increasing onslaughts of the enemy which neither "temporal nor eternal means" could stay, she found some simple hours of peace, she had earned her right to them. We at least may grant to her the seclusion of those years. For soon enough the world was to be at her door, and the enemy to hurl itself with all its terrible power upon her again. She who had hoped to "assimilate herself to God," in peace; who had felt herself safe forever from the challenge and scoff of hostile eyes; she who dreaded the stare of the curious as the eye of the evil one himself, she who may (let us also grant her this) have wished to save her followers the shock of the discovery that the Leader herself had found her body to be subject like any other to the ravages of the years; this fragile and resisting woman was to be forced at the age of 85 to show herself again for the sake of her Cause, and to meet with fear and terror ill-concealed, as a soldier faces a firing squad, the challenging eyes of the enemy world.

2

As the Church increased in power and visible wealth, and the mystery deepened about the Founder, and the guards grew stronger round Pleasant View, rumor and speculation began to circulate.

When in June of 1906 the great white-domed two-million-dollar Excelsior Extension to the Mother Church was finished, and more than thirty thousand Christian Scientists crowded Boston for the dedication service, and remained for days for the six communion services and the tremendous Wednesday night testimonial service at which each speaker, rising to give his testimony of healing and benefits received, first announced the city from which he had come, and these cities were like a list of all the cities of the English-speaking world; and yet the Leader, Mary Baker Eddy, whose name was upon every tongue, remained immured in Concord only an hour or two away, sending her message as usual that she was with them in spirit but not in *propria persona,* her absence was conspicuously noted by the metropolitan press.

Reporters seeking an interview were firmly denied admittance to Pleasant View by the laconic and enigmatic Calvin Frye. The Leader was occupied with important labors for her Church. For many years it had been understood that she granted no interviews. There was no occasion now to break the rule. Mrs. Eddy was well. She could be seen any day in her carriage, taking her daily drive through the streets of Concord.

3

In October of 1906 two representatives of the New York *World,* determined upon a sight of the Leader of Christian Science, stationed themselves on the route of her daily drive and waited until the old-fashioned closed carriage with the squat thick figures of the coachman and Calvin Frye on the box approached along the street. The occupant of the carriage was seen to be a white-haired woman, swathed to the ears in a great ermine cape, who held in her white-gloved hand a small lace and silk parasol, though the carriage was covered and closed. At the first curious glance the parasol was promptly lowered and the face of the occupant of the carriage effectually masked.

Convinced that this was not Mrs. Eddy, the two reporters resorted to a ruse by which within a few days they had succeeded in gaining a clear and unobstructed view of the face of the woman in the carriage. One reporter on foot stepped to the right-hand window of the coach with the obvious intent of looking in; the other in a carriage passed slowly by on the left. Down went the parasol to the right, blocking the view of the man on foot, but leaving unobstructed the vision of the man in the carriage. The woman in the coach was not Mrs. Eddy, but a woman younger by many years, wearing the familiar ermine cape, and holding in a steady hand the familiar little parasol which Mrs. Eddy always carried on her drive. She was identified as Mrs. Pamela J. Leonard, head of the Brooklyn Christian Science Church, but a member for some months previous of the household at Pleasant View.

Armed with this information, armed also with docu-

ments and records tending to cast suspicion upon the administration of Mrs. Eddy's finances, and particularly upon Calvin Frye, in whose name all of Mrs. Eddy's real and personal property had stood for years, the two reporters for the *World* succeeded after many days of parley in forcing from the alarmed secretary, Calvin Frye, and his assistant, Lewis Strang, the promise of a personal interview with Mrs. Eddy in the presence of an identifying witness acceptable to the reporters, Prof. Frank R. Kent of Concord, Mrs. Eddy's neighbor and outspoken foe.

4

On Sunday morning, October 28th, the front page of the New York *World* was emblazoned with headlines, photographs and diagrams.

"Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy Dying; Footman and Dummy Control Her," "Founder of Christian Science Suffering from Cancer and Nearing Her End, Is Immured at Pleasant View, While Another Woman Impersonates Her on the Streets of Concord." Subheadlines announced "Calvin A. Frye, Secretary-Footman, Supreme Power at the Eddy Home"; "Mrs. Eddy's Fortune Estimated at $15,000,000, Her Income at $1,000,000 a Year"; "Members of Her Coterie Say She Has Spent It All in Charity, Though No Records of Large Gifts Can Be Found."

The long sensational story spread itself through page after page of the Sunday paper. Reporters had been at work on the story for many months. If there were any subscribers to the New York *World* who had been indifferent to the news of Christian Science or its Founder, their indifference vanished on that day.

The high point of the story was the interview with its description of Mrs. Eddy; the movements and preparations which led up to it most dramatically detailed. Calvin Frye was conspicuously absent. The two *World* men, who had been brought to Pleasant View in Mrs. Eddy's own carriage, waited with Prof. Kent in the rose and gilt parlor while Lewis Strang, who acted as master of ceremonies, slipped hurriedly in and out for whispered conferences somewhere in the silent house. He announced to them at last that Mrs. Eddy would receive them in a private room upstairs and led the way into the hall. Halfway up the narrow flight of stairs Strang's uplifted hand signaled them to halt.

"For a moment the visitors stood motionless on the stairs, and then a voice from the gloom above said, 'All right. Be quick.'

" 'Quick now, please,' Strang whispered sharply over his shoulder as he mounted the last steps, crossed a narrow hallway and ushered the party into a rear room.

"The real Mrs. Eddy stood before the visitors.

"She was on her feet in the center of the room, her hands on the edge of a heavy table.

"Mrs. Eddy looked more dead than alive. She was a skeleton, her hollow cheeks thick with red paint, and the fleshless hairless bones above the sunken eyes penciled a jet black. The features were thick with powder. Above them was a big white wig.

"Her body was pitifully emaciated, and her throat, on which sparkled a horseshoe of brilliants, was shriveled.

"Her weakness was pathetic. She reeled as she stood clinging to the table. Her sunken faded eyes gazed helplessly, almost pleadingly, at her visitors. The air of the room reeked with the odors of powerful stimulants. In a corner, as though hastily pushed aside, stood a galvanic

battery with its surgical basin half full of water and a sponge wet from use.

"To every eye it was clear that the unfortunate old woman had been doped and galvanized for the ordeal of identification. But it was equally clear that the utmost stimulation could not keep the tortured woman upon her feet much longer.

"Strang glided to her side and held an outstretched arm behind her in readiness for the threatened collapse. But old Mrs. Eddy was nerved to supreme effort.

"Her listless eyes were fastened upon Prof. Kent as he stepped toward her. As he bowed formally she released her hold upon the table, swayed toward him, clutched him with her shriveled fingers and held on with desperate strength. Had Prof. Kent withdrawn his support she must have fallen.

" 'My—dear—dear—pro—professor!' she cried in the high crackling voice of extreme age. 'H-h-how glad I am to see you. Let me co-congratulate you on getting back your position. I-I am so glad that you are at the head of our sc-school again.' It was the senseless chatter of senility. Prof. Kent years ago severed all connection with the Concord school.

"As he stammered out a reply and gently freed himself from the quivering fingers, Mrs. Eddy turned reeling again to the table and clung to it for support. Her fictitious strength was almost gone.

"Turning to the others for the first time she gasped, "I—I—I ca-cannot understand your in-interest in poor me. B-but I ca-cannot be interviewed.'

"She had just strength enough left to extend a palsied hand to each visitor and motion appealingly to Strang. The interview was at an end. It had lasted only three minutes.

"As the visitors were hurried from the room Mrs. Eddy surrounded by attendants, was sinking helplessly into a pil-

lowed chair. Spasms were shaking her frail body, while agony distorted her painted face.

"It was clear why the identification was staged in her private room. In her pitiable weakness she could not have walked downstairs."

5

Christian Scientists were stunned. Statements were issued by representatives of the Church, branding the whole story as deliberate falsehood and persecution, and announcing that Mrs. Eddy was in perfect health, drove in her carriage every day, and attended to all of her business affairs.

Promptly upon the appearance of the story on Sunday, representatives of every metropolitan newspaper were dispatched posthaste to Concord with instructions to get an interview. To Concord also rushed the strongest advisers of the Christian Science Church from Boston and New York. Messengers went back and forth between Pleasant View and the hotel where the reporters had established their headquarters, and parleys continued through the day on Monday, Monday night, and Tuesday morning, when at last an agreement was reached by which eleven representatives of the press were chosen for admittance to the interview, which was to be limited to the asking of four questions specifically agreed upon, and one member of the group, Mrs. Sibyl Wilbur O'Brien, appointed to put the questions to Mrs. Eddy.[1]

[1] Sibyl Wilbur O'Brien was suggested for the questioning by the representatives of the Christian Science Church. She had already interviewed Mrs. Eddy and published eulogistic articles about her. She was later employed by the Directors to write the Life of Mrs. Eddy.

The questions were:

1. Are you in perfect bodily health?
2. Have you any other physician than God?
3. Do you take a daily drive?
4. Does anyone besides yourself administer your property or attend to your business affairs?

Carriages were called and the reporters reached Pleasant View a few minutes before one o'clock and were admitted to the big parlor on the ground floor, where they were received by Mrs. Pamela J. Leonard and Mrs. Laura Sargent, Mrs. Eddy's companion for many years. There was present also Secretary of State Pearson of New Hampshire, who had been agreed upon to identify Mrs. Eddy. The door leading into the hall was closed and the portieres drawn over it.

Presently Calvin Frye, dressed in his footman's livery with a double row of gold buttons down the front, ceremoniously opened the door, dropped the portieres back to place, and stood aside with bowed head. Mrs. Leonard and Mrs. Sargent immediately stopped talking and conversation ceased.

The portieres swept open, and "standing upon the threshold, dressed in a splendid long ermine-trimmed black coat, glittering white velvet toque trimmed in silver sequins with a high white aigrette surmounting it, and a long trailing black satin skirt falling gracefully about her, stood Mrs. Eddy."

The eleven different reports that appeared in the newspapers the following day might have led the world to believe that eleven Mrs. Eddys had made their appearance in that door. She "bowed low and with ceremonial precision, reminding one of the entrance of a

great diva before an audience made up of fashion and wealth"; "shaking and trembling, she tottered forward, clutching the curtains with palsied hands and paused swaying in the door"; "her eyes, large, dark and lustrous, sought out Mrs. O'Brien, whom she greeted with a smile"; "her faded, lusterless eyes, roamed vacantly in space above the heads of the crowd"; "her feebleness seemed only consistent with her great age"; "she stood before them shaking with palsy, a physical wreck, tottering, pallid like a vision from beyond the grave"; "she stood before them erect and upright, nerved for the ordeal"; she wore a black cloak; she wore a cape of white ermine, Augusta Stetson's gift.

To the first of the questions agreed upon, and asked by Mrs. O'Brien, "Are you in perfect bodily health, Mrs. Eddy?" she replied in a voice that ranged, according to the reports, from clear and strong to a senile murmur, "Indeed I am."

To the second question, "Have you any other physician than God?" repeated by Mrs. O'Brien (for Mrs. Eddy *was* a little deaf as some of the reporters seemed also to be), she replied, "No physician but God," and with a dramatic outward sweep of her hands added, "His everlasting arms are about me!"

She turned as if to go, and Mrs. O'Brien followed quickly with the third question, "Do you drive daily?" Again the reports vary. She had started toward the outer door, but "turned and responded with an emphatic 'Yes.'" She had fallen back into the supporting arms of her attendants and neither heard the question nor replied.

All reports agree that the fourth question, "Does any one beside yourself administer your property or

attend to your business affairs?" was never asked, as Mrs. Eddy had ended the interview by her departure for her drive.

And here again, she was supported and half carried down the steps to her waiting carriage by the nurse, Miss Shannon, by Calvin Frye, by Lewis Strang; and she walked with firm and unfaltering step out of the door and down to her waiting carriage which she entered unassisted. At any rate it was Mary Baker Eddy, head of the Christian Science Church, who, shaking with palsy, or sitting triumphantly erect and serene, drove out of the grounds of Pleasant View in the familiar black coach that day.

6

The two forced interviews had proved to be the preliminary to the filing of the famous "Next Friends Suit"—a suit brought at the "instigation of public spirited citizens" in the name of Mary Baker Eddy, suing by her next friends, George W. Glover, her son, Mary Glover, the granddaughter, George W. Baker, a nephew, and Ebenezer J. Foster Eddy, the adopted son, as Plaintiffs, against Calvin A. Frye, Alfred Farlow, Irving C. Tomlinson, Ira O. Knapp, William B. Johnson, Stephen A. Chase, Joseph Armstrong, Edward A. Kimball, Herman S. Hering, and Lewis C. Strang. It was charged that Mrs. Eddy, enfeebled in mind and body and incapacitated for the administration of her own affairs, was held against her will a virtual prisoner at Pleasant View and under the complete domination and control of the defendants named. The plaintiffs asked that the defendants be compelled to fur-

nish a full accounting of Mrs. Eddy's financial affairs, and that a receiver be appointed to administer her estate.

With an imposing array of counsel on both sides, headed by former United States Senator for New Hampshire, William E. Chandler, for the plaintiffs, and Gen. Frank J. Streeter, for the defendants, the long hard-fought struggle began.

Amid the storm of protest and denial from the Christian Science forces, there now appeared day after day and week after week in the pages of the New York *World* and other newspapers as well that amazing series of sensational stories, statements, disclosures and interviews which centered the attention and interest of the whole nation upon the "mystery house" at Pleasant View and its aged occupant.

There were the long interviews of George Glover, Mrs. Eddy's son, then in Washington with his daughter Mary for secret conferences, and acting under instructions from Senator Chandler. The stories of his visits to his mother at Pleasant View, of the enmity displayed by Calvin Frye who sought to keep him from his mother; of his mother's efforts to help him, to furnish him with money for the development of his mining properties; of these efforts thwarted by his mother's guardians, and the emphasis always placed on Calvin Frye. He told of his mother's abject terror of Calvin Frye, and of his fear for his own life at the hands of his mother's guardians; told of his mother's pitiable condition both physical and mental on the few brief moments of her presence permitted him; told of the fine house in Lead City, S. D. that had been built for him as a gift from his mother,—a concession, he believed, on the

part of her wardens for the sake of publicity, although he had no money to furnish the house and his family was in want.[2]

There was the story of Foster-Eddy, the adopted son, now living the life of a country gentleman in Waterbury, Vt. He too averred that Mrs. Eddy had lived for years under the complete control of the clique at Pleasant View, the clique who with lies and intrigue had effected his banishment. He told of his foster mother's delusions and fears, played upon and kept alive by Calvin Frye's continuous talk of malicious animal magnetism and the black arts; he, like George Glover, told of Mrs. Eddy's tenderness and love, asserted his belief that she was held a prisoner and puppet in the hands of the rulers of her Church, and that only fear for his own safety had kept him silent through the years.[3]

[2] New York *World,* March 2, 3, 5, 1907.

[3] New York *World,* March 12, 1907. Foster-Eddy charged that his account books had been stolen one by one and secretly falsified; that the story about the woman in his office was deliberately circulated to effect his downfall. He heard the story in his Boston office and within an hour was on his way to Pleasant View. The one thought in his mind was "to see Mother and vindicate himself." "At Pleasant View I hurried into my Mother's room and found her seated at her desk. At sight of me she sprang to her feet, shrieked for help and darted out of the room. Of course I followed, thinking that she had been seized by one of her mad attacks; but she fled before me, stumbling, falling, dragging herself along in terror. Through it all she never ceased to shriek 'Murder' at the top of her voice. Satisfied at last that I could not quiet her I left the house dazed, and took the next train back to Boston. Three weeks later I learned the truth. The plotters had convinced Mrs. Eddy that I was going to Pleasant View to kill her. In her weakness of mind, she had believed the lie, and my arrival had terrified her."

The story tells how he "again defeated Frye," and managed to see his mother and convince her of his innocence. "She put her trembling hands in mine and begged me never to leave her, never to desert her. 'You know how things are here,' she said, 'and I want you to promise that when you receive an order from me to go away, to do something in another city, do not obey it. Remember, my boy, that I shall have been

But no one was keeping silent now. Christian Scientists once close in the councils of the church but long in hiding lest the dark powers of the rulers should seek them out for vengeance, now came forth to tell their tales. There were tales of cliques and counter-cliques; Mrs. Eddy was "the helpless plaything of rival cliques"; Calvin Frye was in reality the secret agent for Augusta Stetson in a plot to depose Mrs. Eddy and enthrone Augusta Stetson as head of the Christian Science Church.

And, one and all, these stories bore the refrain of "M. A. M." For the first time a bewildered public became aware of the deeply superstitious fear of malicious animal magnetism that haunts the lives of Christian Scientists.

For the first time many people may have understood the strange *covered* look so often seen on the faces of Christian Scientists. Denial—denying M. A. M.—It may be seen at the mention of any unadmitted fact

forced to make the order; that I shall not mean it. Promise me my son.'" He gave her his promise, but it proved to be their last interview. The "conspirators" were too much for him.

Foster-Eddy had other stories to tell. He told of "periods of frenzy" that seized Mrs. Eddy when she "rushed around the room filling the house with her cries." In these paroxysms, he said, she was uncontrollable. "At dead of night on one occasion I was aroused by Frye's knocking at my door. 'Come quick,' said he; 'your mother is mad, she thinks that a tumor has suddenly grown on her chest. She is calling for you.' I do not know what arts had been practised upon the unfortunate woman that night, but I do know that I found poor Mrs. Eddy crouching under the bed clothes and clutching at her breast with both hands. In vain I made an examination and assured her that the tumor had vanished. 'No it is still there,' she would cry. 'I see it. It is there,' she would cry,' I see it. It is there—there.' Morning dawned before I could quiet her."

He also told of a night when Calvin Frye obtained a morphine tablet from him (he had been using the tablets for his own neuralgia!) and, his curiosity aroused, he followed Frye to Mrs. Eddy's room where she lay screaming and hysterical, and saw Frye "force the tablet into her mouth and hold her firmly down among the pillows."

of Mrs. Eddy's life; at the mention of any criticism of the Church. It will be seen at the mention of this statement in this book.[4]

For the first time also many people calling themselves Christian Scientists, many who had been healed and joined the local churches, became aware of this deeply embedded doctrine of animal magnetism in the Christian Science Church. Such members now either acceded to the doctrine and believed the assertions that the publicity was persecution, or out of gratitude for their healings waited upon events,—or left the Church.

In the midst of these disclosures, Miss Mary M. Tomlinson, who had been devoted to Mrs. Eddy for years, often acting as her secretary, and a sister of Irving C. Tomlinson, a defendant in the Next Friends Suit, committed suicide. On April 19th she took the train from Concord to Boston and that evening appeared at the Parker House Hotel in such a state of mind that her two brothers, Irving C. and Rev. Vincent Tomlinson, a Universalist minister, were sent for. That night Miss Tomlinson threw herself from the window of a fourth story room in the Parker House, and was killed.

Whether or not Miss Tomlinson's suicide was due to a state of mind engendered by the situation confronting Christian Scientists at that time, its coincidence, and the intimacy of the Tomlinsons with Mrs. Eddy, added

[4] The discovery of the prevalence of the belief in and fear of "M. A. M." has been one of the strangest fruits of this research. The author has listened to many scarcely believable stories of this fear; some tragic, and many ludicrous. Christian Scientists suspect each other of it; and they even suspect themselves. "Handling M. A. M." is one of the strongest duties of every member of the Church. To M. A. M. is attributed every thing from sickness and disaster to the slightest mishap and annoyance of daily life. The Christian Scientists' world is far more dangerous than a simple world of germs and accident.

a slightly sinister note to the unfortunate publicity of that year. The absence of details as to the cause of the suicide even heightened the note.[5]

During all this time statements had issued daily from Pleasant View to the effect that Mrs. Eddy was not only in good health but sitting in council with her lawyers and advisers and as usual in command.

Emissaries of the Church sped secretly east and west; intrigue followed upon intrigue, and strategem upon strategem. Charges of the Eddy signature forged, of sums of money offered and refused. Now the "circuitous and novel ways" indeed.

7

The Next Friends Suit was filed in the Superior Court of Concord on March 1, 1907. On the day preceding the filing of the suit, Mrs. Eddy executed a Deed of Trust in favor of her son and his children for the sum of $150,000. The execution of the Trust Fund had followed upon two earlier offers of smaller sums, one for $1200 and one for $1500, both rejected by the son. The setting aside of the larger sum was hailed by the Next Friends counsel as "the final blunder" of the Eddy counselors.

On March 6th, Mrs. Eddy executed a second Trust Deed by which all of her worldly possessions, including

[5] The reader with a taste for melodrama will find it in the account of Mary Tomlinson's suicide given in *The Religio-Medical Masquerade* (p. 191) by Frederick W. Peabody, an implacable enemy of Christian Science. Mr. Peabody was counsel for Mrs. Josephine Woodbury in her libel suit against Mrs. Eddy, and later one of the consulting lawyers for the Next Friends Suit. He had access to many documents and interviewed many witnesses; he wrote voluminously and, it must be said, extravagantly of Mrs. Eddy, often seeming to take her as seriously as he accused her followers of taking her.

her valuable copyrights, were transferred into the hands of three trustees; Henry M. Baker, former Congressman and Mrs. Eddy's cousin; Josiah F. Fernald, president of the National State Capital Bank of Concord, and Archibald McClellan, editor of the Christian Science *Journal* and *Sentinel* and a Director of the Church.

The case, which hung fire for many months, now had for its main issue the question of Mrs. Eddy's competence to execute any documents whatever,—in short, the question of her sanity.

At the hearings, which began in August, Senator Chandler listed in his opening statement the delusions from which Mrs. Eddy was known to have suffered, and which with her advancing age and physical infirmities had rendered her incompetent. There were the delusion of Malicious Animal Magnetism, the delusion of the non-reality of the physical universe, the delusion of grandeur, the Messianic delusion, the delusion of the non-existence of disease, the delusion of persecution, and the delusion that she would never die,—the "systematized delusions" constituting her general insanity. These charges came dangerously near to an indictment of Christian Science itself, and were so branded by Mrs. Eddy's lawyers.

The demand was made that if Mrs. Eddy was, as claimed by her counsel, in full possession of her mental and physical powers, she be brought into court to testify. Her counsel had previously invited the Masters sitting upon the case to visit Mrs. Eddy at Pleasant View. Counsel for the Next Friends had opposed the visit, but now suddenly gave their consent, and the visit was immediately arranged.

Judge Aldrich said:

"It is a question whether she is now in a condition to manage her financial affairs. That question should be aided by proofs within a reasonable scope of time. . . .

"I think that as far as it is possible, it is advisable that the question of religion should be dissociated from the situation. This should be simply treated as a delusion which might operate upon the mind of Mrs. Eddy in her present condition of health and strength. . . . And operate unfavorably and prejudicially to the contingent rights of relatives."

The visit took place on August 15th. The Masters appointed to decide upon Mrs. Eddy's condition were: Dr. George F. Jelly, well known alienist of Boston, Judge Edgar Aldrich of the U. S. District Court, and the Honorable Hosea W. Parker. Senator Chandler, Counsel for Next Friends, General Streeter for the defendants, and the court stenographer, were the only other persons present.

8

This interview must stand as the finest single performance of Mrs. Eddy's life. By it she achieved what all her array of legal counsel could never have achieved alone. She knew what the conditions were, and an inquiry into one's competency, however proposed as "an informal little call," is not the easiest of ordeals.

The visitors, anticipating heaven knows what insanities, collapses and galvanic batteries in that house of mystery, found themselves received in the library by an exceedingly frail and gentle old lady of 86, in a black

silk dress with white ruching at throat and wrists and a lace shawl about her shoulders, who stood to greet them by her desk, and motioned them graciously to their seats before she sank into her chair.

The stenographer took his place across the table from Mrs. Eddy and opened his writing pad.

Judge Aldrich began:

"Mrs. Eddy, the gentlemen here wish to have an interview with you and we desire to make this call as comfortable as possible for you, and we want you to let us know if we worry you."

"I am very glad to see you," said Mrs. Eddy, "and thank you for the suggestion."

Q. What was your native town?

A. Bow, in New Hampshire. My father's farm lies on the banks of the Merrimac. He did much of his buying in Concord, but it was in Bow the house was.

Q. How long have you lived in Concord?

A. About 20 years; between 18 and 20, this time. At this time do you mean?

Q. Yes, the last time.

A. Since I came here, after my marriage, and residence in Boston.

For a full hour she replied to the questions of the three Masters with the utmost lucidity, freedom, and simplicity. If Judge Aldrich apologized for his inability to enunciate his words distinctly, Mrs. Eddy apologized as gracefully for being a little deaf.

"And I beg pardon," she said, "my only difficulty is a slight deafness. I can see to read common pica, but I can't hear distinctly without some difficulty."

The questioning was chiefly by Judge Aldrich, with

Dr. Jelly and Mr. Parker occasionally interjecting a question or two.

They asked her about the purchase and development of Pleasant View. She said that she had "purchased it at the outset and suggested every construction and arrangement of my grounds throughout, and I still attend to it." There had been only a hut, "a simple hut" there when she came; she really did not know how many acres there were. She had been laughed at for taking the place, but she had said: "You will see it will be pretty, pretty soon." The artificial pond which they could see through the window had been made for her by her friends. She had a little boat in the boathouse.

"Do you raise fruit here on the place? I see you have fruit trees." "Yes sir," said Mrs. Eddy; and Mr. Parker who had asked the question, said "Oh, you do?"

It was a pleasant subject, if the gentlemen were interested, as they seemed to be.

> "And there were no trees except Normandy pines when I came here. The rest of the trees I planted, and when I suggsted a large tree to be planted there, they laughed at me and I said 'Try it and see if it will succeed.' Every one of the trees around here (indicating through the window) were planted by myself; that is, not by myself, but by my direction."

She was ready to talk, even pausing at one time to ask if she was "talking too much." In reply to questions, she said yes, that she had given money "with pleasure, $10,000 at one time" for the improvement of the Concord streets,—"this street and other streets, Main Street and State Street." Her students had contributed too, but had left all decisions to her. She had

given money for the building of the local Christian Science church, which she agreed with Judge Aldrich was "a beautiful structure." She told of her daily routine, up at six, and in bed at nine, and all but three hours of the day hard at work at her desk managing her business affairs, the guidance of her church, writing or dictating letters (she had always carried on a voluminous correspondence), answering inquiries, etc. Yes, she personally looked over all letters that were sent out in regard to her business affairs, "unless I don't know when they write." Asked if that was true in regard to her property affairs, she said: "I am answering you there about my actions before I constituted the trusteeship."

The idea for the trusteeship had originated "utterly with herself." "It came to me within an hour here in this room, and I think the first one that I named it to was Laura Sargent,"—this last was a characteristic phrase found often in her letters, "Do not name this to anyone," she often wrote enjoining secrecy upon her correspondent. She had created the trusteeship because "when I found my church was gaining over 40,000 members (no exaggerations in that interview, no millions of Christian Scientists), and the field demanding me all over the world, and that I could not carry on the letters and make answer to inquiries that were made of me, then I said 'Which shall I do, carry on this business that belongs to property or shall I serve God?' ", she had decided to turn over her property to the management of men she could trust. The date of this decision she placed neatly in February, the month preceding the filing of the Next Friends Suit and the subsequent actual execution of the Trust.

The unembellished stenographic report of this inter-

view gives at times the certainly odd effect of the confusion being in the questions propounded by the Masters rather than in the free and chatty responses on Mrs. Eddy's part. And at one point the combination of Judge Aldrich's "indistinct enunciation," Mrs. Eddy's deafness, and their mutual tendency to autobiography, brought them near to comedy.

Q. Now, about your investments. We will touch on those just a little today. Not much about your investments. You have some income, I suppose, now?

A. Some income, yes.

Q. My life insurance is coming due pretty soon and I want to make a good use of it. What do you consider a good investment?

A. I don't put it into life insurance, never, God insures my life.

Q. I carry a little life insurance, and it is coming due, so I am interested, you know. You would not advise my throwing it away, would you? For instance, my life insurance comes due next year.

A. Yes, I respect the life insurance. I think it is very valuable to many, but I haven't any need of it.

Q. It was not really in that sense that I suggested it. I wanted to get your idea as to what would be a good investment.

A. Yes.

Q. What do you say?

A. Shall I tell you my ideas?

Q. Yes.

A. Trust in God, God is life, God is infinite. Therefore, if we are the image and likeness of infinity we have no beginning and no end, and are his image and likeness. That is my life insurance.

Q. I do not think you quite got my idea.

A. Perhaps not. I beg pardon.

But as Judge Aldrich brought life insurance into his next question again, Mr. Parker came to the rescue and helped them out of this impasse. Once clear of life insurance, they could go safely on to the subject of investments, and here Mrs. Eddy was at her simple best. Asked, if she had $100,000 to invest, what kind of investment she would consider sound, "municipal bonds or government bonds, or bank stock, or what?" she said government bonds. "I have invested largely in government bonds and I prefer bonds to stocks. I haven't entered into stocks." Asked why, she said because she didn't think it was safe for her, and she didn't want the trouble of it; the only time she had bought stocks, in a Western company by the advice of a student but contrary to her own business sense, she had lost $10,000 by it, and "never got caught again."

Indeed it may well be that her simple clarity, particularly on the subject of municipal investments,[6] may have robbed the Masters for the moment of their equanimity, and their questions must have seemed to her to display the most capricious changeability of subject. Dr. Jelly had asked her to tell them something about the development of Christian Science, and she had just begun (it sounded very much like *Science and Health* and bits out of *Retrospection and Introspection*) when

[6] She had, she said, always selected her own investments in municipal securities. Asked how she selected them she said: "I will tell you. I had books that gave definitely the population of the towns of the state and their valuations and I consulted those and when I saw they were large enough in population and valuation to warrant an investment, I made it." Judge Aldrich asked upon what philosophy she based her calculations upon population, she replied: "Because I think they can sustain their debits of course, and pay them, can't they?" "Well, I should think that was pretty sound," he said, and asked whether she would go West or East for municipal investments. "The East, I should say," she replied.

they began abruptly to question her about something else, business details again, things she had already told them about, and then suddenly, did she like to read, which she said she did, for a rest.

Perhaps it was to relieve the social awkwardness that upon their most surprising question, "Are you fond of music?" she seized upon the hint like any frantic hostess and sent for Calvin Frye to show the gentlemen her "artificial singer" that would "imitate a voice."

As they left the room, Judge Aldrich paused at the door. "I want to say before going that my mother is still living, and she is 87 years of age," he said.

"Give my love to her," said Mrs. Eddy, indulgently. And the visitors followed Calvin Frye into another room.

Scarcely had they listened to the first strains of the phonograph when Mrs. Eddy's bell, the loud bell that rang in the hall, clangored through the house. Outside in the driveway the waiting reporters, hearing first the "weird" sound of the human voice succeeded by the clangor of the bell, pressed closer to the house. A sensation at last. Mrs. Eddy "had fallen in a fit and collapsed."

But it was only Mrs. Eddy ringing for Calvin Frye to bring the visitors back to her room. She had thought of something she *must* say,—something that must be cleared up before they left. She had proved to them her ability to transact business, and since they were so amiable she could clear up this point as well. She could not trust it to the others—it was perhaps the most important point of all—and the others would surely bungle it. The lawyers should have it direct from her.

The visitors were ushered into the room.

"I felt I did not answer you fully, that I dropped my subject before I concluded it with regard to the footsteps to Christian Science, she said.

"Let me make one remark, said Judge Aldrich. 'There were two reasons why we suggested we would not pursue that branch of the inquiry any further. One was that we were a little afraid we might weary you, and the other was that in certain quarters it is suggested that this investigation is an attack on your doctrine, and we did not want to have it appear that we were requiring you to make any statements about it.

But Mrs. Eddy said she would deem it a favor to be permitted to explain a little further.

"When I came to the point that it was mind that did the healing, I wanted to know what mind that was. Was it the mind which was in Christ Jesus, or was it human mind and human will? Then I went to an investigation of Spiritualism and mesmerism and hypnotism to see if I could find out, and I didn't find good there; therefore I turned to God in prayer, and said: 'Just guide me. Guide me to that mind which is in Christ,' and I took the Bible and opened it at the words 'Now go write it in a book.' I can show you where it is in the Bible.

"I then commenced writing my consciousness of what I had seen and I found that human will was the cause of disease instead of its cure; that hypnotism and mesmerism and human conceits did not heal . . . and that God did the healing . . . (she was coming close to it now) and I could no more heal the person through mortal mind or will power than I could heal them by cutting off their heads, and I could not hurt them by it, for I don't know how to use will power to hurt the sick, I don't know how to do it."

Just to make it very casual she told them an incident for illustration and proof.

"When they began to talk mesmerism first I began to doubt it and I said to a facetious student: 'Hanover Smith, you go into the other room and see if I can sit down and tell lies enough to make you suffer.' He went into the other room and I commenced what they said make folks sick and I did my best talking; and he came in and I said: 'Hanover, do you feel mean?' He said 'I never felt better in my life than I do now. I feel better than when I went in; I feel rested.'

"A Christian Scientist can no more make a person sick than they can be a sinner and be a Christian Scientist. They can no more make them suffer or injure them in any way; they have not the power to do it. All the power they have comes from on high. We have no other power and no faith in any other power. Now I have finished. I thank you for your kindness and attention very much."

Now, with all that settled, she could safely let them go. They said their polite goodbyes, and the three Masters, the two lawyers, and the stenographer filed silently from the room.

They marched silently through the group of assembled reporters, took their places in the waiting automobiles, and drove straight to the court.

The trial was resumed without a word of reference to the interview. The next witness for the prosecution was called, and his questioning begun. Within a few moments General Streeter, counsel for defense, was on his feet vehemently objecting to the questioning of the witness upon events of twenty-three years before. The case at law was, he maintained, "solely to fix Mrs. Eddy's condition on the 6th day of March last" the date

of Mrs. Eddy's execution of the Trust transferring the management of her affairs into the hands of her Board of Trustees.

Counsel for Next Friends addressed the Court. He announced that Mrs. Eddy was a victim to "general insanity" and had been in that condition for many years and unequal to the task of conducting her vast business affairs; that the "systematized delusions" had been completed as early as thirty or possibly forty years before, as the evidence would show, and that such evidence was approved by the highest legal authorities. He was prepared with citations to support his position.

General Streeter "trembling with excitement," sprang to his feet. He fairly thundered at the Court:

> "There at last we have the situation clear! An attack on Christian Science, a proposition to prove that Mrs. Eddy is insane and the millions of her followers are crazy. It would be lucky for us in this court room if we had the kind of insanity that has enabled this woman to accomplish so much."

The courtroom, crowded with Christian Scientists, murmured approvingly.

> "The Court believes," (said Judge Aldrich impressively addressing the counsel for Next Friends) "that your argument presents a proposition that must inevitably be settled at some stage of these proceedings. Whether Mrs. Eddy's condition must be considered in connection with Christian Science or not is a grave question that must be determined."

With this grave question hanging in the air, the case was adjourned for the day. At the next day's session, with the time limit and scope of the evidence hotly de-

bated on both sides, the Masters ruled that no evidence would be considered touching upon Mrs. Eddy's alleged delusions prior to her retirement from the world in 1890. The defendants had scored a major point. The ruling precluded all evidence of the early Lynn and Boston periods, the "witchcraft case," the period of the "Demonology Chapter," and the declarations of Mrs. Eddy concerning the death of her husband Asa Gilbert Eddy. After her retirement the advisers into whose hands she had delegated the management of her church had managed to prevent her from making such startling public declarations on the dangerous subject of "M. A. M."

They had not, however, prevented her from writing letters concerning it, and as day after day the case went on, counsel for the Next Friends continued to offer in evidence letter after letter written by Mrs. Eddy,—to her son, to her foster son, to her publisher,—each one bearing its refrain of "M. A. M.," and touching upon the other alleged delusions as well. With the admission of every letter and every bit of evidence as to the "delusions" contested by the defense in its effort to restrict the case to Mrs. Eddy's ability to transact business on March 1st; with the Masters at their wits' end and about to ask for further instructions from the Court as to the proposed additional examination of Mrs. Eddy by alienists,—the Next Friends abruptly, on August 22nd, withdrew their complaint and moved for a dismissal of the suit.

The news of the sudden dismissal of the case was accompanied in the newspaper reports by overtones not too comforting to the defendants. No concessions had been made by either side. No settlement had been

reached as to the rights of Mrs. Eddy's natural heirs. It was said that the Next Friends, having been compelled to link the proof of general insanity to the question of Mrs. Eddy's ability to transact business, had merely withdrawn the complaint in order that they might later, without jeopardizing the financial rights of their clients, safely begin proceedings anew to establish "the true facts of Mrs. Eddy's mental condition."

Senator Chandler had, however, in his statement to the Court based his request for a dismissal upon the fact that the suit "had already accomplished its real purpose, —the discovery and safeguarding of Mrs. Eddy's fortune."

The latter statement was, in effect, quite true. For although no evidence of chicane was found (indeed the only mistake in Calvin Frye's accounts seems to have been one of a few hundred dollars, and that against himself), and the various transfers of Mrs. Eddy's copyrights and properties to her advisers seem only to have been for her protection and to have brought them no profit for themselves, the trusteeship created at the time of the Next Friends Suit was by far more substantial, efficient and unassailable than any arrangement that might probably have been made by her without the pressure of the Next Friends Suit.

The simple fact is that Mrs. Eddy's Church was her Next Friend, and Christian Science, her "spiritual son," her best-loved child. Their interests were her interests and she meant them to be her heirs.

She did, however, provide for her natural and adopted sons. But only in the last year of her life, and upon the threat of a renewal of the Next Friends Suit.

CHAPTER FOUR

1

Mary Baker Eddy was again, as her counselors had said, at her desk and in command. Peace and quiet, much as she may have thought she wished them, had never suited her. In 1903 she had been so ill that she had even foregone the writing of her annual message to the Church. In 1906, after the first shock of the enforced interview with the reporters for the *World,* she had come back to life. By 1907, stimulated not by galvanic batteries but by attack, she was almost herself again. There were, to be sure, good days and bad,—for she was 86, her body often racked with pain, and her vitality no longer at the command of her will. But things were happening,—and that was what she had always demanded of life. Her advisers had been more afraid than she. Men were always more afraid.

2

In January of 1907, and directly upon the heels of the publicity begun in the New York *World* the previous October, there had begun to appear in *McClure's Magazine* the serialization of Georgine Milmine's *Life of Mary Baker Eddy and History of Christian Science.* With a cool and telling array of documentation, sworn affidavits, and irrefutable statements of fact, the his-

tory of Mrs. Eddy's life unrolled itself chapter by chapter and month by month with the effect of a solid bass accompaniment to the sensational publicity of the Next Friends Suit.

Miss Milmine had for several years been quietly gathering the material for this history. For a year after its presentation to *McClure's Magazine,* a staff of expert investigators under the editorial leadership of Mr. Will Irwin and Miss Willa Cather had been at work investigating, verifying, and adding to the thorough documentation and authentication of Miss Milmine's work.

Upon the announcement of the McClure articles in December, 1906, Mrs. Eddy had written to her officers:

> "Please watch the movements of the last *Literary Digest* that has called the attention of its readers to *McClure's* articles on me and after *McClure's* next article appears or even before it does request in our periodicals that every Christian Scientist who has subscribed for the *Literary Digest* or for *McClure's Magazine* discontinue his subscription."

To be sure there was the by-law in the Manual that she had executed in 1904, and "applicable to this hour":

> "A member of this church shall not patronize a publishing house or bookstore that has for sale obnoxious literature."

This would be effective, but something more was needed now; something more direct. These publishers must be brought to heel. They must know her power. These editors must be made to understand that they could not publish such things as the articles running in *McClure's.* It would be a warning to other editors.

But her officers were timid men, advising caution just as she wished to move. If they openly published an order to cancel subscriptions, there might be legal action against them for boycott. She hadn't thought of that. Was it what the lawyers said? God often spoke to her through them. It might be better after all to use more spiritual means. They would not publish the order where it could be seen. They would send it out privately instead. The chief of the Committees on Publication, Alfred Farlow, would notify the local Committees, and they would tell the members what to do.[1]

She would have liked to *publish* the order. It would have looked so well. "In warfare with evil, you strike with intent to kill." But in this case, and since it would accomplish the work as well, she would take their advice.

But in spite of the letters of cancellation and protest, in spite of the New York and Boston "Committees," impressive in black frock coats, silk hats, and white carnations in their buttonholes, calling upon the publishers in *propria persona* to warn them of the harm they were doing both to Mrs. Eddy and their own business interests,—the articles in *McClure's* went on.

Names and episodes that Mrs. Eddy must long since have forgotten were revived and relived in the pages of that amazing history. Except for reasons of state, she could really have enjoyed it; and no doubt she did in the privacy of her own room. At least this Georgine Milmine knew that she had been *alive*. The old days—the old days! How they all came back. It made her

[1] The local Committees on Publication consist of one man each, a loyal Christian Scientist retained on regular salary, and functioning under the direction of the Boston "Committee" who is "manager of the Christian Science Committee on Publication throughout the United States, Canada, Great Britain and Ireland."

feel young again. McClure . . . such a well known worldly magazine,—her name was everywhere. If only Calvin Frye had not been so glum a man,—if he had had a spark of humor . . . Even to Calvin she had to keep on saying it was M. A. M. And so far as the Cause was concerned, it was, of course. These young literary writers, always afraid to contradict themselves, afraid to let themselves go. They gave her so very little chance at them.

Still, there was something in that moderate kind of writing. It had a peculiar effect on the mind. She had laid aside the "hammer of God," and tried it herself in her *Reply to McClure's Magazine* published just after the first installments had appeared.[2]

On points like this, for example, she had written:

> "McClure's Magazine says, describing the Baker homestead at Bow: 'The house itself was a small, square box building of rudimentary architecture.' My father's house had a sloping roof, after the prevailing style of architecture at that date."

Other points too she had taken up and disposed of in this way.[2]

> "I have always consistently declared that I was not a medium for spirits."

Certainly these answers were unanswerable. In the end of her *Reply* she had permitted herself some irony:

> "Who or what is the *McClure* 'history,' so called, presenting? Is it myself, the veritable Mrs. Eddy, whom the

[2] The *Reply to McClure's Magazine* is reprinted in *Miscellany*, pp. 308–316. Several of the replies have been quoted in earlier chapters.

New York World declared dying of cancer, or is it her alleged double or dummy heretofore described?

"If indeed it be I, allow me to thank the enterprising historians for the testimony they have thereby given of the divine power of Christian Science, which they admit has snatched me from the *cradle* and the grave, and made me the beloved Leader of millions of the good men and women in our own and in other countries,—and all this because the truth I have promulgated has separated the tares from the wheat, uniting in one body those who love truth; . . ."

Millions of good men and women,—beloved Leader of millions.[3] No, the moderate style was not for her. And as the succeeding issues of *McClure's* became increasingly difficult to answer, she had given up the idea of reply.

Less difficult and more effective methods were already under way.

Already there had begun to appear in the pages of an obscure Boston publication called *Human Life* another history of Mary Baker Eddy quite different from the one in *McClure's*.[4] Yet it bore to the other a certain curious relationship; all the same occurrences were in it, but somehow differently explained, given in their spiritual import, as such things ought to be. This history was written by Sibyl Wilbur O'Brien, not a Christian Scientist, but a journalist of Boston, who had been

[3] In June, 1907, the Secretary of the Mother Church reported 43,876 members. There were 710 branch churches, 58 of which were in foreign countries; and 295 Christian Science societies, not incorporated into churches. Total membership of branch churches, 42,876. As members of branch churches were in nearly all instances also members of the Mother Church, the total number of Christian Scientists at that time could hardly have exceeded fifty or sixty thousand at best.

[4] The title used for the Sibyl Wilbur articles in *Human Life* was *Glimpses of a Great Personality.*

wise enough not to depend upon mere human witnesses, material evidence and documents.

If only these two histories might have exchanged places in the magazines! For even if the one in *Human Life* had been "obnoxious literature," it would hardly have been necessary to send out the order for the cancellation of subscriptions, since very few Christian Scientists had ever heard of *Human Life*. It was, however, an easy matter to request them to subscribe. This was the biography of the Leader that all Christian Scientists should read.

The history of these two biographies is worth pausing to recount. Both were later published in book form.

The articles by Sibyl Wilbur O'Brien, hurriedly prepared to offset the effect of the McClure history, and rushed to print in the pages of *Human Life,* were later revised and amplified by Sibyl Wilbur (who at that time dropped the O'Brien from her name) under the personal direction of the Christian Science Committee on Publication, Alfred Farlow, who according to the contract was "arbitrator of all differences," that might arise, and whose decision should be "final and binding concerning such differences."

After some delay, occasioned by Mrs. Eddy's sudden objection to its publication, an objection only overcome by the terms of the contract upon which Miss Wilbur might have sued to enforce publication, the book was brought out as *The Life of Mary Baker Eddy,* by Sibyl Wilbur, and received over Mrs. Eddy's signature in the *Christian Science Sentinel* of March 12, 1910, one of the most grudging—or if not grudging, then jesuitical—endorsements ever written by the subject of a biography. It reads:

"I have not had sufficient interest in the matter to read or to note from others' reading what the enemies of Christian Science are said to be circulating regarding my history, but my friends have read Sibyl Wilbur's book, 'Life of Mary Baker Eddy,' and request the privilege of buying, circulating, and recommending it to the public. I briefly declare that nothing has occurred in my life's experience which, if correctly narrated and understood, could injure me; and not a little is already reported of the good accomplished therein, the self-sacrifice, etc., that has distinguished all my working years.

"I thank Miss Wilbur and the Concord Publishing Company for their unselfed labors in placing this book before the public, and hereby say that they have my permission to publish and circulate this work.

MARY BAKER EDDY." [5]

Were the omissions and defenses of this book too much even for Mrs. Eddy? Did her fierce old fighter's heart rebel at the leading demonologists and mental assassins minus their cloven hoofs, appearing merely as "apostate" students for no apparent reason, weak and minor characters,—and at the picture of herself as the gentle and submissive saint? Indeed so pale and devitalized a figure emerges from the pages of this "Life" as to cry aloud for an honest enemy to deliver her alive out of the hands of her over-zealous friends.

Although financed by and written under the supervision of officials of the Church, the book was originally published under the imprint of the Concord Publishing Company, and Christian Scientists as well as the general public led to believe that it was the work of an en-

[5] This statement is reprinted on a fly-leaf of all subsequent issues of the Sibyl Wilbur book, published as the official and authorized biography.

tirely disinterested biographer, which had by its "impartial" presentation of the facts won the endorsement of Mrs. Eddy and the Church.

After Mrs. Eddy's death the work was taken over by the Christian Science Publishing Society, and thereafter published and sold exclusively by them as the official biography. It is on the shelves of all public libraries, not one copy but several; it is on sale at every Christian Science Reading Room, and is read and accepted as authentic by all Christian Scientists. For many years it was the only available full length work on Mrs. Eddy's life, owing to the efficacy of the system employed by the Church to smother and prevent the publication and circulation of all other books dealing with the subject of Mrs. Eddy's life. Since the Sibyl Wilbur biography was not sold through the regular book trade channels, but exclusively distributed through the Christian Science Publishing House, the situation resolved itself into the Wilbur "Life" being read by all Christian Scientists, and nothing on the subject of Mrs. Eddy read by the general public,—a situation highly satisfactory to the Church.

In November of 1929, in an effort to counteract the publicity attendant upon the publication of Edwin Franden Dakin's *Mrs. Eddy, The Biography of a Virginal Mind,* as well as the publication in serial form of the present biography at that time appearing weekly in the *Outlook and Independent,* and the announcements of H. A. L. Fisher's work on the same subject shortly thereafter to appear in England,[6] the Christian Science

[6] Mr. H. A. L. Fisher is the warden of New College, Oxford. His book *Our New Religion, An Examination of Christian Science,* is divided into three sections: The Prophetess, The Creed, and The Church. It is published in America by Cape and Smith (March, 1930).

Publishing Society, for the first time distributing a book through the regular trade channels, put the official Sibyl Wilbur biography "on sale at all bookstores," and advertised it widely through the press, with all the air (so far as the general public was concerned) of offering something new, fresh, and above all "authentic" on the life of Mrs. Eddy. It was, the advertisements read, "based on exhaustive and unprejudiced research, devoid of invention but abounding in facts," and "written prior to the author's interest in Christian Science."

The last statement is so typical of the phraseology employed by the Publication Committee that it might well stand as the example for students wishing to acquaint themselves with it,—a phraseology, to be sure, derived directly from the Leader's own. The statement does not say that Miss Wilbur ever became a Christian Scientist. And a perusal of the volume will leave the reader wondering what the author's interest (since it was not Christian Science) could have been.

3

Georgine Milmine's *Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy and History of Christian Science,* serialized in *McClure's Magazine* in 1907-8, was published in book form in 1909 by Doubleday Page & Company, and regularly sold to the book trade.

Immediately upon its appearance, owners of book shops were visited by the local Committee on Publication of the Christian Science Church, informed that the book was "unauthentic, full of deliberate misstatements of fact, unjust to Mrs. Eddy, and offensive to Christian Scientists," and therefore requested to desist from

selling it. If the request was not acceded to at once, the bookseller was threatened with the loss of the trade of all Christian Scientists in the community. The book was obnoxious to Christian Scientists, and a by-law of the Manual forbade members of the Church to "patronize a publishing house or book store that has for sale obnoxious literature." Letters from individual members of the Church protested against the display and sale of the book. This sudden and overwhelming protest was impressive. The public usually bought a book or left it alone. Such concerted objection to the sale of a single book, and the threatened loss of a whole body of customers, would impress any tradesman. It was a simple matter to put the book under the table, or return it to the publisher and cancel any further order he might have made.

Owners and editors of newspapers and periodicals were also called upon by the Committees, with the result that, rather than alienate a whole group of subscribers, or more important still, suffer the loss of valuable advertising accounts, they refrained from publishing reviews of the book, and declined the paid advertising of the publisher.

In spite of all these efforts at suppression, the book sold widely at the beginning and continued to sell through such agencies as remained unintimidated.

Here and there a newspaper, a periodical, stood out against this protest, and the book received its legitimate review. Here and there a book dealer stood out, and continued to display and sell the book.

It would be interesting to know, if in these cases the threat to withdraw the Christian Scientist patronage was carried out, just what proportion of the bookseller's

trade was lost as a result. No statistics have ever been available on the number of books read by Christian Scientists. Nor has it seemed to occur to anyone concerned to point out that Mrs. Eddy consistently discouraged general reading among her followers. *Science and Health,* the Bible, together with Mrs. Eddy's other works, were at all times considered sufficient reading matter for the members of the Church; and these were not bought of the regular bookseller, but published and sold exclusively by the Christian Science Publishing Society. Human knowledge was frowned upon,—it was in fact dangerous to the seeker after Truth. Fiction was frowned upon.

> "It is the tangled barbarisms of learning which we deplore,—the mere dogma, the speculative theory, the nauseous fiction. Novels, remarkable only for their exaggerated pictures, impossible ideals, and specimens of depravity—fill our young readers with wrong tastes and sentiments." [7]

So writes Mrs. Eddy in *Science and Health.* And she repeatedly expressed herself upon this point. Have Christian Scientists strayed so far that they indulge in the dangerous pastime of general reading? The Church may well strengthen its guards if this is so.

In the case of department stores carrying books the withdrawal of Christian Scientists' accounts would be more serious. Christian Scientists consider it a duty to be well dressed; it is a symbol. And by these symbols of exterior environment, clothes, furnishings, embellishments, the law of Divine Supply is demonstrated and

[7] *Science and Health,* 1898 ed., p. 91.

made manifest. It is therefore not surprising that in the book sections of department stores the "obnoxious book" objection met with its readiest response.

In the specialized bookshops the protest itself was impressive. To the modest bookseller—bookshop keepers being traditionally modest and unassuming men —this sudden interest in his business of so many and so obviously well to do citizens was almost flattering. It quite swept him off his feet. Told that the great department store across the way had already acceded to the request to dispense with the sale of the offensive volume, he saw no reason to court disaster for the sake of a single book, and so consented to remove the book from his shelves.

Gradually Georgine Milmine's valuable work, not one statement of which has ever been refuted or effectively challenged, disappeared from bookshops, disappeared from the shelves of public libraries, and was allowed by its publishers (also under continued pressure from the Church) to go out of print. Eventually the plates of the book and the original manuscript were bought from the publisher and destroyed by a prominent member of the Mother Church. It has been for years a rare book item, commanding a steadily mounting price. And it remains an indispensable source book for biographers of Mrs. Eddy and historians of the Church.

4

It is by this system of censorship and suppression (first invoked in 1904 to combat the sale of Frederick W. Peabody's pamphlet, *A Complete Exposure of Eddyism or Christian Science*) that the Christian

Science Church has consistently sought to discourage and stamp out all criticism of the organization and its founder, and by its widespread propaganda build up a legend of its own. It is a striking example of the power of an organized and active minority to impose its will upon the public in the absence of organized opposition.[8]

Volumes containing chapters dealing with Mrs. Eddy or Christian Science have been withdrawn by publishers and "favorable" chapters substituted under pressure of the officials of the Church; others have been effectually masked from the public by relegation to the reference departments of libraries, and the booksellers' hidden stocks.

For many years the only book openly hostile to Mrs. Eddy and continuing in general circulation was Mark Twain's *Christian Science*. This exception to the ban has been curiously attributed to the fact that Mark Twain's attack was humorous. An odd idea, certainly, that the Church should suddenly capitulate to humor! The fact is that the system was tried upon this as upon other books. But Mark Twain was an idol in his own right. And even the officials of the Christian Science Church could hardly accuse the nation's best loved author (he was just then at the height of his personal

[8] During the winter of 1929–30 this system of "Censorship" maintained by the Church has received widespread publicity. A series of articles on *The Christian Science Censor* by Henry Raymond Mussey, Managing Editor of *The Nation*, appeared in *The Nation* (February 5, 1930, February 12, February 26, and March 12); two articles by Craig Thompson on the same subject appeared in *The New Republic* (December 11, and February 26); and many lengthy comments in newspapers and the general press. These articles were precipitated by the Church's attempt to suppress the sale of Edwin Franden Dakin's *Mrs. Eddy, The Biography of a Virginal Mind*, an attempt which met an immediate and worthy opponent in the publisher, Scribner, who launched a counter-campaign of publicity and exposure of the methods of the attempted suppression by the Church.

popularity) of intentional "persecution" or "deliberate falsification of facts." Mark Twain's "millions of faithful followers" were an actuality. A new book bearing his name sold automatically.

Although Mark Twain's *Christian Science* (published in 1907, but in process of writing since 1899 with portions of it appearing in the form of articles in the interim) was neither as irrefutable, as sound, nor as tellingly documented as the Milmine history, it far exceeded that book in personal attack. Indeed in outspoken attack upon Mrs. Eddy and upon her organized Church, few have exceeded Mark Twain. And far from being an altogether hilarious book, the shafts of his wit, so weighted with polemic as they are, often fall just short of the mark.

It was Mark Twain's contention that Mrs. Eddy, whom he called "that shameless old swindler, Mother Eddy" and characterized as "the most erratic, contradictory and untrustworthy witness that has occupied the stand since the days of the lamented Ananias," was not the author of *Science and Health,* nor except for certain pages and odd passages, of any of the works attributed to her.

> "I cannot believe, and I do not believe, that Mrs. Eddy originated any of the thoughts and reasonings out of which the book *Science and Health* is constructed, and I cannot believe, and do not believe that she wrote any part of that book. I think that if anything in the world stands well and solidly proven by unimpeachable testimony—the treacherous testimony of her own pen in her known and undisputed literary productions—it is that Mrs. Eddy is not capable of thinking upon high planes, nor of reasoning clearly nor writing intelligently upon low ones.

"Inasmuch as—in my belief—the very first editions of the book *Science and Health* were far above the reach of Mrs. Eddy's mental and literary abilities, I think she has from the beginning been claiming as her own another person's book, and wearing as her own property laurels rightfully belonging to that person—the *real* author of *Science and Health*."

This is obviously a reference to Quimby. The *Manuscripts* had not been published at that time, except for a few excerpts, and very little was then known of Mrs. Eddy's life.

"Largely speaking, I have read acres of what purported to be Mrs. Eddy's writings in the past two months. I cannot know, but I am convinced, that the circumstantial evidence shows that her actual share in the work of composing and phrasing these things was so slight as to be inconsequential."

His contention was based upon the belief that no one person is capable of such widely differing styles as Mrs. Eddy at her worst and Mrs. Eddy at her best. He set forth this argument amusingly and at length. But the fact is that there were many Mrs. Eddys, and every one an authoress. Applying his own test, one finds oneself harboring grave doubts as to the authorship of certain chapters in the book *Christian Science,* attributed to Mark Twain. Notably the first chapter, concerning the fall from the precipice and the interview with the practitioner. And here and there throughout the volume are passages and arguments that it is difficult to believe him capable of.

There were, for example, his prophecies concerning the future of the church:

"It is a reasonably safe guess that in America in 1920 there will be ten million Christian Scientists and three millions in Great Britain; that these figures will be trebled in 1930; that in America in 1920 the Christian Scientists will be a political force, in 1930 politically formidable, and in 1940 the governing power in the Republic—to remain that permanently. And I think it is a reasonable guess that the Trust (which is already in our day pretty brusque in its ways) will then be the most insolent and unscrupulous and tyrannical politico-religious master that has dominated a people since the palmy days of the Inquisition . . . and after a generation or two . . . will probably divide Christendom with the Catholic Church."

This prophecy has only been exceeded by Mrs. Eddy's own:

"It is undoubtedly true that Christian Science is destined to become the one and only religion and therapeutics on this planet."

Of the "political force" she also had something to say. As early as 1897 she wrote in a letter to the editor of the Concord *Monitor:* "If you were a candidate for the Presidency, mayhap I could give you one hundred thousand votes." Mayhap she *could* have given him ten or fifteen thousand,—yet hardly that, since women were not voting then. She was, as ever, merely expressing an idea, and a general compliment.

It may have been his prophecies that lifted the Christian Science ban on Mark Twain's book. It is certainly obvious that in that early day (the passage quoted was written in 1899), even so interested an observer as Mark Twain believed quite literally, as many believe today, the Church's repeated references to "millions of Christian Scientists."

The Church has yet far to go to reach the million mark. Instead of Mark Twain's ten million Christian Scientists in America for 1920, and thirty millions for 1930, the United States Census of Religious bodies for 1926 gave the number of Christian Scientists as 202,098. The membership of the Mother Church was in that year 166,320, of whom 16,363 were foreign members. Based upon these figures, it has been estimated that there are probably 250,000 Christian Scientists in the world today.

A small church, in comparison with other denominations; [9] but in the light of the fact that it began with a membership of twenty-six in 1879, the figures are impressive as they stand. Indeed the overstatements as to membership are somehow less impressive than the actual figure of 202,068. For to the majority of people to speak of millions is merely to convey the impression of a great many,—a mere figure of speech.

The officials of the Christian Science Church point out that "the number of adherents who are not members is estimated as exceeding the number who are." Substituting "persons interested in Christian Science" for the word "adherents," the statement is beyond doubt true.

It is in fact (to carry the argument for them) by its infiltration into other realms of thought that the influence of Christian Science is most readily seen. Whether for good or ill, it is part of the air we breathe today, and forms, whether we are conscious of it or not, some part of the opinion if not the conduct of our lives.

[9] In 1916 (the only table of statistics immediately at hand) there were in the world 272,860,000 Roman Catholics; 120,000,000 Catholics other than Roman; and 171,650,000 Protestant Christians.

And for this the credit (or blame, as you will) must go to Mary Baker Eddy,—for, to quote the old Free Thinker, Winwood Reade, writing in his *Martyrdom of Man* of the changes wrought in the face of Europe by Mohammedanism: "It was Mahomet who did all this, for he uttered the book which carried the language, and he prepared the army which carried the book."

CHAPTER FIVE

1

At the beginning of the year 1908 Mrs. Eddy decided abruptly to abandon Concord and move to Boston. So much attention had been centered upon Pleasant View that she had once more succumbed to the fear of evil turned in her direction. Yet "succumbed" is hardly the word. It was her belief that upon her were focused all of the forces of evil in the world. (The word "belief" has also a strangely inadequate sound, and leads to speculations upon the depth and nature of this belief. It was of sufficient reality to serve as a motive for action, which is the simple test for belief, and all that we may hope to know of it.) She was the Leader of the army of God. Against her the enemy was arrayed, seeking by every subtle and diabolical power at its command to destroy her life, thus to demoralize the army, and obliterate the Cause.

Already they had reached her very bodyguard. Mary Tomlinson had succumbed. Joseph Armstrong, her strongest business manager, and Director of the Church, had succumbed on December 9th. And now Mrs. Pamela Leonard, she who had been seen in the Leader's carriage, had been stricken, and gone to her home in Brooklyn where in the first week of January, she had died.

Moreover, there were certain practical considera-

tions. The laws of New Hampshire had not offered as complete protection as might have been wished in phases of the Next Friends Suit. There were certain loopholes by which the suit might be re-opened with a more serious issue—Christian Science as a menace to the public welfare—brought to the fore. There was also the matter of the money and her sons. No settlement had yet been made. All that she had, fortune, properties, copyrights, must be made secure. There was some legal question about leaving so much to a church. The laws of Massachusetts offered more protection to religious organizations in this respect.

The position at Pleasant View was obviously exposed, unsafe. It must be abandoned, and without delay.

The secrecy and haste with which the preparations were made and the move to Boston accomplished resembled nothing so much as the under-cover removal of the headquarters of a general from a dangerous base. And more than one in that headquarters staff suspected as spies. Only the officers directly entrusted with the actual carrying out of details knew that the move was on foot. All went on as usual. Subordinates were not informed.

For the sum of $100,000 a mansion in the Chestnut Hill section of Boston owned by Robert P. Walker, a prominent Christian Scientist, was purchased, alterations made, and furnished for Mrs. Eddy's occupancy. Two shifts of workmen labored day and night to make it ready, for the Leader could not escape from Pleasant View too soon.

The Committee long maintained to investigate prospective members of the Leader's household was secretly

scouring the field for reinforcements to the bodyguard. The new stronghold must be impregnable. Not only the "mental workers," the powerful practitioners who constituted the actual bodyguard they who kept the "watches" and defended the Leader's life when the enemy was at hand,—but every member of the household must be doubly investigated now. Not a garden boy, not a seamstress nor a kitchen maid but must pass all tests. Absolute and proven loyalty to the Leader and her Cause; no personal ambition but to serve the Leader and her Cause. Many could be found to pass this test. But the chief requirement was not so easy to fulfill. None must approach the Leader except in perfect physical health; no one who had even had a "belief of sickness" in his life must be near her now. For the enemy, ever watchful, knew that these old beliefs were the chinks in the armor of the guard. This guard must be invulnerable.[1]

When all was in readiness for the move, baggage and personal belongings were taken at night from Pleasant View. On Sunday, January 26th, in a private train, with a pilot locomotive going before it to clear the tracks, and another following at the rear to make doubly safe, attended by Calvin Frye, the faithful

[1] In his *Memoirs of Mary Baker Eddy,* Adam Dickey, who entered Mrs. Eddy's household immediately after the move to Chestnut Hill, explains that "as soon as the individual entered Mrs. Eddy's employ he came under a certain malicious mental malpractice that he had never encountered before,"—hence the extreme precaution of the committee selecting the workers. Mr. Dickey repeatedly uses the analogy of the general who must be protected from the enemy, the general "surrounded by the very flower of the army." He also explains that one of the difficulties of the investigators was that "many people upon learning that there was a prospect, however remote, of serving Mrs. Eddy took pains to conceal from the committee the fact that they were subject sometimes to attacks from mortal mind."

Laura Sargent, with other members of her household, and Dr. Alpheus B. Morrill, her second cousin,—Mrs. Eddy, a slight figure enveloped in gray furs, made the journey from Concord to the magnificent new home in Chestnut Hill.

It was here that she was to live the last three years of her life, from 1908 until the end of 1910.

2

The great house stood on rising ground in the center of a finely wooded twelve-acre park. The interior had been remodeled to conform, as nearly as was possible on the larger scale, to the arrangement of the rooms at Pleasant View.

The household numbered from twelve to eighteen, varying as the number of "mental workers" was increased. Each worker had a commodious room with bath. House telephones connected all rooms except Mrs. Eddy's. Her suite was on the second floor, with a balcony as at Pleasant View, where she could take the air. Her desk and revolving chair stood in the space of a wide bay-window as at Pleasant View. A single electric button near her desk rang a bell in every room in the house. The number of rings signified the worker summoned. Wherever the worker might be in the house, he heard his ring and instantly proceeded to Mrs. Eddy's room. A series of ten or fifteen short staccato rings brought the whole household into her presence at once.

The business of the house was conducted with military precision and regularity. At exactly six o'clock every morning the bell sounded a single ring. It was

the Leader's summons to her maid. All her life, except for the days when she was ill, Mrs. Eddy had risen at six o'clock. At exactly seven o'clock her breakfast appeared, brought in by the second of her personal maids whose duty it was to prepare and serve the Leader's food. It was touched by no other hand than hers.

At exactly seven o'clock the members of the household, with Calvin Frye at the head of the table, sat down to breakfast in the dining room below. No gong was sounded. They were there, and the breakfast appeared. At noon and at night it was the same.

At all other times the workers were "at post." No one was expected to leave his room unless duty necessitated his presence elsewhere in the house.

A clock was in every room, and each worker expected to keep his timepiece in "perfect order."

Three clocks were in Mrs. Eddy's sitting room; two in her bedroom, one an old-fashioned alarm clock attached to the foot of her bed, so that by switching on the light she could see the time, and know, if she felt the enemy at work, which of the guard had failed in his watch, and must in the morning be rebuked.

Orders for the "watches" came from the Leader through her secretary who distributed typewritten slips of paper designating the various "phases of error" to be taken up by each of the workers at their posts.

> "She seemed to be the only one who was able to discern the course that error was pursuing. Sometimes she learned this through suffering, but she always knew it and would by means of these 'watches' notify the workers what their mental work should be." [2]

[2] Adam Dickey, in *Memoirs of Mary Baker Eddy.*

3

Despite all these defenses and precautions the enemy had gained one victim within two weeks of the establishment at Chestnut Hill. On Sunday morning, February 9th, the coachman, who occupied a small cottage on the grounds, failed to make his appearance as usual, and a little later was found dead in his bed where he "had passed on some time during the night with a claim of heart failure." The coachman had been at Chestnut Hill but a single week, and in that short time he had "furnished an illustration of how quickly error would strike at those who undertook to render a service to our Leader."

That day, discussing the coachman's death with her new secretary, Adam Dickey, Mrs. Eddy opened *Science and Health* and pointed out the passage on page 187, which begins:

> "The valves of the heart, opening and closing for the passage of the blood, obey the mandate of mortal mind as directly as does the hand, admittedly moved by the will. . . . All voluntary, as well as miscalled *involuntary* action of the mortal body is governed by this so-called mind, not by matter. There is no involuntary action. The divine Mind includes all action and volition, and man in Science is governed by this Mind. The human mind tries to classify action as voluntary and involuntary, and suffers from the attempt."

Later that day she dictated the words that necessitated a change in the plates and an immediate new edition of *Science and Health,* and that appear today on page 442:

"Christian Scientists, be a law to yourselves that mental malpractice cannot harm you either when asleep or when awake."

It was the new secretary, Adam Dickey, who took the coachman's place that day beside Calvin Frye and drove the sleigh that took Mrs. Eddy for her drive at one o'clock.

Grim fantastic little General, riding stoically out on parade in the face of the phantom enemy.

4

Adam Dickey had arrived at Chestnut Hill only three days before. He had received his call to the Leader's service on January 29th at his home in Kansas City. Within four days he had given up his large Christian Science practice, relinquished his post as First Reader of the Kansas City church, and was on his way to Boston, discovering only midway in his journey that by a new issue of the Manual the term of service required had been increased from one year to three.

He arrived at Chestnut Hill on the morning of February 6th in time for breakfast with the household, after which he was interviewed by Mrs. Eddy and inducted into his duties by the worker he had come to relieve. It is to Adam Dickey, afterward a Director of the Mother Church, that we owe many of the details of the life at Chestnut Hill. He had at once commended himself to the Leader's favor by his record as a practitioner, his robust health, and his readiness to serve in such tasks as taking the coachman's place until a new man could be found.

For now more than ever she must not omit her daily

drive. The enemy, she said, had made a law that it would harm her to take the drives, and she must prove the enemy's law devoid of power.

In his *Memoirs of Mary Baker Eddy* (published in 1927 and promptly suppressed by the Church),[3] Adam Dickey tells the curiously touching story of the Leader's distress at the vast space of the three rooms she occupied at Chestnut Hill, and how the oppression grew upon her until at great expense and inconvenience to herself, she had the rooms reduced in size. The story as told by Adam Dickey is not meant to be touching,—it is an element lacking in Christian Scientist's books.

"In complaining about the size of the rooms," says Mr. Dickey, "our Leader humorously said that when she called a student to come to her she could not wait while he walked across such a great expanse of carpet from the door to where she sat, and something must be done to conserve her time."

And this no doubt was what she really said. For there was no one in that household to whom she dared betray the fear that was at her heart. "Conserve her time" . . . in those days there was time to spare. So

[3] The book was published in 1927, about a year after Adam Dickey's death, by his widow Lillian S. Dickey, a Christian Science practitioner and member of the Mother Church. Copies were distributed chiefly among former pupils of Mr. Dickey's. Mrs. Dickey was promptly called before the Board of Directors, and instructed to recall all copies of the book, and discontinue its publication. The order was so completely and effectively carried out that no copies are now available except the copyright copies in the Library of Congress, and photostat copies in several important public libraries. In a letter addressed by the Directors of the Mother Church to Mr. Dickey's pupils, the Directors stated that their "astonishment was great beyond expression" when they read the book. "It was imperative," they said, "that the book should be recalled, if possible, before it might fall into the hands of those who were hostile or reach minds too immature to absorb it unscathed." It was, they said, "unjust, and therefore contrary to the Manual" in that it "accentuates her human characteristics and touches but slightly upon her spiritual nature," etc, etc.

smoothly did the wheels of her great organization turn that there was little left for her to do. Her slightest word was instantly obeyed. Too much time before her now. Time and space confronted her. Limitless reaches of space, limitless reaches of time; eternity and infinity. Draw closer the friendly walls. Let her reach out her hand and touch familiar things. Let her walk the familiar seven paces to the door. Let her ring all the bells and summon all the household in; they could not refuse to come. Even then in that vast room they were too far away.

An architect was summoned from the West. Plans were drawn and Mrs. Eddy moved to the floor above for the three weeks necessary for the accomplishment of the alterations. Enough space was taken from her bedroom to give Calvin Frye next door two rooms instead of one. Enough space from her study for a broad stairway from the second to the third floor, and the installation of an electric elevator leading from the study to the porte-cochere below. No more painful journeys down the stairs and along the endless halls that left her exhausted before she had even begun her drive; but directly from her study to the porte-cochere below, and a lift into the carriage,—even on the bad days she could now defy the enemy.

Rumors that she was incapacitated, seriously ill, or dead, were still afloat. So complete was her seclusion, and so persistently were visitors, even the powerful ones of her Church, denied admittance to Chestnut Hill, that even Christian Scientists were growing skeptical of the assertions of the Leader's spokesmen as to her state of health. On May 15th Mrs. Eddy sent a communication to the New York *Herald:*

"Permit me to say, the report that I am sick (and I trust the desire thereof) is dead, and should be buried. Whereas the fact that I am well and keenly alive to the truth of being—the Love that is Life—is sure and steadfast. I go out in my carriage daily, and have omitted my drive but twice since I came to Massachusetts. Either my work, the demands upon my time at home, or the weather, is all that prevents my daily drive. . . ."

To her own people, in the *Sentinel* of May 16, she wrote:

"Since Mrs. Eddy is watched, as one watches a criminal or a sick person, she begs to say, in her own behalf, that she is neither; therefore to be criticized or judged by either a daily drive or a dignified stay at home, is superfluous. When accumulating work requires it, or because of a preference to remain within doors she omits her drive, do not strain at gnats or swallow camels over it, but try to be composed and resigned to the shocking fact that she is minding her own business, and recommends this surprising privilege to all her dear friends and enemies.

MARY BAKER EDDY."

Unmistakably from the Leader's pen, this announcement, headed brusquely "To Whom It May Concern," warned the ambitious in the ranks that the talk of Mrs. Eddy's "successor" might well be postponed.

CHAPTER SIX

1

On August 8, 1908, Mrs. Eddy addressed the following communication to her Board of Trustees:

> "BELOVED STUDENTS,—It is my request that you start a daily newspaper at once, and call it the Christian Science Monitor. Let there be no delay. The Cause demands that it be issued now.
>
> You may consult with the Board of Directors, I have notified them of my intention.
>
> Lovingly yours,
> Mary B. G. Eddy."

Only that month a substantial three-story building for the housing of the Christian Science Publishing Society had been completed at the corner of St. Paul and Falmouth Streets.[1] But the new building could by no means accommodate the stupendous machinery of a daily newspaper.

A call was promptly issued through the *Sentinel* for contributions to a fund for enlarging the Publishing House. No explanations, no hint of the project,—simply the call. The response as always was immediate and

[1] The publications at that time consisted of *Science and Health* with Mrs. Eddy's other works, all of the canonical works of the Church, and the four periodicals,—the monthly *Journal*, the *Christian Science Quarterly*, the weekly *Sentinel*, and *Der Herold der Christian Science*, a monthly printed in alternate pages of English and German.

generous. Money flowed in. A row of flats adjoining the new Publishing House was bought, the tenants disposed of, the flats razed, and the building begun, while Boston wondered what this new activity might mean.

The *Sentinel* of October 17 carried the announcement that the *Christian Science Monitor,* a daily newspaper, was presently to be launched. A call was issued for professional journalists to volunteer their services. Again the response was immediate. Selections were made, the staff was complete, the presses in place in the new building,—and the first issue of the *Monitor* appeared on November 25, 1908, three months and seventeen days from the date of Mrs. Eddy's "request" to her Trustees.

What captain of industry could have issued an order more potent than this? And what captain of industry would not envy the simple assurance of that call for contributions "for the Cause." Mary Baker Eddy had but to ask, and she received. Indeed she had only to let a project be known, and there was no need to ask. She was overwhelmed with gifts. Abundance was the creed. The faithful pledged themselves "with startling grace" for any project of the Church, and the pledges were more than kept. It is probable that but for the loud cries of their critics few Christian Scientists would ever have been made aware of the fact that they had no voice in the control and no part in the material profits of the enterprises to which they so freely contributed. It was enough for them if the Cause be served.

With the launching of the daily newspaper, to which all loyal members automatically subscribed, there was no further need for Christian Scientists to read disturbing news. The *Monitor* was, as announced, a "strictly

up to date newspaper" in which all the news of the world "which should be printed" found a place. The power of the daily press to mold and create public opinion had been effectively demonstrated to Mrs. Eddy and her supporters in the previous two years, and the *Christian Science Monitor* was the logical result of that lesson learned. As *Science and Health* and the Leader's other writings, with the Bible, were held to be all that was necessary to Christian Scientists in the field of literature, so the *Monitor* now supplied all that was requisite in the field of news. It was the last great inspiration of Mrs. Eddy's career.

Her work was almost done. For the rest, during those last three years in which her health steadily declined, there was only the further concentration of the power and safeguarding of the control of the organization she had built up.

The body known as First Members, later called Executive Members, whose powers and duties had been steadily diminished, was dissolved,—thus leaving all power concentrated solely in the Board of Directors, with none to question, none to whisper or object.

The Communion services of the Mother Church, which had brought thousands of Christian Scientists crowding into Boston for the June Communions, were abolished,—thus putting an end to the danger of sedition under some powerful personal leadership sweeping through the army assembled in one spot. With no conventions, no assemblies of any sort, with discussion forbidden even in branch churches, no concerted action of Christian Scientists without the order of the Board of Directors was possible. The Church had achieved the strongest and safest of organization forms, the utmost

centralization of power, and the decentralization of the contributors to that power. Except by intrigue too elaborate for safety or practicability, no ambitious subordinate could hope to undermine the constituted authorities, or disturb their absolute control.

Yet these practical obstacles did not banish hope in the breasts of the secret contenders for the place shortly to be vacated by Mrs. Eddy as Leader of the Church.

On November 18, 1909, the ambitious Augusta Stetson, powerful local leader of the New York First Church, after repeated offenses and repeated admonishings, was shorn of her power and excommunicated from the Church.

2

From the beginning Augusta Stetson had claimed to be the chosen disciple of Mrs. Eddy, and her spiritual heir. She protested her loyalty and love for the Leader and the Cause to her dying day. Even her excommunication she claimed to have been a test from which she emerged with her heritage more than ever established and intact. Augusta Stetson, "Mrs. Eddy's first born student of spiritual conception," and those of *her* students who were "spiritually illumined," were thus "called out" of the material organization by the Leader's own voice, and thereafter constituted the true church of spiritual generation [2] under the continued

[2] According to Sibyl Marvin Huse (Mrs. Stetson's student and one of the inner group) in her book *Christ's Offspring or Spiritual Generation* (Putnam, 1921), Mrs. Stetson "began the line of spiritual descent, which, when the fourth generation is reached, will bring in the millennium. . . . Spiritual generation began in the developed spiritual understanding of Augusta E. Stetson, the qualified disciple, apostle, of the compound Christ. . . . Her immediate students form the second generation. They, as teachers and healers, have brought to light a third generation who occupy places

guidance of the "forever Leader" Mary Baker Eddy,—"For she is" (wrote Mrs. Stetson in 1927) "the ever-present Christ, the Son-Daughter of God, who is eternal Life and Love."

Yet among the many grave accusations that led to Mrs. Stetson's dismissal was the charge that she not only aspired to Mrs. Eddy's temporal place and power, but sought to remove from her path all who stood between her and her ambition by the employment of the black arts to cause the deaths of various persons, including members of the Board of Directors of the Mother Church.

These charges seem to have been well substantiated at the hearings by the testimony of Mrs. Stetson's own students and practitioners.

It was even rumored that she had tired of waiting for Mrs. Eddy to die, and sought to hasten her removal by the same subtle and diabolical means.

These two, teacher and pupil, anointed and disciple, carried on a correspondence over a period of nearly twenty-seven years, much of which was made public by Mrs. Stetson after her excommunication from the Church.[3] They were ardent, flowery, expedient, and curiously at one,—and yet these letters, selected by Mrs. Stetson to prove the very point, never quite convince us that they were friends. Mrs. Stetson sent Mrs. Eddy gifts, addressed her as "Holy One!" "My pre-

in business and professional life. . . . The work of the third generation is to bring out the fourth."

[3] *Sermons and Other Writings,* Augusta E. Stetson, contains some fifty of these letters, "selected from more than four hundred" written by Mrs. Eddy to Mrs. Stetson. Many are in facsimile. See also *Vital Issues in Christian Science, with Facsimile-Letters of Mary Baker Eddy,* by Mrs. Stetson, and her third book, *Reminiscences, Sermons, and Correspondence, 1884–1913,* for her full exposition of her position.

cious Teacher," and "Beloved Mother in God"; and although Mrs. Eddy thanked her fulsomely for the gifts, praised her extravagantly for her good works, and addressed her as "Darling Augusta" and "My Precious Child," there is always the sense that she is being a little guarded, as if she did not wish to be overwhelmed.

A strange figure, Augusta Stetson, robust and handsome as a retouched photograph of a woman politician,—ensconced like a jeweled priestess in the richly furnished house her students had given her, with its covered passageway leading into the interior of the great white marble church next door—the church with its maze of secret rooms and the holy of holies, to which none but the priestess herself had access, in the tower.

Fortunes flowed to this altar as to a powerful magnet attracting gold. Vast sums passed into Augusta Stetson's hands. Magnificently she demonstrated her access to Divine Supply. Asked where she got her money, she is said to have answered: "Out of the fish's mouth."

From the beginning Augusta Stetson had sought her converts among the rich. The way to grace was oblations and more oblations. The way to the mysteries of the inner circle was submission of the human mortal will to the dictates of Divine Mind as interpreted by the oracle. Protest or disobedience brought swift disaster upon the offender, for this oracle was endowed with mighty powers.

With no official position save her seat on the Board of Trustees (since pastors had been abolished and she no longer preached), Augusta Stetson ruled her church with a despotic hand. Twenty-five practitioners occupied luxurious quarters in the church, and over them

Augusta Stetson reigned supreme. These were the "Stetson practitioners," the miracle workers, the powerful necromancers of the church. Every day at noon a private meeting of the practitioners was held behind closed doors. Here the secret doctrines were propounded. Here, by the combined power of the twenty-five, the enemy was cast down, and the faithful lifted up.

The guilty, knowing of these meetings, trembled through the hour of noon. It was this that gave Augusta Stetson her aura of supernatural power.[4] It was this, and her teachings on the subject of sex that gave her so great a power over the lives and fortunes of her followers. She taught the non-existence of the body, denied its organs and their functions, the evil of mortal generation, the sin of carnal love. Husbands and wives were taught that the marital relation was the sin against the Holy Ghost, and bidden to live together as brother and sister in spiritual unity and love. There were many separations in the Stetson church. Members who wished to marry consulted Mrs. Stetson, whose consent was only given when the doctrine was well understood. Practitioners were not allowed to marry; they above all must be kept free of sin.

This doctrine, bound up as it was with the central theory of Christian Science,—the non-reality of matter,

[4] Newspapers published the stories of various persons who told of their abject terror of Mrs. Stetson's power. Suicides and insanities were attributed to this fear. Similar stories are told of the influence of other leaders of local churches, but Mrs. Stetson seems to have been the most formidable of them all. In a signed letter to the New York *World*, March 5, 1907, Mr. Charles G. Pease, author of *An Expose of Christian Science Methods and Teaching Prevailing in the First Church of Christ, Scientist, N. Y. City, and the Danger of the Philosophy*, went so far as to say: "I consider some of the ladies of the Church among the most deceptive, subtle and dangerous of the day."

the "false creation," the "lie of Adam's begetting,"—and held by Mrs. Stetson to be a cardinal principle of that theory, was preached openly only by means of the new tongue, but privately and to the initiates explicitly spoken of. Too explicitly, it seems, in some cases, even for the taste of the initiates.

A suggestion of the treatment of one phase of the subject is furnished by Mrs. Stetson herself in her book *Vital Issues in Christian Science,* in which, writing guardedly in defense of the practitioners' Private Meetings, where it was her practice to address them, after which she would announce aloud the affirmation to be taken up in thought and "realized" or, in case of a denial, "destroyed or made unreal" by the practitioners,—she says (p. 109): "One of the practitioners began early to cavil at and criticize the incisive methods of handling the animal impulses, and apparently forgot that the Holy Scriptures, especially in their description of the immorality of Roman life, used terms which by contrast made the language of the practitioners' meetings seem moderate indeed."

She explains that she had "detected" in the students that while they admitted there was "no life, truth, intelligence nor substance in matter," they had "not made unreal their belief in the organs of the material body."

> "I saw that thoughts, floating in the mental atmosphere, such as malice, fear, envy, jealousy, revenge, lust, and hypocrisy, found 'unsuspected lodgment' (*Science and Health*, p. 235) in different organs of human belief. To point out these receptacles for diseased beliefs, to talk them up to talk them down and out, and make them unreal as matter, was my object.
>
> "I therefore began to take up the names that Adam

gave to his mechanism, and to rob mortal mind of its hidden lodging places for propagating and bringing forth diseases and the creations of material sense. I attacked these false concepts and showed them that, in their places, were qualities of God. I declared for the nothingness of material generation and the greatness, allness of the spiritual man and the spiritual universe. My object was to destroy these time honored gods of material generation, and lift these students' thought to the spiritual idea and spiritual generation, which is the substance idea back of false consciousness embodied in organic matter."

We have in this an example of the more irrational of the Christian Science theories carried to its logical and subversive extreme. The effect of this teaching upon the lives of individuals may be imagined.

The doctrine of "spiritual generation," continually stressed by Mrs. Stetson, is in turn involved in the doctrine of the dual nature of God, the Father-Mother God, said to have been derived by Mrs. Eddy from the Shakers who also found their authority in the Scriptural passage: *"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our own likeness. . . . So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them."* "It follows," writes Mrs. Eddy in *Science and Health* (p. 516), "that *man* is a generic term. Masculine, feminine, and neuter genders are human concepts." This idea, finding its way into Mrs. Eddy's writings on the subject of marriage, appears as follows in the First Edition of *Science and Health* (p. 322):

"The time cometh when marriage will be a union of hearts; and again, the time cometh when there will be no marrying or giving in marriage, but we shall be as the

angels; the Soul rejoicing in its own mate wherein masculine Wisdom and feminine Love are embraced in the understanding."

Again at its extreme in the Stetson ideology is the following passage from *Christ's Offspring or Spiritual Generation,* by Mrs. Stetson's student, Sybil Marvin Huse:

"Our Leader in her real spiritual identity is the bride, or feminine element or nature of the Compound Christ, as Jesus in his real spiritual identity is the bridegroom, or masculine element, or nature, of the one Christ of God. . . .

"The Lamb's wife presents the unity of male and female as no longer wedded individuals, but as two individual natures in one, and this compounded spiritual individuality reflects God as Father-Mother, not as a corporeal being. In this divinely united Spiritual consciousness, there is no impediment to eternal bliss,—to the perfectability of God's creation." [5]

All this leads directly into the subject of the psychology of sex in religion, already discussed by other writers in relation to Christian Science,[6] and outside the province of this book except as it bears upon the narrative.

[5] See also footnote p. 307, for further quotation from Miss Huse's book in this connection.

[6] Joseph Jastrow, *The Psychology of Conviction;* Theodore Schroeder, *Christian Science and Sex,* in N. Y. Medical Journal, November 27, 1920; Woodbridge Riley, Ph.D., *The Faith of Christian Science* in the volume called *The Faith, The Falsity, and the Failure of Christian Science* (Revell, 1925), by three authors, Dr. Riley, Frederick W. Peabody, and Dr. Charles E. Humiston. Much of the material in Dr. Riley's contribution to this volume was originally included in a chapter on *American Bibles* (The Book of Mormon and Science and Health) published as part of *The Cambridge History of American Literature,* but under pressure from the Christian Science Church the publishers recalled the volume, and substituted a chapter by a writer acceptable to the Church authorities.

Whether Mrs. Stetson's teachings on this subject were part of the "false doctrine" alleged against her by the Board of Directors of the Mother Church, we cannot say. There is a suggestion of it, however, in one count of their findings,—"that Mrs. Stetson's teachings had been erroneous in respect to human needs and conditions." And another suggestion of it in Mrs. Stetson's later declaration that her teachings and practices and her spiritual interpretation of *Science and Health* "were the antithesis or were diametrically opposed to *their* (the directors) conception, *their* teachings and *their* practices of Christian Science."

> "I stand unflinchingly in defense of my position, viz., that 'Spirit is infinite; therefore Spirit is all. There is no matter.'" [7]

She also declared in the same statement, "I persisted in my defense of present immortality," and followed with the same quotation from *Science and Health.* It is all very obscure, very guarded on both sides, and no doubt purposely so. The particular finding quoted above might, in fact, refer to money instead of sex. Another of the findings—"that Mrs. Stetson's control over her students hindered their moral and spiritual growth"—might bear on the point, but it might also mean only and simply what it says.

But it was a dangerous doctrine that Augusta Stetson preached, and of this the Board of Directors could not have been unaware. It had made the Church trouble enough before. Whether they made it an issue or not, whether they disagreed with it or not, the excommunication of Augusta Stetson presented them with the

[7] N. Y. *Herald,* March 6, 1921.

opportunity for the apparent repudiation of this as of all her doctrines,—and of the value of this repudiation they were certainly aware.

Indeed the case of Augusta Stetson offered the opportunity for the public repudiation of more than one doctrine and practice of which Mrs. Eddy herself and the Mother Church had often, and upon strong evidence, been accused. And of the value of these repudiations the men who were shortly to rule the Church were equally aware.

The charge against Mrs. Stetson given most prominence in the press was that she had from the beginning plotted to overthrow Mrs. Eddy's rule, and establish herself as head of the Christian Science Church. According to the stories of several early associates, published in the New York *World* during the publicity of the Next Friends Suit in 1907, Mrs. Stetson's method in the early days had been to undermine the influence and power of Mrs. Eddy's personal students who were at the head of branch churches, and by underground intrigue bring about their replacement with students of her own. Thus, when the time was ripe, to use her own phrase, "the screws would be put on," and by a concerted movement of her forces the whole field would be captured and the organization pass to her control. If such was her plan in those early days before the organization of the Mother Church, when it might well have been carried to success, she lost her opportunity by delay. Mrs. Eddy had outwitted all such ambitious plots by her "dissolution of the visible organization" and the masterly launching of the Mother Church which, before the rebels were aware of it, had captured all branch churches for its own.

Thereafter Augusta Stetson's only hope was to succeed Mrs. Eddy at her death. This could be accomplished in two ways,—by so establishing herself in the good graces of Mrs. Eddy that she would name her as her successor, or by so establishing her power in the Church that she would as a matter of course succeed to its control. Toward these ends she worked. As time went on, and she saw the power concentrating itself more and more in the hands of the Directors,—strangers, close-mouthed business men who neither sought her advice nor took it when offered,—her methods became more subtle, more desperate.

At the hearings held in Boston before the Directors of the Mother Church, Mrs. Stetson's own practitioners, summoned as witnesses and not daring before that august body to testify entirely from "the Absolute" or "for the fourth dimension," which would have enabled them to deny the charges without involving their souls, admitted that in their Secret Meetings Augusta Stetson had not only violated that by-law of the Manual which forbids the "taking up of people audibly by name" and "treating of persons without their knowledge or consent," [8] but had sought to destroy her enemies by "ad-

[8] This by-law, added to the Manual by Mrs. Eddy in the later years, was obviously written in self-defense. It is—one grows impatient—nonsense to believe that it was heeded by Mrs. Eddy or her associates. In a letter made public during the Next Friends Suit, written by H. S. Hering to Cornell Wilson, both officials of the Church, Mr. Hering asked: "Would it not be well to protect Mrs. Eddy from the Stetson argument specifically, or are the workers doing so? It has troubled me but helped me to hear that Frye was a channel for that diabolism."

Calvin Frye's diary record of November 15, 1883, bears this note: "When we were together this morning at about 9:30 she (Mrs. Eddy) discovered that the mesmerists were arguing to her inflammation and paralysis of spinal nerve to produce paralysis of muscles of lungs and heart so as to prevent breathing & heart disease with soreness between the shoulder-blades. She experienced the greatest relief when she and I took up Kennedy and

verse treatments" and the casting of spells,—the use of the dreaded "M. A. M."

The following questions and answers are from the testimony of one of the "Stetson practitioners": [9]

With such evidence before the Board of Directors, it hardly needed the further evidence of Mrs. Stetson's "mental control over her students," her exaltation of herself as the "one true witness of Mrs. Eddy's teach-

Arens to break their attempt to make her suffer from aforementioned beliefs, and she said 'I have not breathed so easy for two days.'"

For years the Church maintained a group of "mental workers" for "defense." The line between defense and attack has never been clearly drawn. All wars have been "defensive wars."

[9] From a portion of the stenographic record printed in the New York *World,* November 7, 1909. Very little of the testimony was made public.

Q. In the course of those audible treatments was it her (Mrs. Stetson's) habit of practice to mention the names of persons?

A. Sometimes.

Q. Whose names did she mention?

A. Well, she mentioned Mr. McClellan's name, and Mr. Dittemore's and Judge Smith's, and Mr. Farlow's and Mrs. Lathrop's and Prof. Hering's.

Q. Did you ever hear Mrs. Stetson in the course of one of those treatments say of any person that he or she was ripe for destruction?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you ever hear her say in one of those treatments, "Go to your place. If it be in God, then go there, but if not, then go to the other place."

A. Yes.

Q. Did you ever hear Mrs. Stetson make this statement in regard to me (Judge Smith): "If you are right, and we know you are not right, you will hear my voice and I will save you; but if you are not right then go back to your place"?

A. I think so.

Q. Did you ever hear her make this declaration after mentioning the name of some person: "I command the error in you to die; the law of truth to error is 'Thou shalt surely die' but I say to you error die, and if it has to take its embodiment with it, what is that to me"?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you hear her make this declaration after mentioning the name of some person: "If the error in you is so great that you cannot save your body then let it die, it is nothing anyway"?

A. Yes, I think so.

ings" and of her church as the "only legitimate Christian Science Church in New York," to bring about her final excommunication from the Mother Church.

It was Mrs. Stetson's contention that Mrs. Eddy had nothing whatever to do with her excommunication, and that it was solely the work of the Board of Directors. During the troublous days preceding the excommunication, but after the hearings and the revoking of Mrs. Stetson's rights as a teacher and practitioner, Mrs. Eddy had published a statement in *The Sentinel* in which she declared that she was not personally involved in the affairs of the Church "in any other way than through my written and published rules" which she required the Board of Directors to carry out. Mrs. Stetson based her contention upon this statement. The Directors declared that Mrs. Eddy had seldom taken so much interest in any case as in this. And Mr. John V. Dittemore, at that time a member of the Board, later (in 1926) made public Mrs. Eddy's letter to the Chairman of the Board bearing the same date as the notice in *The Sentinel,* in which she said "if it can be done safely drop Mrs. Stetson's connection with The Mother Church." [10]

There can be but little doubt upon this point, after the testimony at those hearings, enough of which would have been told Mrs. Eddy to make the situation clear. It was of such powerful necromancers as Augusta Stetson that she was most afraid. Her statement in *The Sentinel* may have been an evidence of that fear.

[10] N. Y. *World,* April 1, 1926. Mr. Dittemore also referred to many other letters from Mrs. Eddy to the officers of her Church on the same subject. Mrs. Stetson maintained that any such letters were forgeries.

3

In all this we see that Augusta Stetson, like Josephine Curtis Woodbury, mother of the Prince of Peace, had learned her lesson not wisely but too well. Mary Baker Eddy must in the last analysis be held responsible for them both. It was she who wrote the confused teachings on marriage and spiritual generation ("I little knew," she wrote, "what I had indited when I wrote *Science and Health*"). It was she who invented "M. A. M." There is as much evidence that Mrs. Eddy used the "adverse treatments" against her enemies as that Augusta Stetson did. And what were many of her writings, the "Demonology" chapter for example, if not incantations against her enemies? It is said that even in her last days the little paper slips prepared for her "watches" bore the names of Josephine Woodbury and Richard Kennedy.

And yet—why is it then that after pausing for a time before the figure of Augusta Stetson, one turns back to Mary Baker Eddy to find her unexpectedly suffused with a warm and human glow? Was there something non-human about Augusta Stetson that by contrast Mrs. Eddy seems suddenly less complex, less difficult to understand, her faults human faults, her absurdities genuine absurdities. Is it that all the time we have never really been convinced that she meant the half of what she wrote and said, or that she always knew what she meant? We do not believe, for example, that she believed in celibacy; that she found sex to be "unnecessary." Her own history refutes it. And on the subject of marriage she probably set down the whole of her philosophy when in reply to the straightfor-

ward question "What do you think of marriage?" she straightforwardly and succinctly wrote: "That it is often convenient, sometimes pleasant, and occasionally a love affair." [11] Certainly in her own life she took her doctrines more sensibly than many of her followers in theirs. When she could no longer bear the pain, she sent for doctors. The reality of the body could not be denied.

Or is this light in which we see her beside the shadowless Augusta Stetson, the light of some unworldly compassionate glance falling upon her ravaged and bewildered face? For Mary Baker Eddy suffered for her own sins. She had the purely human grace to suffer, and to be afraid.

[11] *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 52.

CHAPTER SEVEN

1

Mrs. Eddy was 88. It had been a hard won year. In the very midst of the troubles with Augusta Stetson, she had been threatened again with the Next Friends Suit. Senator Chandler had published a statement that the suit would be revived.

The household had taken counsel as to whether Mrs. Eddy should be told. Laura Sargent had said to tell her, and Adam Dickey had taken her the word. How could she, with all the troubles that beset her, bear this news? She had prayed Adam Dickey to prevent it, not to let it happen. Adam Dickey had said there would be no suit, that all they wanted was money,—and she told him to get a settlement, compromise. She had called to her room the six most trusted ones of her household, and made them hold up their hands and promise not to leave her, to stand by her until this Next Friends threat was met.[1]

With the dangerous publicity of the Stetson case appearing in the newspapers, and the Next Friends threatening to reopen their still more dangerous suit—what if the two might join their forces—there had been no time to lose.

Negotiations had been immediately begun, and on

[1] From the entry in Calvin Frye's diary, September 25, 1909. Those called to her room were "L. E. Sargent, Mrs. Rathvon, Mr. Rathvon, I. C. Tomlinson, A. H. Dickey, & myself" (Calvin Frye).

November 10, 1909, an agreement was signed by which George Glover received a total of $250,000 (inclusive of the Trust fund earlier established) from his mother, and J. Foster-Eddy $50,000. By the terms of this agreement George Glover returned to his mother all of the letters she had written him over a long period, and which Mrs. Eddy and her counselors had long made every effort to get from him. It was also stipulated that the sons should make no contest of Mrs. Eddy's will.

Her will had long been made, the last codicil added, and now it would stand. Ten thousand dollars to each of her four grandchildren, living quarters for Calvin Frye in the Commonwealth Avenue house, small bequests to Laura Sargent and others of the household, her "crown of diamonds breastpin" to Augusta Stetson (let it stand, after all Augusta had served her well), her diamond cross to Mrs. Lathrop, Augusta's New York rival;—and the residue to The Mother Church.[2]

Eight days after the signing of the settlement with the sons, Augusta Stetson was finally excommunicated from the Church; the smoke of battle lifted, and once again the Eddy counselors breathed free.

2

The last battle had been fought, and the little General was almost spent. There remained for her now only that final struggle which she must wage alone.

[2] Mrs. Eddy's will provided a trust fund of $100,000 "to educate Christian Science practitioners," and for the lifting of the debt of the Second New York Church founded by Mrs. Lathrop (Mrs. Eddy's personal student) in the early days after a break with Mrs. Stetson. Mrs. Eddy's entire personal estate was valued at about $3,000,000. Her valuable copyrights remained in the hands of her Trustees, who cooperate with the Board of Directors.

The last encounter with the mortal enemy that had so cruelly harried her these past ten years.

Always fragile, her body now weighed no more than a child's. Adam Dickey or Calvin Frye could easily lift her in their strong arms and place her gently in her carriage, for on fine days she still drove out,—not that it gave her any pleasure, she confided to Adam Dickey, but still to defy the law the enemy had made for her.

But the enemy's laws proved often stronger than her own. They had been written long before she had written hers. More and more frequently now the attacks came on, lasted longer, left her weaker when they had passed. Weeks went by when she could not leave her room, but lay on her couch in her study,—days together when she could not leave her bed. Days and nights when the "mental workers," on duty at their posts, realizing the Allness of God, knowing there is no sickness, knowing there is no pain, heard through the walls of their rooms, through their closed eyelids that would not shut out the scene, the agonizing moans of pain,—the torturing gall-stone pain—wracking the wasted body until it cried out of itself. Strange fate that her malady should be so actual.

The doors of the mansion were closed and guarded. Even Archibald McClellan, most trusted of the advisers, motored day after day to Chestnut Hill, only to be turned away. Nothing could be learned from the taciturn Calvin Frye except that Mrs. Eddy would receive no visitors.

Yet the siege would pass. There were days and often weeks at a time when she was given peace. Mornings when her bell rang at six with its old peremptory sound (it always rang at six, but often with a pressure

less steady than of old); mornings when she was dressed and ready for her breakfast at seven, her white hair curled and meticulously arranged, the little lace collars and cuffs carefully selected and patted into place on the gray or black or plum-colored dress—she was always fond of her dresses, and now that there were so few days to wear them she never need choose the same one twice. On such days she sat at her desk in the big bay window, rang for her secretaries, dictated letters, and ordered her world as usual,—days when the old fire seemed to have returned.

Her great eyes in their deeply hollowed sockets,—those fine eyes whose color was never twice reported to have been the same,—still could darkly glow with passion, gleam bright as she issued a stern rebuke, or kindle with sudden merriment at some anecdote out of her childhood told to the members of the household gathered in her room. How, for example, her father had once taken a neighbor's bet that he could not frighten a certain horse, and hiding beside the road jumped out with so mighty a shout that the horse had thrown the rider and galloped wildly for a mile, and the neighbor, picking himself up, said, "Well, Mr. Baker, that was too big a Boo for such a little horse."

The Baker "Boo" had frightened many little horses in its day. Only the daughter Mary had inherited the Baker voice.

She could still frighten her maids if coming back from her short drive while they dusted her rooms, she found they had misplaced the furniture. Surely they could learn to put things back where they ought to be. She knew when a chair was shifted an inch from its proper spot. Adam Dickey solved the problem for her,

as well as for the maids. He drove tacks into the carpet showing exactly where every chair and table and tabouret should stand, the exact spot for the what-not, and for the dictionary rack. Adam Dickey understood that these things were symbols, everything in its place meant order, which was harmony, the law of Divine Mind. Adam Dickey at least tried to understand. No one really understood her, or ever had.

But Adam Dickey was often stupid too, as all the students were. The "mental workers" were still her students, and when they were assembled in her room they were still "the class." She would often call them in and put them through their paces, ask them questions, just to hear them give the answers wrong.

There was, for example, the matter of the weather. She had given them her instructions on the handling of the weather, and they had said they understood. But still the weather went on. She called them in, and they ranged themselves before her, like children in a class.

"Mr. Dickey, can a Christian Scientist control the weather?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Mr. Rathvon, can a Christian Scientist control the weather?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Mr. Frye, can a Christian Scientist control the weather?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Laura Sargent?" The same question.

"Yes, Mother."

When she had asked them all, and each had answered "Yes, Mother," she looked at them for a moment in silent scorn.

"They can't and they don't," she said, and waited while their bewilderment grew, for, as Adam Dickey later said, "we had just been instructed, as we thought, how to take care of the weather."

"They can't and they don't," she repeated. "But God can and does."

Then she explained it to them, that God's weather was always perfect, and that what they needed to do was to destroy mortal mind's belief that it produces all sorts of weather, good or bad. Neither sickness nor weather could a Christian Scientist control. They must control and destroy the enemy, mortal mind. They must "keep the watch."

Poor Laura Sargent; she had been in special charge of the weather, and apparently she had been wrong all the time. She had had her written instructions *"Make a law that there shall be no more snow this season."* But not one of them had understood it before. And after all their years of practice! If these were the flower of the army, the Cause was surely lost.[3]

It was she who suffered for their lack of understanding. She suffered in her body for their failure to "keep the watch." Was she always to stand alone? For forty years she had suffered for her Church. Every revelation had cost her days of agony; in the writing of every by-law she had "suffered acutely in belief." She had

[3] This scene is reported by Adam Dickey in his *Memoirs of Mary Baker Eddy*. Apparently the lesson on the weather was effective, for Mr. Dickey reports that during the three years in Chestnut Hill," and for several years thereafter, the recollection of the writer is that there were fewer and fewer thunder storms until they almost ceased to be." He records one of the written instructions for the "watches" as "Make a law that there shall be no more snow this season." (January 15, 1910). Mr. Dickey says that the work on the weather was "in addition to the work of a committee in Boston appointed for that special purpose."

"felt the needs of the Movement in her body just as the mother of a young infant always knew by the condition of her breast when her child needed nourishment."

And now with the enemy so surely at her gates, "could they not watch with her one hour?" She often quoted the passage in entreaty and rebuke; and, "If the goodman of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched." To keep the watch did not mean merely "to be awake and working mentally," it meant "to do the work and *succeed* in breaking the mesmerism for the two hours assigned." If they had not succeeded, they had not kept the watch.

> "The one thing," (writes Adam Dickey) "she has impressed on her students is that they must handle animal magnetism and defeat the mental murderer and mental assassin who are working to defeat this cause."

At another time, according to Mr. Dickey, who declares that he is trying to record the Leader's words "as nearly verbatim as possible," Mrs. Eddy said:

> "There is a new form of sin or malpractice that has been revealed to me that nobody has ever discovered before, and that is that evil is trying to produce sudden death in sleep. The serpent typifies evil and the moccasin snake will lie right beside a person who is awake, and never touch him, but as soon as he falls asleep, he will attack."

Surely this was a rediscovery. Mary B. Glover had discovered it long years before, in the days of Richard Kennedy. Perhaps she was thinking of him now. Richard Kennedy she would never forget. Writing of him in the early editions there were just such passages as this. And in them, as in this, the modern lexicogra-

pher will note how both the "old" and the "new tongues" have often the same origin.

3

One night "when her suffering seemed severe," she called them all into her room, and (again according to Mr. Dickey) "quoted a passage from Shakespeare's 'Macbeth' ":

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

(Forward, analysts! But remember, she had only the quotation books, and may never have read the play, nor have known the context of that speech.)

She still loved the sonorous sound of words,—but best of all her own. Twice Adam Dickey reports her eyes "filled up with tears,"—once when some far-away member had sent in an old copy of the First Edition of *Science and Health* and she sat turning its pages in her lap,—and once when the newly published copies of her collected "Poems" arrived, and she asked Mr. Dickey to "read something from it." He read the poem called "Constancy," and looking up "saw that tears were streaming down her face." "That poem was written after I lost my husband," she said.

There were still some worthy duties for her pen. In that last year her Dedicatory Message went forth to the First Church of Christ, Scientist, London, England, on the completion of its "magnificent church edi-

fice." London lords and ladies! . . . just as she had said. Everything had come to pass, and more. That would surely be one of the good days for her. That would be one of the times when she told them, as she often did, that in all the years of her Leadership she "had never once made a mistake." (She had sometimes changed her mind, but when she had it was God that changed it. But in guiding her Church she had never made a mistake.) Yes, that would be one of the days when it seemed to be proved. London lords and ladies . . . (they were building a Church in Edinburgh too—"My ancestors, according to the flesh, were from both Scotland and England") all the great ones of the earth . . . "Our Beloved Leader, Mary Baker Eddy." God had lifted her up to this. Had she not "healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, cast out devils, raised the dead"?

Not one of all her students had ever equaled her. Teaching, preaching, healing,—in all of the "departments," she had been supreme.

And indeed, to prove that she had not lost her power, the opportunity arose, and she again performed,—before the eyes of her household, the mighty practitioners who stood impotently by,—another miracle.

It was at about ten o'clock one night that Calvin Frye was found unconscious on the couch in his room. The prolonged efforts of the alarmed "mental workers" failed to rouse him, and Laura Sargent, "keeping the watch" outside Mrs. Eddy's door, was sent to tell Mrs. Eddy, asleep in her room. In great agitation, Mrs. Eddy sat upright, rang for her maid, but could not wait, seized a shawl and wrapped it about her. "Bring him to me!" she commanded. "Bring him at once!"

The unconscious Calvin was lifted, limp and inert, into a rocking chair and pulled through the hall, through Mrs. Eddy's study, into the bedroom, and close beside her bed. She reached out and grasped his shoulder, and "addressed him in a loud voice."

"Calvin! Calvin, wake up! It is Mother calling you. Wake up, Calvin, this Cause needs you, Mother needs you, you must not leave! Disappoint your enemies, Calvin! You shall not go! Disappoint them, Calvin, and awake!"

Adam Dickey had put his hand on Calvin's drooping head to steady it. "Do not touch him!" commanded Mrs. Eddy. "Leave him to me."

She continued her commands. But Calvin Frye remained limp and inert and apparently dead. Mrs. Eddy redoubled her efforts, and while the frightened workers stood looking on, "fairly shouted" her commands. A full hour had passed since they had found him unconscious on his couch.

And at last he heard, drew a long deep breath, and murmured "I don't want to stay, I want to go."

"Just listen to that!" Mrs. Eddy flung over her shoulder to the others, then "rose to the occasion like a giant, and demanded that her servant should live, and he responded."

When he was fully conscious he was taken back to his room, and one of the practitioners remained with him for the rest of the night.

The next morning Calvin was about as usual and performing his accustomed duties. He spoke to no one of what had occurred, and no one "felt it would be well to recite his experience to him."

"But the fact remains," (says Adam Dickey) "that Calvin Frye had passed through what mortal mind calls 'death,' and the grave had been cheated of its victim by our Leader's quick and effective work."

Calvin Frye had been struck down by M. A. M. before, and it would not do to let the enemy know how near they had come to success this time. She had brought him through before, but never had it been like this. And one day, when the danger was over for her,—she knew, now that the enemy had come so close, that she could not escape—the world should know of this miracle. Already Adam Dickey had promised her that when she was gone he would write the history of all that had happened at Chestnut Hill. He had raised his right hand and sworn before God, as she had asked him to, that he would write his experiences with her, and tell how the mental assassins had murdered her.[4]

For that was how it would be,—mentally murdered, and no other way. And now that the enemy had come so near, who could tell when it might break through the guard to her and accomplish its purpose of many years?

[4] Adam Dickey records the scene in detail in the preface of his *Memoirs of Mary Baker Eddy*. On August 25, 1908, he was called to Mrs. Eddy's room, where she was lying on her couch. She requested Mrs. Sargent and Calvin Frye to leave the room, and taking Mr. Dickey's hands in hers, told him that she wanted him to promise her something.

"If I should ever leave here—do you know what I mean by that?"

"Yes, Mother."

"If I should ever leave here, will you promise me that you will write a history of what has transpired in your experiences with me, and say that I was mentally murdered?"

He answered, "Yes, Mother, I will." She then asked him to hold up his hand and swear to his promise, which he also did. Later, Mrs. Sargent brought him a sealed envelope containing a note "reiterating the statement" she had made in the conversation.

There would be no one strong enough to work the miracle for her.

4

Of the tragedy of the last months of Mrs. Eddy's life we have only a few echoes and one or two of those short matter-of-fact daily notes of Calvin Frye's. But they are enough. Imagination needs no more.

On May 9th, 1910, Calvin Frye wrote, "Mr. Adam H. Dickey last night told Mrs. Eddy that she shall not have any more morphine!" The exclamation point is eloquent from the laconic Calvin Frye, as if he, Calvin, would never have dared so much authority. He had never dared deny the Leader anything in all the twenty-seven years of his service. But he makes no comment, as if even comments were not for him; he merely sets down the circumstances and what occurred, as a nurse writes down a record for the doctor's benefit.

> "She had for several days been suffering from renal calculi and had voided stones in the urine but yesterday the water seemed normal and so having had hyperdermic injections twice within a few days he believed she did not need it but that it was the old morphine habit reasserting itself and would not allow her to have it."

Did Adam Dickey continue to deny her the relief of the "temporal means"? Was he wrong or was he right? Adam Dickey says nothing of all this, for he wrote more fluently in the "new tongue" than Calvin Frye, although not fluently enough to be acceptable. He speaks often of the Leader's bodily suffering "in belief," and now and then the pathos of the situation forces its way through even his persistently cheerful reporting of the

scene. There are, for example, her corrections of his statements on occasions when he was called to treat her for the "beliefs" of suffering.

"Mother, you cannot have a return of an old belief," he said to her on one such occasion; and at once she stopped him with a warning hand.

"Don't put it that way," she said. "At one time I had a belief of excellent health, and your declaration, if carried out, would prevent me from expressing that belief of health, and that is what I am striving for."

He explains that what he should have said was "You cannot be made to suffer from a law of malpractice declaring that you shall have a return of an old belief of sickness."

Of another such occasion when he was called to help her, he writes:

> "At once I saw that the belief was that there was a gathering of phlegm in her throat, and I began to declare that mortal mind could not create and that there was no such thing as phlegm in her throat. She stopped me at once and said, 'Do not say that; there is a natural and normal secretion of phlegm in the throat, and if we declare against that, we are likely to interfere with the natural function of the glands of the throat.' Then I changed the statement and said, 'There is and there can be no such thing as an abnormal secretion of phlegm in your throat.' This she approved."

Adam Dickey, who said that "the thought of settling down to write a book" had "ever been most appalling" to him, did not complete his Memoirs, and the last days are not recorded. It may be that the "new tongue" proved inadequate in the end, or it may simply be that his work on the Memoirs, not begun until 1924,

was cut short by his own death. The difficulties of his task are apparent in every paragraph of the 141 pages of his curiously naive and revealing document.

5

The long summer of 1910 passed, and Mrs. Eddy's carriage was seen in the streets again, with Calvin Frye as usual in uniform beside the coachman on the box; the carriage moving slowly a short round through the shady streets and back to Chestnut Hill.

On September 26th Calvin Frye lifts the curtain again. Mrs. Eddy had called the six "workers" to her room, and "demanded of us to heal her, for she was tired of going on in this way." She had said she would give any one of them $1,000 to heal her. Adam Dickey "said he would give $1,000 to be able to heal her, &c., so said the others in substance." But Calvin himself had not replied for some time, for he "felt quite confused and discouraged." But at last he said, "Well, all we can do is to keep up our courage and work on up to our highest understanding."

> "She replied 'has it come to this! She afterward said If you all feel like that turn your minds away from me & know that I am well.' "

6

Are the stories of her peaceful passing true? We have no doubt they are. It would be "like her," after a lifetime of fighting and making a mighty outcry in the midst of all encounters, for the sake of a final inconsistency to slip quietly away in a lull.

Had the enemy drawn off to strike down one of her

officers? The only remaining one of the original Directors of her Church succumbed early in November, and the Leader's last official communication was her brief letter of November 21st requesting the appointment of Adam Dickey to fill the vacancy.

In those late autumn twilights she sat in ner darkened study and watched through the big bay window the lights of passing motors at the end of the sweeping drive. Beside her on her desk lay her copy of *Science and Health,* with a tiny electric light to illuminate the page. Laura Sargent or Calvin, or Adam Dickey, would often come in to sit with her, and she told them stories of her childhood, or they read to her from the book.

On fine days she still drove out in her carriage, although it sadly taxed her waning strength. Seeing how it exhausted her, she even ordered a new carriage to prove to herself, and to the enemy, that she would go on needing it.

On December 1st she went for her drive as usual, warmly wrapped in furs and leaning upon the shoulder of Laura Sargent who sat beside her now. It was her last drive.

When she had reached her study she asked Laura Sargent to bring her a pencil and writing pad. Lying on her couch she laboriously traced the words "God is my life,"—her last written words. It was Thursday night.

The following day she managed to leave her bed, and insisted upon being dressed, but lay white and silent on the couch in the study all day long. The workers went softly in and out, knowing the end was near. The awesome presence had entered the house.

The vast impersonal enemy now,—or was it the vast impersonal Friend?

At ten forty-five o'clock on Saturday night, December 3rd, 1910, in the ninetieth year of her life, Mary Baker Eddy passed quietly away. Her work had been accomplished; and her turbulent and undaunted spirit was free at last of its long warfare with the flesh.

7

The medical examiner, Dr. George L. West, summoned to Chestnut Hill at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, pronounced death due to natural causes, and issued the required certificate. In an interview published later he said:

> "What struck me most as I looked into the dead face was its extraordinary beauty. She must have been a beautiful child, a beautiful maiden, and extraordinarily beautiful when in the full flower of womanhood. There still were substantial traces of beauty left in the white face reposing on the pillow. . . . The entire countenance bore a placid, serene expression, which could not have been sweeter had the woman fallen away in sleep in the midst of pleasant thoughts."

No news of Mrs. Eddy's death reached the press that Sunday morning until after the regular service at the Mother Church, which proceeded as usual until just before the benediction when First Reader Clifford P. Smith interrupted the order of service by reading the letter written by Mrs. Eddy to her Church upon her retirement to Pleasant View,—the letter beginning *"You may be looking to see me in my accustomed place with you, but this you must no longer expect,"* and end-

ing *"You can well afford to give me up since you have in my last revised editions of 'Science and Health' your teacher and guide."*

"Although these lines were written years ago," continued Judge Smith, "they are true today, and will continue to be true. But it has now become my duty to announce that Mrs. Eddy passed from our sight last night at 10:45 o'clock, at her home in Chestnut Hill."

The announcement, long expected but the more unreal because of it, was received in stunned silence by the congregation, a silence broken a moment later by the first notes of the great organ recessional.

The announcement of the Leader's passing was made by the First Readers of Christian Science churches all over the world at the afternoon or evening services that same day.

George Glover at his home in Lead, South Dakota, received the news of his mother's death in a telegram from Calvin Frye.[5]

The funeral service, delayed for the arrival of George Glover from the West, was held at Chestnut Hill on Thursday, December 8th. The ceremony, at which about fifty persons were present, was simple and brief. There is no provision for funeral services in the Christian Science Church.

It was reported that some objection had been made by George Glover to the burial place selected in Mt. Auburn. But the plot had been offered, arrangements made, and the bronze casket was placed in the steel and

[5] Calvin Frye was made President of the Mother Church after Mrs. Eddy's death. The presidency is a position of honor rather than of power, and Calvin Frye, who knew more about Mrs. Eddy than any other person then alive, was thus rewarded by the officers of her church for his long years of devoted service.

cement vault already prepared for it. Guards were placed on duty day and night. A telephone installed in the vault gave them instant communication with the officials of the Church. These precautions lent dramatic color to the flying reports that Mrs. Eddy was expected to rise from the tomb.

Newspapers reported that the First Church of New York had sent a formal protest to the Mother Church officials against the placing of the guards at the vault. It was, they said, comparable to the stationing of the centurions at the tomb of Jesus.

Many Christian Scientists confidently expected the miracle; and many, half daring to believe in its possibility, were prepared to say that they *had* expected it. It had happened centuries before; why should it not happen now?

It was necessary for the Church to speak. The chief of the Publication Committees, Alfred Farlow, issued an official statement in which, after quoting Mrs. Eddy at length, he said:

> "While absolute Christian Science teaches that all is Spirit and Spirit's manifestation it does not ignore the relative fact—the temporal and false appearance—that in our present immature condition we have more or less of a misconception of creation which will improve and eventually disappear as we advance spiritually and that eventually we will be able to see all things as God sees them in all their spirituality and perfection.
>
> "While Christian Scientists believe the Scriptural teaching that the time will come when there will be no more death, they take the common-sense view that centuries may pass meanwhile before this exalted spiritual estate is reached. . . .
>
> "They believe that the resurrection begins in this life

and continues here or hereafter until perfection is attained. This is the belief that they entertain concerning Mrs. Eddy. They do not look for her return to this world."

With this "common-sense view" officially stated, the Awful Hope was laid in the hearts of the devout. The decision reached as to the Leader's final resting place, the tomb was sealed, and the guards, no longer needed, were removed.

The Leader's final triumph was to come. Not esoterically, not mystically, but practically and directly, Mary Baker Eddy still rules her Church. She is, as she had promised, still with them on the field of battle, and her captains but relay her orders to this day. If often they seem to pause, bewildered, to contradict themselves, sounding at once the order for advance and retreat, it is because she left them contradictory commands. They dare not disobey her, for she has always brought them through. She was and is the best man of them all, and without her the army would be lost.

Read the intimate personal histories of the great, and it will be seen how the outline is repeated in this career. The single powerful idea, encountered at the prepared moment; the life abundantly lived, with surplus vitality enough to animate the lives and actuate the conduct of thousands of followers. And who among the great has feared to make himself absurd? Yet in these timidly rational days we hesitate to use the word "greatness" for fear of making ourselves absurd. And while we hesitate the foolish great sweep recklessly on to their immortal fame.

THE END

DATE DUE

BX
6995
.S65

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

United Theological Seminary Library
MAIN BX6995.S65
Springer, Fle According to the flesh.
3 0645 0003 2957 9